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December 1976

Chalmers Johnson

Mao & after

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A. D. Harvey

Alienated Intellectuals

George Watson

Myths of D. H. Lawrence

Robert Nisbet

The Fatal Ambivalence of an Idea

Equal Freemen or Equal Serfs?

Alun Chalfont

Monty's Cross-fire

H. C. Allen

Is there an Anglo-American "Gene Pool"?

Stephen Haseler

Britain's Left in Crisis

Edited by Melvin J. Lasky & Anthony Thwaite

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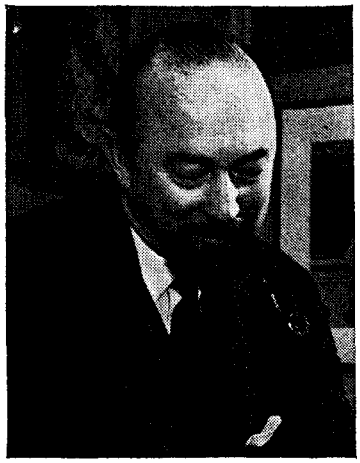

utopia & revolution

On the Origins of a Metaphor, or Some Illustrations of the Problem of Political Temperament and Intellectual Climate and How Ideas, Ideals, and Ideologies Have Been Historically Related

Melvin J. Lasky

There is a fateful moment in human history when the vision of the perfect society confronts the movement toward violent social change. In a remarkable feat of scholarship in intellectual history, Melvin J. Lasky charts the course of this confrontation over some seven centuries. In so doing he traces the ideological extension of the human personality through the writings of political theorists, philosophers, poets, and historians—from Dante to More, from Marx to Sartre.

Revolutionary vocabulary, Mr. Lasky finds, was born in archetypal metaphors of spark and fire, storm and whirlwind, and, above all, the circles of time and the progressions of the very planets. The utopian vision has its origins in the image of a human formicary—the noble ant hill that is repeatedly celebrated from Plato's *Republic* to Skinner's *Walden Two*. As the idea of "revolution" moved from astronomy to social theory, the idea of utopia moved from theology to politics. However, Lasky argues, progressive secularization of these attitudes is accompanied by the "eschatologization" of the new ideologies. As a result, the realization of social ideals becomes inseparable from the great incendiary cliché of "revolution."

Lasky traces a recurring transformation that turns utopian longing into revolutionary commitment and then to dogmatic control. This, in turn, encourages doubt and heresy and finally a return to a new utopian vision. In this historical spiral Lasky laments a threefold error which views utopia as a sterile, monolithic harmony; revolution as a rigid commitment to violence; and hope as an orthodoxy incompatible with doubt.

But the history of utopia and revolution is not solely a history of extremism. Lasky also points to attempts to articulate what Dryden called a "high middle ground" between dogmatic commitment to violent social upheaval and degrading compromise of moral principle. It is in this middle ground that Lasky finds a threefold hope—a changing, adaptive social ideal; social reorganization without bewitching metaphor; and respect for a humane reason unconfounded by nostalgia for paradise.

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Martin Elliott

Missing Out on the Meat Ball

MEAT!

I dislike meat. Spam is all right because it does not taste like meat—and cornbeef too, tame in its tin. But the Sunday roast, no. Nor Monday's mince. It's the unatavistic by-products that I like. My suppers, beside thick cocoa in a thick mug, are always—otherwise I back off—thick bread and dripping.

But I do not tell Mr Manning that raw meat turns my tripes.

For Mr Manning is my new boss. And is all meat. He is over six foot and his diameter displaces a lot of air. His working dress is a white apron that covers him from the throat down with stiff stuff, and in this he resembles a flying buttress recently cleaned and supported on two polished toecaps that do the work of castors so smoothly does this Mr Manning move around. The bloodstains that he wears, crimson in their centre, shading off through gradations of browns and pinks like mountains on the maps I study whenever I am sick of Southwark, might have been painted on to counterpoint the head of Mr Manning which is a whole ham with eyebrows and might have been lonely, like Britain, in its pink isolation up there on top of the continent of Mr Manning (you'd have thought).

Not so.

Although Mr Manning's abdomen keeps people out of the innards of the shop there are usually customers in front of it. They queue for sides of beef—in which are rib impressions like fossils—and for neat little chops like commas.

—Most of my customers know me. I've been here 15 years so they should, eh? See those legs of New Zealand? they're all spoken for. So're those knuckles of pork. Smithfield's only round the corner but I get most of the trade hereabouts. I've got standing orders for the big companies. Insurance firms. Banks. They trust me you see. Are you listening?

—Yes, Mr Manning.

—Then nod your head occasionally, will you? Last year I was let down once. The lamb wasn't best quality. I rang them up, the companies. I said, I can't recommend the meat, go and get fish. They liked that. You build up a reputation you see. You make a profit. Honesty pays. Here, come out of the shop a minute. See the Mercedes? You'd think that belonged to a merchant banker wouldn't you? Are you nodding? It doesn't. It's mine. There's prospects in this trade, Mick.

But from my saddle I can see none of these prospects as I bike past City blocks that block my view. There is a lot of mileage between this bum-baster bike and Mr Manning's Mercedes. Ambition, the overhead camshaft kind of will that gets Mr Manning up at four in the morning while his wife slumbers on through the leavening of the mattress, is not and never shall be mine. Drive? I can hardly pedal.

As for this Leadenhall Market, I find it oppressive. Its size is cathedral but it cabins me. The glass of its roof prevents not only the rain but, being dirty, the light from falling in. So that, though theoretically out of doors, I work in a skylight gloom. The open ends of the market too might be walls themselves they are so filled in with street. Lining the aisle beneath the roof are the side-chapels. Each has its incumbent's name in gold-coloured paint. And even on a summer morning there is in each the solitary vigil of a bare bulb. The reek of fish goes clammily through the place. Several parts of the pave-

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ment are always wet from the previous day's bucket. I remember that after a school visit to Southwark Cathedral I was taught how promiscuously the church had gone cheek by cowl with mediaeval life, and that traders had been used to setting up their booths in many of the host of churches that played host in the city.

This thought pleases that part of me my teachers didn't divine.

(They reported, those teachers: Intelligent, but so withdrawn he could be taken as ESN. Might need professional treatment.)

But what use is such a thought in meat?

No use at all, I decide. And with my other thoughts I keep it to myself.

From our council flat I look down to where I have left the bike at the kerb in the hope of its being stolen. The rear tyre is so treaded it might have come off a tractor. To the frame is fixed a sign: J. Manning Ltd.

I turn away back into my room. There, Geoff Boycott is hooking a ball out of frame and the open-mouthed Ursula Andress on another wall is about to receive it. I lie between them and daydream. My teachers would have squinted at the flights this muttonhead is capable of.

NEXT MORNING though I come down to pavement. Nobody's bothered to steal the bike. Breakfastless as usual, my mum having already left, I almost don't manage London Bridge for being blown off it and into the water by the low wind that has rarely let up since I started the job. From the Essex coast it turns across the marshes, spins into the estuary and up the Pool. It hounds the course of the river so closely it forms just above the surface a second river—one of air in which pedestrians struggle, swimming upright. The sole intent of this wind being to take long clouds and me to the Cotswolds. Between my knees J. Manning Ltd. is a sail.

Crank, crank. Into Gracechurch Street. Turn off into the market. Half past eight. Just in time. The porters having gone, the hurly of the burly is over. There is just Mr Manning.

—Hello there, young Mick.

—Morning.

—Had your breakfast?

—Yes.

The first day, though, I said: No.

—What? Nothing at all? Here, take this 50 pence. Go over the way and get something. Bacon and sausage and a cup of tea. Go on with you.

And ten minutes later Mr Manning peered into the cafe like a bland porker. This porker was looking for bacon.

—Had it?

I pointed to my stomach.

—Good. Finish that sausage then.

I kept my gorge down: Yes, Mr Manning.

—Protein. That's what you need. Plenty of it.

So now I invariably report a full stomach and do my rounds on an empty one.

Cannon Street. Cornhill. Leadenhill Street. On lambling legs I carry legs of lamb.

—Hey, son, can't leave those here, not in the entrance, take 'em upstairs.

So into the lift with the legs. The lift is filled with rising young executives.

—It's our lunch.

They never think of helping.

In the top floors of these buildings are the dining rooms. Here also are the tea-ladies in their carpet slippers. They gossip with their arms on their hips like handles, and "duck" me and give me cups of coffee.

The trouble is I don't know how to refuse them and am too shy to use the lavatories of these offices. For men go in and out of them in suits who stare at my stained overall.

So that by the time I get back to the market I feel like an inner tube. And leave the bike to crash on its side, while I rush to the urinal in the basement.

Then: Come on, young Mick. Are you ready?

And I follow. Always. Every day. Inevitably at noon you will see me on tow to Mr Manning. And invariably it seems, at the end of a short file through alleys, Mr Manning will say: Here we are. Can't miss it can you? Bloody great thing hanging out.

He refers to the Courage cock.

We turn in beneath this sign to the saloon bar.

Here Mr Manning, as the infinite prospect of this day reduces to the capacity of his mug (on which a plaque is screwed that says J.M.), begins to moan and mourn.

—Don't get wed, young Mick.

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By now Mr Manning's mates have all gone, and the pub's manager has decanted himself into the cellar. Only I am left to listen along with Carol.

This Carol is the barmaid. And is the red-head reason I enjoy these sessions. A lot of people who work in front of the public put on a performance, almost parodying their jobs. Despite the frivolity of his orange cuffs the policeman on point duty becomes a judge at least as he halts my meat and me. And Mr Manning will greet a customer in French and see her off in German: Bon jewer. Ouf Veederzane. From pretty girls he hides the change behind his back and has them guess which hand. He is the producer and the actor of his own little show and gratifies not so much the customer as his own need to be the maestro of the market. Carol now, she too goes in for these self-dramatisings. When she isn't getting the drinks she's polishing the polished glasses, and when she has to pull the pints she does so with an air of condescension. This is treadmill stuff, she implies, this drawing up of draught. And it's only at the optics, dispensing spirits, that she can display her dexterity. So, at the beertaps, she gazes past the customer at the open door. Is she about to make herself scarce? No. In the opinion of Carol she already is scarce. She sees herself as a barbarella and is waiting for her photographer. She has stationary eyes, deft hands.

—Come home with me, Carol. You can save me from the drink.

—Now then.

—Don't you listen to him, Carol. Shake up a cocktail with me.

—Now then.

They lunch off her, these barflies. Elbows on the bar, they chew her over with the ham rolls.

And I? I sip her in on the sly.

While Mr. Manning slaps the bar.

—No, never get wed. Unless it's to Carol here.

Carol serves him a smile. She reaches up to restore a glass. I view an armpit I want my tongue in.

Slap. Mr Manning has hit the bar again.

—And why not? Why shouldn't I give way to my feelings?

—Why not indeed, Mr Manning? Carol says.

While Mr Manning goes to the gents Carol goes on polishing glasses, holding each to the light to appraise her arms. And when Mr Manning returns he finds us both speechless with admiration. He says: I can't let my hair down for the brylcreem holding it back but I can still let my trousers down. And that's what I'll be doing tomorrow. You'll have to look after the shop for a bit tomorrow, young Mick.

—What, me?

—You see, Carol? He has got a tongue in his head.

—Look after the shop on my own?

—Not for long. Just while I'm off getting nicked.

Carol's gaze leaves the doorway and settles on Mr Manning.

—What you been getting up to then?

—No, I mean cut. Down here.

—Now then.

—Cross my heart. I've just been taking a last good look at meself in my present condition.

—You getting circumcised, Mr Manning?

—No, I'm not. I'm having this operation that everybody's on about. So's I don't get any more family. Let's see if I can say it.

The manager is slowly hatching from the cellar.

—VASEK TOMMY, declares Mr Manning.

—Now then.

And the manager shouts: TIME GENTLEMEN IF YOU PLEASE.

BACK HOME I look in the final volume of my father's old dictionary whose function as furniture my mother is always alarmed for when I take it down. But I replace it as ignorant as when I opened it. Published in the early years of this century, the dictionary is bound in figleaves, metaphorically speaking, and would not have included this operation of Mr Manning's, I suppose, even if it had been heard of. And although I am still frightened of Mr Manning I cannot help feeling distressed that this adept with a cleaver is going to get so obscurely cleaved himself.

Doesn't Mrs Manning like Mr Manning any more?

And what does this slavonic-sounding

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operation entail?

—Don't look so worried, young Mick. You'll not be on your own for long.

—But. . . .

—Any problems, just say I'll be back shortly.

In the absence of Mr Manning his customers roam the interior of his shop. I do not have the stomach to rebuff them. Biting my nails, I press against the tiles at the back and feel as pale as a pullet. I am tired, having been up early to get in my cycle of deliveries; and though I've had breakfast for once—my mother put an extra teabag in the pot—I still think that these middle-aged women, manciples of insurance offices who have eaten themselves to fortresses of flesh, could better porter their purchases of beef to the scales and balance them with the weights.

But no.

—Careful, young man. . . . Don't drop it on your foot. . . . Sure that's right?

—No, but Mr Manning will be back shortly.

—Mr Manning always gives me a discount, young man.

—He'll be back shortly.

Having been told to run to the pub and bring back a sandwich lunch, I dare not leave the shop to do so. I fear for the shop at the teeth of the dogs that footpad through this pantry part of London. So it's hunger and not just apprehension that makes me tremble as the afternoon brings an ever more imminent Mr Manning and the possibilities of his having in some mysterious way changed.

But the Mercedes gliding by shows the head of Mr Manning looking the same as ever as it peers through the window and grins at me as if I were a customer. And when Mr Manning glides into the shop I see he's only a little less smooth than usual.

—Things ok then, Mick?

—Yes. What about you?

—A bit sore, that's all. Right, off you go, Mick. You're late enough as it is.

And that is that. I begin to suspect my imagination has been operating overtime, that Mr Manning has not been exposed to the same sort of treatment he gives to the chops that need trimming to his ladies' specifications. I have been placing Mr Manning in too extreme a plight. And though I'm still curious I am too exhausted by my weightlifting to lose any sleep over Mr Manning's penetralia.

So I make do with scrutinising Mr Manning. I note he is easier inside a day, but that he's thoughtful. He doesn't go to the pub.

—Got to give it a chance, you see, Mick.

So, being too scared to solo in the pub, I don't spy on Carol.

Then, three days later, I am on my way to splash downstairs and: Stop, Mr Manning says.

—What?

—Don't go just for a bit. You can wait, can't you?

—I suppose so.

—Trouble is, until the stitches come out I can't take a bath. And even though I leave the door open . . . you understand?

No I do not. The enigma stays trousered. And at the end of the week, when Mr Manning has returned red as sandstone soap from a sauna bath and says: Right, young Mick, let's have your advice, should I tell my little kids about it? it is then I fizz over:

—BUT WHAT IS IT?

—Eh?

Mr Manning peers into this noisy me as if looking for the all-ears earlier version: Don't you know?

—NO.

—Well I never. . . . And there I was. . . . Well, since I'm celebrating, same again please, Carol. Hey, Carol, you're a woman of the world, I'll let you in on the lesson. What they do, you see, is they don't touch the functioning bits, you know? They just interrupt the channel like, the pipeline so to speak. The organs as such, they're still beavering away there, they can still produce the necessary, but they don't travel, the necessary don't. . . . I was always one of the whip it out and wipe it brigade but the wife said it was never very enjoyable for her.

—I can understand that, says Carol.

This Carol is leaning against the back bar, lounging to show she *is* a woman of the world, that she can take this straight from the privates sort of stuff on the chin, so to speak, and still come out polishing the beertaps—even though she does say (Mr Manning having gone to pay a call): That man, he should be banned, he should have the whole lot off.

—What I gotta do now, Mr Manning says

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(Carol lowers her lashes, I my pint, Mr Manning his voice), is take tests. Ascertain how soon the reservoir is dry. No more handkerchiefs. It's test-tube time. . . . Christ, I don't know how I'm going to manage it. I'm not agile like young Mick here. I can't hang upside down from the wardrobe.

I lift my glass and hide my face in it. Through the grease on its bottom I view Mr Manning, diminished to a hundredth, a smeared cameo in the setting of his loud laugh.

But Carol at last looks at me:

—A bit of a bat then, are you, Mick?

MR MANNING HAS concentrated his experience of women into one Oxo cube of a word:

—Biology. Women were meant to be mothers, Mick. As soon as a man's done his own bit of biology he may as well go hang himself for all the attention he gets. You can't blame married men for nibbling at a fresh piece of lettuce. That Carol eh?

And Mr Manning's elbow pokes my kidney.

But I am not so sure. I sense that Mr Manning's angle on women only butchers them. They are more than flesh, surely. I feel that Mr Manning is tainted. And I flinch from that elbow.

But Mr Manning so continues to load the scales in my favour in the way of kindness and generosity that I always sway back in his direction when the elbow is removed. And even my dislike of meat shrivels a bit.

—You're sure you're not lifting it? my mother says yet again of the cuts of steak I take home twice a week on the house. That Mr Manning, he's good to you, make sure you stick with him.

She would not be so pleased about Mr Manning's provisioning me with spirits however. Her satisfaction that I've found, as she puts it, a second father would lessen if she ever found out that Mr Manning has switched me from pints to shorts. Soon I am lunching off vodkas and blackcurrant. And am becoming, for me, loquacious. I don't "Hello" Carol but after she has ignored me throughout a session I do say: Goodbye, to which she doesn't respond.

—Bye Mr Manning, she says.

Mr Manning observes: You're coming on, young Mick. You're coming out of your shell. When are you having that Carol out for a bit of biology?

For two months I gaze at Carol gazing over my shoulder, and listen to Manning as he tells of his nights with the test-tube. I begin to make my deliveries past the first fallen leaves of the plane trees. Then, inside a week, the cycle of my days wobbles. Mr Manning returns from the hospital saying: That's it. I'm clear. And he never once mentions the subject again. Suddenly his parts turn private. He says: Can't make the pub today.

I think, he'll make up for it tomorrow.

But the next day Mr Manning mutters: Not today.

He has his rhombic back turned on me. I peer round him. He is sharpening a knife so fast his jowl is juddering. He looks tired. And all through the week the customers say: Mr Manning not so well? Feeling under the weather, Mr Manning? Oh dear, has Mr Manning gone deaf?

—He's fine, I assert. He's very well.

For I feel protective towards Mr Manning, and against these enquiries I try to preserve his new reserve. Meanwhile he sluggards in the shop. And at lunchtime goes off by himself.

—Anything I can do, Mr Manning?

—That's kind of you, young Mick. But I'll be all right. It's these pills I'm taking.

—Pills?

—From the doctor. To lose weight. They restrain the appetite. Shrink the stomach.

In the next few months, behind a reducing Mr Manning, I sense the increase of Mrs Manning.

I BUY A ½ BOTTLE of vodka and drink it off neat to get me into the pub by myself. I lean on the bar and feel diluted.

—Hello, Carol.

—Where's Mr Manning?

—He's not here.

—I know that, stupid. I haven't seen him for ages.

—Nor have I. He's losing weight.

—Oh yes? He always seems to be losing something.

—Have a drink?

—Ok, a shandy.

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—Why not a short?

—Because you can't afford it.

I lean on the bar all through the session while Carol takes baccardis from a fishmonger.

—See you.

She doesn't answer.

So I renounce the pub.

I work very hard in the shop and become proficient. I no longer mind when Mr Manning goes off for an egg and a yoghurt. Having won the trust of some of the customers, I have begun to look the part and wear a real butcher's apron, blue and white stripes, the sort you don't see nowadays, and am considering a straw boater to slant over this first of my adult images: that of a Bow Bells boy. I am even rating meat now. If it's grilled black I can just swallow a piece of rump. But liver, no. Kidney, no. And I still go to bed on dripping.

Then the wind blows the rain in a particularly Octoberish way across the Bridge and I go down with 'flu. Mr Manning himself drives over one day and puts my wages through the letter box, and when I go back to work he refuses to accept my sick-pay, telling me to look on it as a bonus. I am astonished by the physical change in him. He is not exactly slim but he is certainly three stones lighter. His apron has gone sad on him, droopy. And there is space around him through which customers might have sidled into the shop were they not conditioned by the custom of years. He no longer glides but walks. His step has lengthened. It can be seen he is connected to his muscles. When he takes his apron off I see he is resorting to braces and that he might have slid a leg of lamb down his trouser-front had he wanted to for any reason. In the next week he appears in bespoke suits whose waists, he boasts, are only 38.

He stops greasing his hair, and lets it grow. All soft it is, shampoo'd, and over his collar. His eyes have the clarity of not having seen a short in months.

Mr Manning now uses his knives with a new keenness. And at the end of one particular week he has so much energy he drives for a weekend into Kent.

—Not with the kids. Just the wife and me. We enjoy being by ourselves nowadays.

And a week later, as he wraps some rump for my mother, he says: I've decided to sell up, Mick.

—What?

—I'm selling up. Both the business and the house.

Mr Manning takes me out to his egg and yoghurt. He explains he is moving to Sandwich. Into semi-retirement and a tea-shop called the Oast House.

I say: The land of hops. You'll be happy there.

—Now, now, Mick. No need for that.

Mrs Manning, it seems, has rebelled against her husband's early hours as effectively as she rebelled (I suspect) against her husband's pounds.

—When d'you go?

—A few weeks. . . . Don't look so tragic, Mick. I'll give you plenty of time to look for another job.

—It's not that.

No, it's not that. It's worse. It's treason. I feel badly done by. I have been too sensitive to my own post-pubertal processes to have allowed for this change in Mr Manning. I have thought him coagulated in his ways, and haven't noticed the signals.

Crank. Crank.

The joints have never weighed so much.

—Double vodka, Carol.

—Now then. Don't bang coins on the bar. I can hear you.

—Mr Manning's going.

—I'm not here to be banged at.

—Didn't you hear? Mr Manning's going to Kent.

—Is he now?

—He's selling up.

—Well, well.

—So I'm looking for a job. Where's that drink?

—I'm not serving you. You've had enough.

—I have not.

—I say you have.

We argue about this for some seconds. Carol maintains I am too young to be drinking like I do and that I'm under age anyway: You should stop it, she says.

I say: I will if you'll come out with me tonight.

Past me Carol stares at the doorway. No photographers have developed in it. Now it is nearly winter, and the door is shut.

—I'll come out with you, she says, when

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you've got a new job, when you can afford me, and if you're sober.

—Right. You're on.

Having said this, I feel as if I have made a bet not a possible date and I leave the pub as if I've been mixing my drinks.

Two days later I go to Smithfield. I carry a neat testimonial from Mr Manning in the pocket of a new suit off one of C. & As'. pegs. This has been bought by my mother with some of the money she hasn't been spending on meat in months. Although I am early Smithfield is already emptying. Policemen are standing around to stop any chickens crossing the road from the poultry house; and here in the meat division a few porters are lying, too tired to carry themselves off. No, one of them replies, he doesn't know where my addressee can be found. He has a gutter of saliva behind his lower lip, this porter, and he slurps at me. And so I wait and explore. Here are several consultations of men in clean white coats and with clipboards who are standing in front of a coldstore like doctors. A man in a smock and a modest little hat trudges by with a bloodstained saw. I realise that Leadenhall Market, so like a cathedral, is nothing but a retail shop, that Smithfield here is the entrails of the meat trade, that it's only a remove from the abattoir.

I stop.

My mother has fortified me with porridge for this occasion. It lies now on my stomach.

Above me is a sign: Still a few tickets left for the 2ND GREAT MEAT BALL.

Even the sign is blobbed by blood.

I stand beneath it and stare. I try to imagine a herd of butchers on a dancefloor. They whirl on their trotters with their wives.

I give them my back and walk through the hall and leave it at the other end.

And feel a definite lift, an elation at having made a decision for myself. My view of things has become less finite—it has stretched in fact to the other side of the street where glass swing doors are being pushed through by men and girls in coats so white and starched they must be fresh from the laundry. These doors are into another barn of a building, but a new one, with a modern date by its entrance, and, I see after pushing through the doors, fluorescently lit.

It is still Smithfield but the poultry part.

No red blood here. The meat is all white and for the most part decently cartoned-off. Not a dead duck to be seen. Only chickens. These have been plucked of all their clucks and trussed in a decapitated condition on trays. Nothing here to give even me gooseflesh. One or two girls with ledgers are striding about in a nice liberated manner. And the men who chat to them are young and laughing and not at all like the seasoned meatmen whose stab faces eyed me as if I were "off." Moreover, there are no bumbasters in this poultry market. And the man I eventually talk to says none is used, only vans.

—Can you drive?

—Not yet, I'll learn as soon as I'm 18.

—Good, good. After 6 months in the meat trade why d'you want to change?

—I want to find out about birds.

Moon

Let alone the moon
Preserving her pocked face.
I have been over-familiar
With her pitiless stare and know
She uses arsenic to whiten her hands.

How she eats my flesh.
How she disregards my bones
While bleaching them.

Freda Downie

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Robert Nisbet

The Fatal Ambivalence of an Idea

Equal Freemen or Equal Serfs?

AT THE END of the second volume of *Democracy in America* (1840) Tocqueville wrote:

> "The nations of our time cannot prevent the conditions of men from becoming equal, but it depends upon themselves whether the principle of equality is to lead them to servitude or freedom, to knowledge or barbarism, to prosperity or wretchedness."

It is interesting to set that passage against the lines with which Tocqueville had concluded the first volume of the work, published five years earlier, in 1835. There, in one of his more notable prophecies, Tocqueville predicts that the United States and Russia would become the two major world powers of the future. All others, he writes, would appear to have reached their natural limits, but these two "are proceeding with ease and celerity along a path to which no limit can be perceived." Tocqueville's contrast between the two nations is instructive:

> "The American struggles against the obstacles that nature opposes to him; the adversaries of the Russian are men. . . . The conquests of the American are therefore gained by the ploughshare; those of the Russian by the sword. The Anglo-American relies upon personal interest to accomplish his ends and gives free scope to the unguided strength and common sense of the people; the Russian centres all the authority of society in a single arm. The principal interest of the former is freedom, of the latter servitude. Their starting-point is different, and their courses are not the same; yet each seems marked out by the will of Heaven to sway the destinies of half the globe."

Whether Tocqueville, when he concluded the second volume of *Democracy in America* with the passage that opens this article, had Russia and the United States specifically in mind as paired opposites, I do not know; but he might well have. With even greater force, he might today. I do not suggest that the United States and the Soviet Union are the only alternatives when it comes to the uses of equality; clearly, a variety of intermediate possibilities exists, in fact as well as concept. But it would be hard to find, at this moment, two countries which serve better as examples of the two contrasting philosophies of equality in the contemporary world: on the one hand, equality before the law, with its corollary of equality of opportunity; and, on the other, equality of condition or result, at least so far as the masses of people are concerned.

THE DISTINCTION BETWEEN the two kinds of equality is a vital one, and no one has ever made it more luminous in his thinking than Tocqueville. Most of the often-noted ambivalence, even inconsistency, in Tocqueville regarding equality clears up in our minds when we make our way to the sense in which he is using the word. When he writes, "Personally, far from finding fault with equality because it inspires a feeling of independence, I praise it primarily for that reason", he is referring strictly to political and legal equality, to equal access by citizens to the Constitution, and the liberties and protections it proffers. It is equality in precisely the same sense that Tocqueville has in mind when he notes the development of compassion in modern democratic morality and law.

Very different, though, is equality of social and economic condition. Such equality cannot be achieved, or even undertaken seriously, without measures destructive of political freedom. It is equality of this sort Tocqueville has in mind when he writes:

> "Every central power that follows its own natural tendencies courts and encourages the principle of equality, for equality singularly facilitates, extends, and secures the influence of the central power."

His growing pessimism for the future of liberty sprang from conviction that in the democracies

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when ultimate choice had to be made between equality and freedom, the former would be chosen.

IN EUROPE Tocqueville could see the beginnings of redistribution.

> "The wealth of the country is perpetually flowing around the government and passing through its hands; the accumulation increases in the same proportion as the equality of condition; for in a democratic country the state alone inspires individuals with confidence, because the state alone appears to be endowed with strength and durability."

It is unlikely that Tocqueville, were he living in any Western country, including the United States, would write that last in quite the same way. Western confidence in government is a good deal less at the present time than it was even a couple of decades ago. The same acids—so largely political in source—which have eaten away at economic and social institutions in modern society have commenced eating into the political fabric itself. For years now, every major US poll and survey has confirmed what ordinary observation tells us: that respect for President, Congress, and now, most recently, the whole judiciary—the "imperial judiciary" as it is increasingly being called—has diminished year by year, just as has respect for and confidence in leaders in other spheres of society.

I find it a striking, if melancholy, fact that the decline of liberty in the economic and educational spheres of life has been accompanied by a decline in the actual authority of government: its authority in the preservation of domestic order and in its conduct of foreign affairs. The evident decline of patriotism is a register of the diminution of the government's capacity to arouse respect and trust in the minds of its citizens. We may regard with some sense of relief the passing of certain once clamant forms of patriotism in the Western countries in which the spirit of religious revivalism was dominant, often at the expense of personal freedom. But patriotism in some degree is the necessary cement of any kind of organisation, and without it no government can very long conduct its business without passing into outright military or authoritarian rule.[1] The liberties guaranteed by the Constitution are real only in proportion to the authority placed by the Constitution in government.

WHY ARE liberty and authority alike in process of decline at the present time, and why does assessment of the present suggest further decline in the future? The answer lies, I suggest, chiefly in the extraordinary power that *equality* has come to have on the intellectual, and increasingly the political, mind.

Equality before the law, I repeat, is fundamental to both liberty and authority: that is, equality among citizens of access to those rights and protections which are set forth in the Constitution and the laws. I do not of course pretend that we have achieved such equality or even that we are likely to; that is, in full. The values, variables, and mechanisms of this or any other kind of equality are numerous and complex. But as an ideal, equality of access to law is important in itself and indispensable to any free society. It is the kind of equality most obviously lacking in the totalitarian countries of the world, countries where a different measure of equality has succeeded in obliterating freedom and legal equality alike.

I take the time-honoured phrase "equality of opportunity" to mean, basically, equality of access to the law, to the rights and privileges and freedoms guaranteed by law. Certainly, this is what equality of opportunity meant to the American "Founding Fathers", including Thomas Jefferson, and has meant until very recently.

Today, increasingly, however, equality of opportunity has become subtly fused with equality of result or condition. And it is this kind of equality—that is, of result—that is the heart of the egalitarianism that confronts us in government, the media, the universities, and other habitats of the political clerisy. Redistribution of income, property, and other goods through taxation has become an honoured aim. Once the purpose of taxation was simply that of raising enough money to meet government expenditures. Today it is aimed at reconstruction of economic and social conditions.

The point is: equality has become more than a time-honoured value—one among a plurality of values. It is by now tantamount to a religious article of faith, carrying with it, at least in the minds of many intellectuals, leaders of special-interest groups, and a rising number of politicians and bureaucrats, much the same kind of moral fervour and zeal, much the same sense of crusade

[1] See, on the decline of one variety of European patriotism, Domenico Bartoli in ENCOUNTER (August 1976), "Italy's Ailment."

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against evil, and much the same measure of promise of redemption which have historically gone with religious movements. The difference is this, however: whereas the religious movements I speak of have traditionally had man's spiritual condition principally in mind, the new religion of equality and the clerisy of power that serves as the church for this new religion have nothing spiritual in mind—only the economic, social, and political. It is one thing to declare Everyman a Priest as Luther did, to declare all men "created equal" in the highly limited sense Jefferson intended when he drafted the Declaration of Independence. Expectations are not aroused, or do not become consuming. It is an entirely different matter when equality of economic and social condition becomes a God for the intellectual or politician. Expectations cannot do other than increase exponentially. Envy—of all passions the basest and most destructive of personality and society alike—quickly takes command and the lust for power with which to allay every fresh discontent, to assuage every social pain, and to gratify every fresh expectation, soon becomes boundless.

Mr Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, writing to Harold J. Laski, put the matter into focus: "I have no respect for equality, which seems to me merely idealising envy." No doubt it is this very fact that explains the rather mean status equality as a value has had in Western thought: from Plato's rendering of it in *The Republic* all the way down to William Faulkner's memorable treatment of the Snopes family. I do not say equality and envy are the same thing. But Envy is the secret canker in equality—that is, equality of result or condition.

My guess is, the great majority of the American people (and probably majorities too in Western Europe) share this view of the dangers inhering in any policy of large-scale redistribution, of legislated equality. This is in no way to accuse them of inhumanity. On the record Americans in large numbers, in majorities, dislike racism, are in favour of abolishing extreme poverty, of improvement in conditions of work, child-rearing, old age, health, and so on. Here the humanitarian spirit is limited to a finite goal.

It is a very different matter, though, when equality is invoked, with redistribution of wealth its mechanism. I doubt that many Americans favour this; they sense the measures—political, economic or social—which would be required to institute it in significant degree. They sense also the fact that equality, once entered into as a systematic policy by and for a population, could never, in any extant manifestation, seem adequate. Most people are wise enough, I believe, to understand, if only subliminally, the inevitable and unceasing acceleration of expectations that must go with egalitarianism as social policy. And I believe, finally, that most Americans also understand that "equality" and "redistribution", as presently used by the political clerisy are really code words for a degree of revolutionary reconstruction they do not wish to see.

I do not say that Americans are satisfied with the existing state of the economy or social order. Opposition to "malefactors of great wealth" or "economic royalists" can certainly be heard from time to time. Big Business clearly arouses ire on occasion, as does Big Labour (or "big" anything when pollsters are around). These are the "unacceptable faces" of capitalism or trade-unionism. But if the simple existence of great disparities of income and property were really important to Americans, I assume their resentment would extend to those such as Muhammad Ali, Robert Redford, Barbara Walters, Woodward & Bernstein, Frank Sinatra, and even the occasional millionaire academic-textbook author. But it doesn't. In fact, on the evidence, even the poorest of people seem to take pleasure, even a vicarious pride, in the millions gained annually by an Ali or a Redford. (That doubtless is why Rousseau, that master-egalitarian, chose to bar from his Good Society all artists and performers.)

BUT IT SEEMS UNLIKELY that the present wishes of a majority of the American people will be decisive with respect to egalitarianism, *i.e.*, to substantial redistribution, in public policy during the years ahead. For Western intellectuals, their self-serving modesty notwithstanding, have a great deal of influence upon the makers of public policy—through what they teach and write, through the fascination businessmen and politicians seem to have for them even if only as court jesters, through the media, and through the innumerable relationships intellectuals have with those forming the infrastructure of government, the bureaucracy.

It is the intellectual, the social or physical scientist, not the ordinary member of the middle classes, that is likely to be called on by the Federal judge for crucial advice in an American "Affirmative Action" case, or by the candidate

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for high office. How revealing it was to read recently of the supposedly idiosyncratic and austere young Jesuit who became Governor of California that, after deciding to put his name in after all for the Presidency, Professors Walter Heller and Christopher Jencks were bidden immediately to come to the Governor's modest pad for consultation. One assumes that Dr John Rawls will be not far behind.

Admittedly Professor Rawls' prose style is anything but seductive, and meaning is often a morass in the pages of his *A Theory of Justice* (1971). But there are enticing phrases, all the same, and how can one regard a theory as other than benign, if not actually divine, that insists, as Rawls' theory insists, upon equal distribution of "all social primary goods" (among which he specifically includes "self respect") *except* when unequal distribution works to "the advantage of the least favoured."

How nice to have that escape clause! But can we assume that it will work, be allowed in the good society to work, in the interest of the average businessman, the small investor, the oil explorer and developer, and the successful retailer, as well as the interest of the best-selling author, the film or football star, or the tenured holder of some illustrious academic chair? It is impossible to be sure, but one somehow doubts that that is precisely what John Rawls has in mind.

PROFESSOR RAWLS is insistent that public policy must lead toward nullification of all "accidents of natural endowment" and "results of social circumstances." For the life of me, I don't know why public policy should work in this fashion; but it comes *ex cathedra* from Rawls and from many another priest of the New Equality. Again I ask: will the doctrine of nullification be applied to the fruits (economic and other) of the Nobel scientist, the US Senator, the heavyweight champion of the world, the football hero and tennis ace, and the stars of *All the President's Men* as well as the other entrepreneurs of the private sector?

How do we account for this burning sense of mission among intellectuals today? Be assured, intellectuals will have a great deal of shaping influence on any national policy of redistribution, though their habitual posture of being one of society's discriminated-against minority groups will no doubt disguise this influence. I offer the following as reasons for the dedication to egalitarianism by the large majority of academics and other intellectuals in the West.

1. First, there is the by-now deeply embedded humanitarianism that William Graham Sumner so admirably described in his *The Forgotten Man* (1919) as *A* and *B* getting together to decide what *C* should do for *X*. Needless to say, *C* is Sumner's "Forgotten Man": the individual who works hard, pays his bills, seeks to save, does not bother anyone, and looks out for self and family. Understandably, as Sumner had come to realise, reformers love *X* and detest *C*. Egalitarianism makes for a bully pulpit from which to excoriate *C* and sentimentalise over *X*.

2. Second, egalitarianism (or large-scale redistribution) is capable, as history plainly shows, of generating a high degree of millennialist response. The Levellers during the Puritan Revolution, the Jacobins in 1792–4, the Bolsheviks in 1917–18, not to mention a few score subsequent revolutions in this century, all demonstrate this affinity between equality and evangelicism. Marx himself thought redistribution a *petit bourgeois* fancy, but look at what the dream has done to an Anthony Crosland![2]

3. Third, equality can be made the pivot of a philosophy of history. Even Tocqueville, tortured though he was by the implications of egalitarianism, built his whole philosophy of history around it, pointing out how every major event from the Crusades on has seemingly worked toward the spread of equality in Western society. In all truth, no one knows (that is, *really* knows), what the "direction" of history is, whether indeed there is any such thing as concerted, long-range "movement" in civilisation. But among the idols of the Western intellectual-philosophical mind, none ranks higher than belief in such movement; and, given this fact, equality lends itself superbly to predictions grounded in assumed knowledge of historical inevitability.

4. Fourth, equality has a natural affinity with the whole idea of centralised and rationalistic government. Edmund Burke said, correctly: "Believe me, sir, those who attempt to level never equalise." But it is hard nevertheless to prove a

[2] ENCOUNTER, which most readers will be pleased to note is always prepared to reconsider the views presented in its pages, first published Anthony Crosland's views in a series of articles, "... About Equality", in July, August and September 1956. They subsequently appeared in his book, *The Future of Socialism* (1956).

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difference between levelling and equality when large masses of people are involved, and when central bureaucracy, working in the name of "humanitarianism" or "social justice", is at the helm. Even if one were indifferent to equality as such, adoration of central planning, central management, of economy and society would, I think, necessarily bring one around to adoration of equality.

5. Fifth, equality is the only possible value that can really serve revolutionary aspiration. All revolutions in history (the American possibly excepted, though not entirely) have been mounted on assault against inequality. "Freedom" can serve as the point of departure for liberation movements—liberation from whatever kind of imagined or perceived tyranny. But freedom, in any genuine sense of the word, cannot be successful as the *continuing* theme of a revolution; for once a revolution has been successful in military or political terms, the people are, by definition, "made free"—but not equal, not immediately. Hence the need for a process of "permanent revolution" in society that can be best generated by the value of equality and that can be justified by incessant references to surviving remnants of consciousnesses of aristocrats or capitalists, Trotskyites or Confucians, and so on. Moreover, equality has a built-in fascination for those, religious and lay alike, who seek—as both the Grand Inquisitor and Rousseau did—a total remaking of human consciousness. In our day the otherwise gentle and scholarly Christopher Jencks can write:

> "We need to establish the idea that the federal government is responsible not only for the total amount of national income, but for its distribution. . . . If we want substantial redistribution we will not only have to politicise the question of income equality but alter people's basic assumptions about the extent to which they are responsible for their neighbours or their neighbours for them. . . . As long as egalitarians assume that public policy cannot contribute to economic equality directly, but must proceed by ingenious manipulations of marginal institutions like the schools, progress will be glacial."[3]

6. Finally, and here I skirt the edge of moral prophecy, egalitarianism is likely to grow and spread simply because we are living in one of history's twilight ages. The authority of traditional values and institutions seems to recede almost constantly; and it is in precisely such circumstances, as much comparative history demonstrates, that preoccupation with substantive equality intensifies. The same forces which make for increase in subjectivism, retreat to ego or consciousness, for decline in the work ethic, for materialistic hedonism, and for diminished sense of personal responsibility in one's own life, also make for spreading concern with equality, with, at any rate, the levelled conditions which pass for equality.[4]

SOLZENHITSYN, an authentic prophet, I believe, contends that the West generally and the United States particularly are about seventy-five years behind Soviet Russia in historical time. The conditions spreading so rapidly in the West today are very similar, he argues, to those present in Russia at the beginning of the century. Prophets, even the best of them, err on occasion. We can all hope that Solzenhitsyn has erred here, but I should not wish to bet much on it.

WHERE DO WE GO from here? Can we realistically hope and plan for relief from the bureaucratic Leviathan that now, in the sweet name of humanity, occupies more and more social and economic space? Is there possibility that the public sector will begin to recede and the private regain the ascendancy it once had, in culture, education, mutual-aid, voluntary association, as well as in business enterprise? Will the clerisy of power, sanctified in the USA since Woodrow Wilson's New Freedom and his war-time total state, suffer retreat for their generally sorry performance in the making and execution of social policy during times of peace and war? I am afraid the answer to each of these questions is No; and I hope to be able to explain why.

But, first, it has to be admitted that some strange sights and sounds are perceptible right now, few of them predictable even a decade or two ago. Words like "decentralisation" and "localism", "neighbourhood", and "voluntary" have today an acceptability if not prestige they didn't have a few years ago. It is possible today, as US presidential candidates have discovered, to utter imprecations on Washington D.C. and its bureaucracy, and be applauded for them. The Democratic governor of Colorado can write an article with national circulation begging fellow-

[3] Rousseau, it might be noted, stated the same point much more grandly and encompassingly in his famous chapter, "The Legislator", *The Social Contract*. See also my essay on Rousseau, "Rosseau & Equality" in ENCOUNTER, September 1974.

[4] See also my book on this theme, *The Twilight of Authority* (Oxford, New York; Heinemann, London, 1976).

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Democrats to heed the people with respect to "locality . . . neighbourhood . . . and hatred of centralisation", and to try to forget the New Deal as the Only Chosen Way for salvation. There is, in sum, much unfamiliar rhetoric. True, an old New Dealer like Benjamin Cohen, now eighty, still fighting economic royalists as valiantly as in 1934, argues for still more centralisation of government. Hubert Humphrey has not only declared that Washington-based bureaucracy is a good thing in itself but that, of all things, "racism" underlies much of the assault on this bureaucracy. And, as I shall indicate shortly, the clerisy of power has neither forgotten nor learned anything since about 1934. From academy to foundation to national capital, its conventional wisdom continues to perceive, define, and seek to solve problems very much in the Rooseveltian fashion of the New Deal.

Still, I cannot deny the existence of patterns of thought and behaviour which fly in the teeth of this conventional wisdom of the clerisy, which must outrage it beyond power of expression. Thus, a recent Harris poll (April 1976) tells us that overwhelmingly the American people regard high Federal spending with deep concern, as they do the diminished confidence or trust of people in their government. The same poll indicates that 94% of the people consider inflation the greatest single problem facing the United States. And there is reason to believe that more and more people are coming to understand the vital role of Big Government and its regulatory agencies in the generating of inflation. 79% of the people believe that "Welfare reform" must be given high priority, and 85% express serious misgivings about the once-sacred Social Security system. Once the prospect of such sentiment could have been dismissed. It could have been relegated to passing fancy. But the evidence is very strong that we are dealing with reasonably solid public—rather than mere popular—opinion.[5]

There are other American indicators of change in this country which cannot help, I should think, but gnaw at the Western clerisy's conscience. Consider the 10–15,000 US communes, urban and rural. One may dislike them, or many of them, on moral or hygienic grounds; but that has nothing to do with the matter. They tend very strongly to be non-political, even "retreatist" so far as the political mentality is concerned. Much energy that would once have gone into radical politics—or doorbell-ringing for latter-day New Dealists—goes instead into hoeing corn or communal child-care. How wasteful this must seem to the heirs of Harry Hopkins!

There are the pentecostals and evangelicals—the number is estimated at 50 million, and growing. I don't imply there is anything in the way of retreat from politics to be found here (in fact, it works obversely, I would suspect); but it is safe to conclude the politics of these people differ rather significantly from the politics of the National Council of Churches of Christ.

One observes the renascence of localism, of neighbourhood. Marx said class conflict was the only way class consciousness could grow. I suggest it is local conflict with the Federal government—*e.g.* in such matters as bussing—that helps stimulate a renewal of consciousness of neighbourhood and local community. We shall see much growth of this consciousness, I believe, in the years ahead. In some degree it will be reaction to diminished confidence in the national state in a variety of respects.

Nor can the rebirth of "ethnic loyalty" be dismissed from mind. This too may present problems, may augur something in the future in the way of fragmentation most of us do not like. But as an indicator, the renewal of ethnic consciousness is useful. Whatever else it suggests, an abandonment of the "melting-pot" ethic which was a manifestation of monolithic democracy is certainly present. I don't assume ethnic groups are politically chaste, but it is interesting nevertheless to see a Black leader urging American Negroes "to fend for themselves", to drop the old efforts to expect all from the remaking of political government.

THERE ARE STILL OTHER indicators, of diverse kind and importance. Revenue-sharing has only barely gotten off the ground, and is certain to be the object of egalitarian witch-hunts, with diversity among states made to seem to be rank inequality of constitutional right; but the fact is, revenue-sharing exists. So, in smaller degree, do hopes for *direct* family assistance—so well on the way, despite the political clerisy's opposition, prior to the Watergate disaster. And there are signs of interest in the negative income tax, educational vouchers, and other devices for reducing America's administrative Leviathan.

[5] The article by David Moller in the September ENCOUNTER, "Ill Fares the Welfare State", documents this trend for Western Europe.

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There is the fact that, for even the saintliest of the clerisy, a size of National Budget exists that begins to suggest caution where for so many years there was only a kind of Rover Boys' spirit of derring-do, of tax and spend, spend and tax, and the devil take the hindmost. Public over-spending has become a "concept."

After all, we have by now a national budget that not even John Kenneth Galbraith would have dared dream of—in size, that is—when his influential *The Affluent Society* was published only three decades ago. Size of military budget notwithstanding, a very high proportion of this annual budget goes to programmes with humanitarian purpose. Who, in the 1950s, could have imagined an H.E.W. of present size, complexity, and impact upon economy and social order? It is unlikely, to be sure, that Professor Galbraith is happy. In the first place, large as the budget is, it doubtless doesn't seem large enough; or its divisions and categories don't seem just right. And anyhow a certain spirit of disenchantment has set in, even among members of the clerisy of politics. Memory is too ripe of "Model Cities", the "War against Poverty", and certain other programmes of the New Frontier and the Great Society which first gladdened, then dampened the hearts of the clerisy.

CAN WE, THEN, from any of the above, take some comfort? Will the public sector be reduced, the private expanded? Will the Leviathan commence to diminish in size? Will the allure of "political solutions" to social and economic problems lessen? I wish I could think so, but I can't. There are altogether too many persisting currents visible to discourage optimism along this line, to subvert any hope that the clerisy of power, after a near half-century of dominance in Government, the Academy, Bureaucracy, the Foundations, and elsewhere is finally in retreat.

First is the still-formidable size of the clerisy, a few defectors or heretics notwithstanding. I venture the guess that it is if anything larger than two decades ago, if only because of the attraction of its promises and the time-worn appeal of its conventional wisdom. As great as ever, I fear, is the clerisy's preference for the *public* over the private, the *big* over the small, the *national-centralised* over the local, the *bureaucratic* over the voluntary, the *metropolis* (especially the Boston-Washington metropolitan axis or the London-Oxbridge triangle) over the small city or town, the more so if the latter is actually solvent, able to handle its own problems. Observe the continuing appeal of wage-and-price controls in the clerisy despite the dismal record of such controls.

Second, and very important, is the seemingly ineradicable affinity between the clerisy and some variant or other of what can be pronounced, or secretly thought of, as "Left", or socialist or radical or revolutionary in however bland degree. There is an almost tropistic character in the formula: Left is good; Right is bad. There are many ways of illustrating this adversary mentality (to use Lionel Trilling's memorable phrase). Think of the general response of intellectuals to anything smacking of "business", large or small, or "profits", or "free private enterprise." Recall the headlong rush in the early and middle 1960s to support the destructive turmoil on the US campuses—a turmoil, however, that, although in large degree generated by faculty members and other intellectuals, got safely designated from the start as "the student revolts."[6] And as I noted above, "equality" and "redistribution" are without doubt code words for an economic and social reconstruction which is quite revolutionary in implication: no one needs be told how much fascination the clerisy of power finds in these magic counters. Then there is the double standard applied to despotisms abroad. What reams of copy on the "unspeakable atrocities" of, say, Chile's current government or yesterday's Greece of the Colonels! How little, though, in comparison, on the executions by the millions, the forced migrations, the exiles, and the tortures which have gone and continue to go with governments of the "Left"—the Soviet Union (that is, until quite recently), China, Cuba, North Viet Nam, etc. How else does one account for an acceptance of Maoist China ranging from the ecstasies of a Shirley MacLaine to the contemplative, pipe-smoking indulgences of Harvard Professors?

WHAT IS FUNDAMENTAL, I suppose, is the abiding dislike in the clerisy, and this has been true for a long time, of anything strictly economic except in so far as it may be brought within the iron hand of the bureaucrat, call him what we will. Heroes abound in the clerisy's halls, but they tend to be political, even military, eleemosynary, literary-

[6] Robert Nisbet, "Who Killed the Student Revolution?", ENCOUNTER, February 1970.

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artistic, and intellectual. Never are they drawn from the ranks of the economy, not at least until a generation or two has allowed a business name to become cleansed through political or philanthropic behaviour of its association with profit, with money-getting, capital expansion, and economic growth.

Nor is there much affection from the clerisy of power for the middle classes, and indeed there hasn't been from the time Thomas Hobbes blamed them for the English Civil War. Rousseau, Bentham, Marx, the Webbs: the list is a long one, and its proud motto is: *Épater le bourgeois!* The *philosophes* in 18th-century France delighted in sketches of the bourgeoisie in which the heads and faces were made to resemble donkeys. That a majority of our clerisy of power is itself "middle class" has nothing to do with the matter. One deplores "middle-class values" all the while enjoying them in a Berkeley hillside house or a very comfortable upper-West-side apartment in New York.

It was said of the Puritans that their opposition to bear-baiting sprang less from the pain inflicted upon the animals than from the pleasure excited in the spectators. Of our clerisy of power it is fair to say: its delight in "Affirmative Action" springs less from any good done the ethnic poor than from the manifest discomfort of the middle classes, black or white.

THESE, THEN, are my reasons, or some of them, for taking rather small hope from the indicators of change I noted above and for believing the new Church of Politics, the clerisy of power, is still too large in America, still too powerful in influence on School, Media, University, Foundation, Congress and the Bureaucracy, to offer likelihood of substantial change. I could be wrong; I hope I am; but, so far as our Leviathan is concerned, until the spirit of *écrasez l'infâme* replaces the spirit of simply joining it (and this latter spirit has come to infect Business and Labour as well as the Intellectual class), there is manifestly little to look forward to.

ADD TO ALL THIS the prospect of foreign-policy confrontation and all of their egalitarian, power-centralising, bureaucratising potential. There is no intrinsic reason why the United States could not have a powerful military without at the same time creating something akin to a "war-socialism" around it; but, based on the American experience throughout the 20th century, such a military is not likely. Far more likely is the continuing system of "matching funds" for H.E.W. every time an increase in the military budget takes place.

I find this an unhappy situation. I believe we could have a much stronger military than we now have, one quite capable of meeting the increasingly dangerous threats posed by the Soviet Union and its minions, if there had not developed to present proportions the philosophy one finds among writers in the 19th century as diverse as Clausewitz and Marx: that a strong military demands something approximating a "war-society", defined commonly in egalitarian, humanitarian terms. I can see a military, duly insulated from civil society, much better undoubtedly than the one we now have if some of the currently huge equality- and entitlement-inspired budgets and bureaucracies were substantially reduced. As I have said, nothing so weakens the legitimate authority of government—and adequate military force in its proper place is a part of such government—as does the Government's assumption of burdens so vast, so heavy, so costly that they tend to suffocate the performance of normal activities of a national government. If survival in the "military-socialist" world around us, a world increasingly aggressive toward the United States and its Western partners and certain to remain so, is a matter of genuine importance to us, then the time has surely come to develop a very different theory of government and also of the military. There is in theory no sound reason whatever for basing our war-potential upon a "war-state-socialism."

But to see possibility in strictly theoretical terms is in no way to see likelihood, or even probability. The fact is, the wars the United States has fought in the twentieth century, starting with World War I, have carried with them enormous increases in social entitlements, in programmes generated by war-sprung egalitarianism. The Jacobins, during the French Revolution after foreign wars had begun, first set the example. Side by side with Europe's first universal military conscription lay the promise, if not the actuality, of the West's first venture into a collectivism that reached almost every detail of French life, with glittering entitlements inevitably involved. From the Revolutionary and Napoleonic wars down to those of the twentieth century, then, national warfare has tended to mean "national-socialism" in some degree in every Western country.

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But in the East, the Soviet Union feels no obligation whatever today to supply social, cultural and intellectual entitlements to its people, to offer by now even the rhetoric of egalitarianism as a cushion on which to rest its massive, awesome military establishment. There the military govern, with even the Politburo (as Solzhenitsyn has recently remarked) a committee of impotence, a mere façade.

But seemingly in the West, certainly in the United States, the union of military establishment and vast amalgam of social entitlements given cement by egalitarianism is a fixed one. What I am saying is that in addition to other forces working toward, or potentially working toward, an increasingly bureaucratic and centralised egalitarian society, War, or its prospect, must certainly be counted. Memory is too fresh of the intoxicating experience we knew in two World Wars (if not in Korea and Viet Nam) of an extended moral crusade linked to an economic prosperity, of a sense of national community serving as anodyne to so many ordinary irritations, torments, and alienations.

Can one deny that war "attracts" because it also contains revolutionary potential? I think of the linkage historically between the progressive-populist-socialist state of mind which took shape some seventy-five years ago and the state of mind produced by, first, World War I, then World War II. After all, War and Revolution have always been close in history. All men of military genius like centralised power, wrote Tocqueville, and all men of centralising genius love war. And centralisation of power is, of course, the very cornerstone of successful revolution—all cant about liberty and rights notwithstanding. Indeed when you centralise power sufficiently, you have, in effect, a revolution; when you conduct a revolution successfully you bring about extreme centralisation of power. Despite the flow of ideological mythology on the subject, this is basically the sociology of the matter.[7] It is no wonder that a Napoleon could become the idol of the intellectual Left in France. Hitler would almost certainly have in Western Europe, had it not been for his consuming, pathological hatred of the Jews. The image of a neo-Gaullism is lustrous at this moment in the United States, as well as the rest of the West; fortunately, no Charles de Gaulle seems to be in sight. But that may well change, and quickly.

THE REASON centralisation of power so easily results from Revolution and War, so evidently links them, is its ineradicable relation to equality —or, at the very least, to "levelling." It is not possible to centralise power in a society without, in some degree, equalising. Correspondingly, it is not possible to effect, in a sudden and calculated fashion, equality—or at least claimed equality of economic and social condition—without in large degree centralising and bureaucratising political authority.

IF THERE WERE NO OTHER REASON for my less than sanguine view of the American and the Western future, it would be this last: the Bureaucratising of Power. Despite Max Weber's classic studies of bureaucracy, there is still much we do not understand or appreciate about it. Bureaucracy on the large scale is, or can be until one simply acquiesces in it, formidable, at times frightening.[8] There is a small, interesting literature by those who, fleeing some highly personal despotism of the non-Western world and coming to take residence in a Western country, have found a form of tyranny they never dreamed of when power, however intense, was confined to one man.

In a recent and fascinating remark, Robert Penn Warren, reflecting on the machine, used the fate of the albatross in Coleridge's poem as an example. The albatross was killed, not from hatred or malice, but because the machine, the cross-bow, was there to be used. Bureaucracy is such a machine, and once present in mass and power it has to be used.

When I think of despotism in the world today, I do not now think of a Hitler or Stalin or Mao. I have come to think, rather, of the Bureaucrat, that is, the head of the powerful agency or commission, or any of scores of sub-heads of such bodies, or, for that matter, of the solid ranks of underlings in bureaucracy, immovable in their job-security, implacable in their enforcement, their bloodless execution of ordinances and rules they never made. The brutal despotism of a Hitler or Stalin does not, on the evidence, last long; too many sadists are required to give such despotism historical stability. There are cheaper, blander, and more powerful ways of imposing power, among them psychiatric, narcotic, and,

[7] See the challenging analysis by Jules Monnerot in his *Sociologie de la Révolution* (Paris, 1968).

[8] See E. J. Mishan's article, "The Road to Repression and Control", ENCOUNTER, July 1946.

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not least, bureaucratic modes of authoritarian control.

PARAPHRASING AN ANCIENT PRINCIPLE, I would say that there is far more in common between two bureaucrats, one of whom is ostensibly Communist in ideology, the other democratic, than between two Communists, one of whom is bureaucrat, the other ordinary citizen; or between two democrats one of whom is bureaucrat, the other ordinary citizen. Such a truth has behind it the wisdom of a Max Weber and Robert Michels.

Bureaucracy tends, in short, to acquire a sameness everywhere except in so far as it is checked, limited, and, as it were, humanised by counter-powers in a social order: private sectors, independent professions, various churches, viable families, non-monopolistic labour unions, voluntary associations, all largely autonomous, free in some degree from bureaucratic inquisition.

Unchecked by strong forces in economy and society, then, bureaucracy becomes its own immovable—or, rather, irresistible—force. It is precisely the kind of despotism Tocqueville had in mind when he wrote the extraordinary, now celebrated, chapter toward the end of *Democracy in America* on "the kind of despotism democracies have to fear." Such despotism, Tocqueville wrote, will be different from the harsh tyrannies of the past. It will not kill or torture human beings for their opinions; it will, rather, seek to prevent or suffocate these opinions. It will not so much restrict as extinguish free thought. It will cover society with a network of tiny rules and regulations, one so tightly constructed that even the most energetic and original of minds will not be able to break through. Such despotism, Tocqueville tells us, will not so much terrify as enervate and stupefy.

I may be permitted a slight dissent from that last. Bureaucracy can and does terrify. The greatest artists and prophets of the last century (Dostoevsky, Dickens, Balzac, Burckhardt, and Nietzsche among them) saw and foresaw this—one more instance of how art precedes science in understanding of the new; in our own century we have the chilling stories and novels of Kafka. As I write these words there is a story in *The New York Times* about the Swedish actress Bibi Andersson, impelled to tell her own story about Swedish tax bureaucracy:

> "I was shocked. I was scared. . . . If there are taxes that I have not paid, I will pay all of them with enthusiasm. It is the bureaucracy I speak about. They did not behave to me as if they wanted money. They seemed to want to prove that I had committed a conscious act of cheating, that I was a criminal."

Of course, Dostoevsky's parable of The Grand Inquisitor in *Brothers Karamazov* should have prepared us for this, not to mention Huxley's *Brave New World* and Orwell's *Animal Farm* or *1984*. Desire, though, to prove someone mischievous or evil is, *pace* Miss Andersson, less motivating, I believe, than simple desire to use the machine that has been constructed—Coleridge's cross-bow. If there is an anti-Trust, an anti-Fraud, an anti-Pollution, or an anti-Anything division numbering thousands of individual persons, among whom desires for advancement and fame are surely as great as among newspaper reporters, it follows that that division must on occasion go into action. If there is no real, or at any rate important case at hand, one can quickly be contrived. What is vital is that the machine be used; otherwise it becomes rusty from disuse, its servants morose.

The eminent civil-libertarian, Charles Morgan, Jr., recently obliged by his American Civil Liberties Union superiors to resign from the Washington office, wrote (*New York Times*, 10 April 1976):

> "Bureaucracy tends to blandness. It tries to turn everyone into carbon-copies, and in Orwellian ways executive directors recast themselves as executive editors and, finally, as censors."

He was referring to the hierarchy, the bureaucracy, of the ACLU, of course; but his words have equal relevance to all other bureaucracies: business, professional, academic, religious, etc. They have extraordinary relevance to government bureaucracy simply by virtue of its size and its union with political sovereignty. There is some, if only theoretical, possibility of escape from other bureaucracies; there is no escape, though, from the government's bureaucracy, save possibly by corruption. No wonder Orwell saw in susceptibility to corruption in government the last great hope of freedom.

I AM NOT, as I say, charging bureaucrats with inhumanity, malice, vindictiveness, or sadism. The vast majority are honest, efficient hard-working; a great many of them are dedicated. That is precisely the problem of bureaucracy: the better it is, the worse its impact upon culture and social order. It is not the occasional evidence of venality or cruelty in the bureaucrat that makes

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one apprehensive. It is, rather, the much more common evidence of dispassionate, bland, emotionless fulfilment of job.

The 19th-century German philosopher Lotze once, in a striking passage, compared the crushed worm, writhing in pain, and the angel endowed with consummate intelligence but without feeling, watching from a heavenly rampart. The modern world is filled with bureaucratic "angels." Ideology does not seriously matter. I can do no more than speculate, of course, but behind the seeming paranoia of Chairman Mao there must be the tormenting fear of the kind of bureaucracy that even his primitive sense of history tells him is the inevitable spawn of revolution, and its dream of a large-scale remaking of social order and human consciousness.

A VAST JOURNALISTIC LITERATURE now attests to the torments, and then the illegal steps, of the Kennedy, Johnson and Nixon administrations, which resulted from White House struggles with Pentagon, State Department, and the other Washington bureaucracies. In Max Weber's view, bureaucracy was first the spawn of the democratic revolution in modern history, and then the nemesis of democracy—taking that word in the sense of popular participation through elections in the actual governing process. In Tocqueville's view one could measure the progress of democracy by the progress of the civil service's scope and influence. The old "great unpaid" becomes supplanted by the "great paid." Much of our history suggests the fettering of purpose by the instruments devised to fulfil or achieve purpose. The machine tends to triumph; and I mean, of course, the administrative machine.

If I were to venture to predict, the triumph in the future would belong to the present fast-developing Swedish model of bureaucracy. All we generally see, or read about, is Swedish "social justice." Now, however, we are beginning, at long last, to gain sight of the machine.[9] As against the Soviet Union's model of a command-economy structure, Sweden's approach is easier, cheaper, and in the long run more effective.

THIS, THEN, IS WHERE I am obliged to believe we go from here; not where I want us to go, but where I am convinced we are almost irreversibly headed at the present time: to a peculiar form of despotism, grounded in humanitarianism and popular currents but largely formed by bureaucracy, that a score of prophetic artists and philosophers and historians foresaw a century and more ago. I hope I am wrong, and I certainly could be! No one has higher respect than I for the operation in history of the Random Event, the Maniac, the Prophet, and the Genius. No one of these is ever predictable. One or all may be around history's corner.

But we are forced to deal with present evidences and probabilities, however tenuous these are in fact. The dead hand of the recent past is a heavy one, far more so because of the current political clerisy's worship of it. Bishop Butler wrote in one of his 18th-century sermons: "Things are what they are and the consequences of them will be what they will be; why, then, should we desire to be deceived? . . ."

The political habit of mind—the Political Clerisy consecrated to the State as the Medieval Clerisy was to the Church—the whole machinery of political power first brought into being by Renaissance and Reformation kings—all these, obviously, have only grown stronger and spread more widely under modern nationalism, democracy, and socialism. The Political has clearly triumphed over the Religious, the Social, and the Economic. Tribute is of course paid: the glossing over of the political-bureaucratic by use of the rhetoric of the "social." Our clerisy's cant notwithstanding, today's "democratic" state is in fact a vastly more powerful structure, more penetrating of the lives and minds of its citizens, than any 17th-century Divine-Right monarchy ever was. But try to argue this truth, this platitude, in the halls of the universities, or within ear-shot of most of our intellectuals!

I SUSPECT WE ARE HEADED FOR what Hilaire Belloc so eloquently and accurately termed *The Servile State* (1912). In that remarkable, today little-read, book, Belloc wrote:

> "The definition of the Servile State is as follows: 'That arrangement of society in which so considerable a number of the families and individuals are constrained by positive law to labour for the advantage of other families and individuals as to stamp the whole community with the mark of such labour we call The Servile State'. . . . "

The secret of accomplishing The Servile State is essentially simple. By concentrating upon the inequalities which exist in any more or less free society, especially the inequalities observable in

[9] See Roland Huntford's study of Sweden in his *The New Totalitarianism* (1972).

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the economic sphere, it is possible through astute use of redistributionist legislation and through the invisible government of Bureau, Agency, and Commission, to achieve forms of inequality actually greater than those eradicated but rendered more or less painless by the rhetoric of egalitarianism and social justice, by the transformation of economic and social inequalities native to any free society to the far more destructive, but less immediately galling, inequalities which go with centralised political power and its numerous strata of privilege, status, affluence, and authority.

Freedom can die. As Goethe once wrote: "Lawgivers or revolutionaries who promise equality and liberty at the same time are either utopian dreamers or charlatans. . . ." But if the process is gradual enough, as it is likely to be in the free West, I am not sure very many people will even notice when the final line between a relatively free order and a collectivist servitude has been crossed. A few more years of egalitarian and redistributionist rhetoric, a few hundred more "entitlements", another million or so members of the centralised bureaucracy pledged to achievement of equal rations, equal housing, equal social esteem, equal strength and beauty, and how would one possibly know of the transition?

So IT SEEMS to me and I would be lacking in candour if I didn't say as much. Still, on the right day of the right week in the right month it is possible for me even yet to take hope. There are strange spectres hanging over the landscape, none exactly welcome to the clerisy of power. We cannot, I repeat, ever forget the random event, the maniac, the genius, and the prophet in history. So often that which gives every appearance of being iron trends, irreversible laws of movement, turns out not to be such. Lenin's "locomotive of history" gets derailed, as event or personage or calamity confounds.

When I think of the Roman Catholic Church at the beginning of the 16th century, I am persuaded that to its enemies as well as its own clerisy it must have seemed very permanent, if not actually eternal. In its way, the Church was as omnicompetent, as penetrating of life and mind, and as monolithic as the contemporary national state. Its clerisy was mighty, and it is easy to imagine the sense of history-endowed superiority this clerisy had as it looked out on the land.

But as every school-child knows, there came a Reformation, the Church's and the religious clerisy's power notwithstanding; powers and dominations collapsed. Perhaps we are at the beginning of a Reformation ourselves, one that will dislocate and fragment the national state and *its* clerisy just as the earlier one did the Church, with something in the nature of a new feudalism resulting. No one can know, of course; the future is subject for speculation only. But just as certain behaviour patterns of chickens, sometimes goats, and in places tigers, are said to portend earthquakes, so may the current, bizarre behaviour of many politicians and political intellectuals in the West portend unforeseen events. No doubt we shall soon see.

Clearing the Nettles

The motor-scythe bites into the shanks of nettles
like munching apples. Peacock butterflies,
scatty as dry leaves on Dante's wind,
flash into circuit, earth behind the shack.
Listening with my nerves I recognise
their caterpillars' crunching.

I offer grace to façade, ignore the back,
soon to be mined with ribbed and venous roots;
a natural, if not original, crime,
that claims no instant fruits. My sin's more subtle:
grasping this as my purgatorial time
I feed on knowledge of the lives to come.

Betty Parvin

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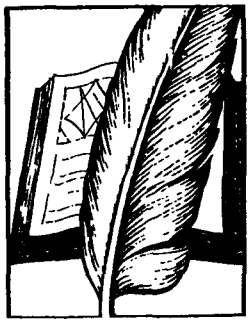

Column

RICHARD OHMANN is Professor of English at Wesleyan University, a richly endowed and highly privileged educational institution at which anyone might feel pleased and proud to have a chair. Professor Ohmann, however, during the last fifteen years has experienced a kind of revulsion against the position he occupies, because, he tells us, university departments in the United States are for the most part secret agencies of the American politico-industrial-military establishment. His book, *English in America*,[1] is not only an analysis of the teaching of English at American universities, but the record of a personal experience which has transformed his attitude to his own profession, once a source of pride but now of contempt. We must accept his book, he tells us, as "a specimen of the literature of conversion." Like St Paul, he has seen the light, and like St Paul he wishes it to be seen among men.

Most conversions are very complicated matters; Professor Ohmann's, however, is a very simple one. He has perceived that universities are part of society, and if that society is an evil one, as he believes America to be, it necessarily follows that the parts are evil also, and can only be redeemed by the destruction of the society to which they belong. The problems of teaching English in America can only be solved by social revolution, even if it is a heavy cost to pay and quite certain that almost no one is ready to pay it.

It would be quite useless to tell Professor Ohmann that his excessively simplistic argument totally ignores the immensely complicated, and infinitely differentiated relationships which subsist between a society and its component institutions, and that once this complexity is admitted, his argument loses whatever force it may appear to possess. It would be useless because for him it is something in the nature of divine revelation, a matter more of faith than of reason. Indeed, there is something touchingly infantile and naïve in his acceptance of it which reminds one that there was a time when Professor Ohmann's thesis rang across every campus in the United States, and libraries were burned, and universities wrecked, and Vice-Chancellors locked in their offices by revolting students who wished to put it into practice. But that was nearly ten years ago, and today the revolutionary fervour of American students, or their teachers, has been damped by economic depression and the difficulties of making a living or finding a job. The Greening of America withered before even the buds were out, and Professor Ohmann's argument has a curiously old-world flavour, like an out-dated pop song; it has the sound of

> *. . . old unhappy far-off things.*
> *And battles long ago.*

Indeed Professor Ohmann recalls these battles, like an old Bolshevik remembering the October days, with an anguish which is tempered by a certain wistfulness.

> "Viet Nam was a much more acute grief. By November, 1966, there was no day when I did not feel rage, anguish and frustration over our government's actions. The gap between these feelings and the demands of business as usual became too great. I had already signed petitions and begun refusing to pay taxes; by the spring of 1967 I was organizing support for draft resisters (among the same faculty members whose academic politics I found so conservative!) and giving political speeches. But I wanted more integration. If humanistic culture really is a civilizing force, why wouldn't the college I worked for and the profession I worked in TAKE A STAND? So I pressed for motions in faculty meetings, for days to be set aside to discuss the war, for resolutions in MLA and NCTE, and for crash programs of all kinds to translate our moral views into political acts. And if I were giving a scholarly talk on language and literature, I would find a way to link it with Viet Nam."

Happy days! though today Professor Ohmann describes all these activities as futile. He is indeed almost too ready to do so; for multiplied a thousand fold throughout the American universities they certainly made a significant contribution to that revulsion of public feeling which finally destroyed Lyndon Johnson, ensured the triumphant election of Richard Nixon, and led to the withdrawal of American troops from South-east Asia. But to accept this would not suit Professor Ohmann's purpose; for it implies that humanistic culture may sometimes be a civilising force and that effective action may sometimes be possible within what Professor Ohmann calls "the system." The only trouble was that in organising against Viet Nam the universities very nearly destroyed themselves. Professor Ohmann would say that, as things stand, that would have been no loss.

BUT WHAT, ONE MAY WELL ASK, has all this to do with the teaching of English in the United States? It is a question which frequently recurs to one in reading Professor Ohmann's book, which for the most part consists of disconnected essays on such (to an English reader slightly

[1] *English in America: A Radical View of the Profession.* By RICHARD OHMANN. Oxford University Press, $15.00, paper $4.95; £11.75, paper £2.95.

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esoteric) subjects as the Modern Language Association, the organisation of university departments, the teaching of Freshman English, and Advanced Placement examinations. The essence of Professor Ohmann's doctrine is perhaps to be found in the essay on "Freshman Composition and Administered Thought"; for teaching Freshman English, Professor Ohmann tells us, occupies some 40% of all the teaching time of all the English departments in the United States.

This is a sobering, and slightly gruesome thought, as the Freshman English Course is primarily devoted to the elementary principles of composition; that is to say, to teaching the student to express himself simply, clearly, coherently and grammatically in words which will be intelligible, and if possible even interesting, to others. This would seem to be a fairly harmless activity. But to Professor Ohmann the demands made by Freshman English on the student are a means both to subjecting him to the discipline of bourgeois thought and forcing him to adapt to the requirements which an advanced technological society imposes on its victims, if they are to achieve success. The reason is obvious; at least it is obvious to Professor Ohmann. For the ability to think in an orderly and coherent fashion and to express one's thoughts in a manner which others will understand are clearly skills which are essential in the management of society, and particularly of an advanced technological society. Therefore, says Professor Ohmann, the attempts to teach such skills, and the importance of Freshman English as a means to doing so, constitute clear proof of the domination exerted over the universities by the managerial requirements of advanced technological society.

I feel that even the most innocent Freshman at Wesleyan could demonstrate the weakness of his argument to Professor Ohmann. Because two activities have certain features in common in no way implies a causal connection between them. Professor Ohmann, who is perhaps more of a rhetorician than a logician, repeats the same mistake later. He proceeds to an examination of *The Pentagon Papers* and demonstrates to his own satisfaction, though hardly to ours, that because they display the qualities of order, clarity, coherence which Freshman English tries to inculcate, therefore the object of Freshman English is to produce students who later in life will write Pentagon Papers. There is a certain amount of truth in this; but it is not the whole truth which Professor Ohmann takes it to be.

IT IS VERY SAD when learned and intelligent, if muddle-headed, men get swept away by powerful emotions which they are unable to handle. Ohmann's moral feelings about the evils of American society are so strong that one can hardly fail to respect them; but they are also so strong that they frequently blind him to some of the more obvious features of the society which he so unhesitatingly and totally condemns. There is, for instance, an alternative explanation for the importance which Freshman English has assumed in American universities which corresponds far more closely to the facts of American life than the one which Professor Ohmann urges upon us.

It is perhaps not for me to judge the standards of literacy achieved by most American students when they first enter the university. But perhaps I may be allowed to quote from an admirable review of Professor Ohmann's book, in the *Times Literary Supplement*, by a professional colleague, Professor Steven Marcus.

> "Over 40% of American youth enter into the system of higher education. They enter into it at different levels and kinds of institutions: into community colleges, into four-year state colleges or four-year private liberal arts colleges, into the great state universities or the great élite private universities with their undergraduate university colleges. It is no dark or closely held secret that the vast majority of these students are in effect functionally illiterate; the depth and degree of illiteracy vary at different levels of the system of higher education, but it exists pervasively, even at the élite undergraduate institutions. What we are confronted with in higher education in America is a situation of mass functional illiteracy. The situation itself is not entirely new, but the scale is unprecedented. Why this should be so is a subject too complex to be gone into here, but one of the contributing circumstances has to do with the character of secondary education in America; as far as English and the humanities are concerned it is non-functional, *il n'existe pas*. This has been so for a long time, and there is nothing to indicate that substantive change is in the offing. Hence one of the historic functions of the first two years of higher education in America has been and remains reparative."

WE IN BRITAIN should not feel any sense of *Schadenfreude* at this indictment of the American public schools system as an introduction to higher education. It begins to look as if a similar situation may soon exist here, if it does not do so already, and perhaps our own universities also may have to adopt the same "reparative" methods as the American. But if Professor Marcus is right (and there is no reason to believe that he is not), is it not more reasonable to suppose that Freshman English is a desperate effort to repair the deficiencies of the American secondary school system, rather than a weapon employed by the capitalist class to manipulate the student in its own interests; and what is more, an effort which the universities must necessarily make if they are to remain universities in any

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real sense?

Of course, the two hypotheses are not really incompatible. The kind of elementary disciplines required as a preparation for the pursuit of learning will also equip the student for the management tasks required of him by society. But it makes rather a difference, particularly if you are a university teacher, what your order of preference is between these two objectives, or indeed whether you think there is any difference between them. For, on the one hand, one might entertain the no doubt optimistic yet not wholly unreasonable hope that a reform of the secondary school system would make it possible for the schools to do their own job properly, and relieve the universities of the necessity of doing it for them; on the other hand, one would believe that any such reform will tend to make the existing system work better, which, given its fundamentally evil purposes, is to be avoided at all costs. And this indeed seems to be Professor Ohmann's own view. He writes:

> "Since our woes derive from the system working all too well to serve those it serves, even an actual solution to a problem—rare as that may be—is a long-time disservice, if it helps to conceal the deeper cause of trouble to let the system continue its inhuman work less selfconsciously."

(There are moments when I feel that Professor Ohmann would do well to take a refresher course in Freshman English himself.) And so quite consistently he rejoices when he sees signs that the system of higher education is, not improving, but deteriorating and notes that the Modern Language Association found in response to questionnaires that by 1971 "over 40% of the four-year colleges and universities had reduced or removed their English and foreign-language requirements for graduation."

Like Steven Marcus, I find such an attitude in a university teacher deplorable. One cannot help feeling a certain sympathy with Professor Ohmann because by his own strange logic he has driven himself into a kind of rat-trap from which there would appear to be no escape. For him, the only acceptable answer to the difficulties of teaching English in America is socialism, a "socialist revolution", though he is disarmingly vague about its nature. Any other answer would only improve the services which the universities render to the capitalist class. Thus, as a university teacher, the only useful function he can perform is as far as possible to wreck the educational system of which he is a part. Yet he knows perfectly well that, in present conditions, and in any foreseeable future, this is not likely in the slightest degree to promote the advent of socialism in the United States.

In this unhappy position, Professor Ohmann continues to occupy his chair, and position of privilege, at Wesleyan, to rail against the politico-industrial-military establishment, to contribute as far as he can to the degradation of intellectual standards. He would prefer his students to be illiterate rather than literate, because this would signify their freedom from the discipline of bourgeois thought, and would preserve in them a spontaneity, a creativity, and a "critical" attitude which would protect them from becoming humble and docile servants of the capitalist class.

One does not envy Professor Ohmann in the essentially self-defeating task which he has set himself. And perhaps, merely on the strength, such as it is, of his "argument", one should not take him too seriously. If he is to be taken seriously at all, it is as a representative of a certain tendency in contemporary American culture which is profoundly and almost morbidly self-destructive; he is, in a slightly pathetic way, a kind of Big Daddy of infantile neo-Marxism. Here I cannot do better than to quote Professor Marcus again:

> "[Professor Ohmann thinks] that the only solution is 'socialist revolution.' To propose this remedy as the way out of the difficulties of English in America is sufficiently loony as to be mildly amusing. To propose this remedy in the America of 1976 is indeed to offer a counsel of despair. Yet there *is* a crisis taking place in America, and Professor Ohmann's book is a symptom of it. That crisis is the beginning of the coming apart or decomposition of bourgeois culture—the version of it that we have had in America is better known as high culture. Professor Ohmann is a product of that culture and he despises it—rather too easily, perhaps. On this issue he quotes Christopher Caudwell with approval: 'Humanism, the creation of bourgeois culture, finally separates from it.' It 'must either pass into the ranks of the proletariat or, going quietly into a corner, cut its throat.' I am not recommending that Professor Ohmann head for the nearest corner, but he really has nowhere to go. In this as in so much else he is exemplary. He has lost faith in bourgeois culture (the only one around, to be sure) and its values, and has almost nothing left to transmit. His humanism, on the strength of this book, is a pallid abstraction. And he may call for 'socialist revolution' till the cows come home. His longing for 'revolutionary change, with its idea of immersion in social process' by means of what he calls 'deep politics', has a kind of special, awkward poignancy to it, as does his belief that he is teaching literature in a 'discredited civilization.' The early Marx's humanism, we may recall, was a project, not an accomplished thing. And we may recall as well that the later Marx remarked that not all of bourgeois culture was doomed to historical oblivion. Many of its values and achievements, he observed, represented permanent accessions for humanity."

But the real trouble with Professor Ohmann is not that he has read too much Marx. It is that he has not read, or understood, enough. Freshman English might help, so would sophomore philosophy.

R

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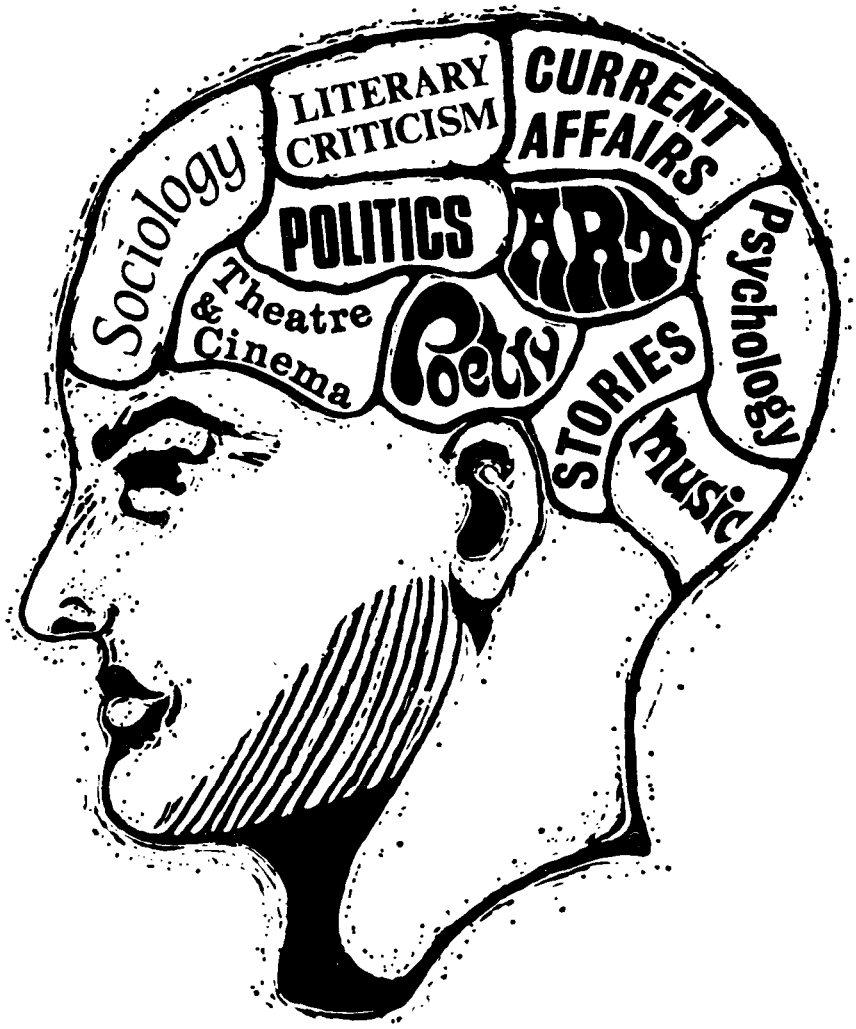

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D. H. Lawrence's Own Myth

By George Watson

SOME WRITERS survive less by what they assert than in the manner of their remembrance. D. H. Lawrence is a classic of the kind, and my concern here is not so much with what he believed as with what, somehow or other, he came to stand for, both to himself and others. Always a mythmaker, like all great novelists, he was himself to grow into a myth, some of it of his own making. And that myth is fast bound with the fiction of his family origins; Lawrence was not above contributing to it directly, in his own last years; and since the 1930s it has accumulated, though embarrassed by occasional scholarly contradiction, into the proportions of a cult and the somnolence of a received idea.

LAWRENCE'S OWN IDEALS of government belong in the European political tradition, if at all, to the pre-history of fascism. And yet no single term, not even "proto-fascist", and certainly no party label, can do more than begin to describe what he believed. It cannot be seriously suggested that his alleged fascism ever had anything to do with a sustained support for any political party or movement, whether in or out of office. He died in March 1930, in any case, before that issue looked imperative to Englishmen.

The claim that can be made here is twofold. First, he longed at times for a leader, even if no actual leader satisfied him, adopting after the outbreak of war in 1914 a taste for dictatorial over-assertion in his public writings and even in his letters. Bertrand Russell was to complain in his *Autobiography* that Lawrence used to tell him what he *must* preach "in the language of a Fascist dictator", underlining the word "*must*" thirteen times (vol. II, p. 21). The epilogue to *Movements in European History* (1921), which Lawrence wrote soon after the Great War, calls on every youth in ringing Nietzschean tones to choose nobility for himself, and to "follow only the leader who is a star of the new, *natural Noblesse*."[1]

Second, his obsession with "blood-consciousness" or "blood-knowing" was understandably to remind some people of National Socialism in the years after his death. Russell claims to have rejected it, when he first heard it, as "frankly rubbish", adding: "though I did not then know that it led straight to Auschwitz" (II, 22). The verb "to lead" is evidently incautious here. Events in central Europe would hardly have gone otherwise if Lawrence had never lived or written, and few have wished to argue that he created a tolerance for intellectual fascism among intellectuals at home. On the other hand, the fact of a doctrinal kinship remains; and Lawrence plainly viewed the coming national revival in Germany with a gloating expectation. Travelling up the Rhine, he writes in 1928, "you realise that something has happened to the human soul, beyond all help." And that something is primitive:

> The ancient spirit of prehistoric Germany coming back, at the end of history. . . . Something about the Germanic races is unalterable. White-skinned, elemental, and dangerous . . . recoiling towards Tartary, the destructive vortex of Tartary. It is fate.

But a fate for which England is in part to blame: "We have brought it about ourselves—by a Ruhr occupation, by an English nullity, and by a German false will."[2]

It would be absurd to attribute much political influence to utterances of this sort. In the 1930s he was quoted more often, and more sympathetically, by writers of Left than Right, though as feelings mounted high in the years of bitter polarity after 1936 it became clear he could satisfy neither party. He was not a member, if even an acquaintance, of that short-lived group of 1914 composed of Ezra Pound, T. S. Eliot, and Wyndham Lewis; and Eliot, shortly after his death, was to stigmatise him in his Virginia lectures *After Strange Gods* (1934) as one literary symptom among many of a perilous moral decay in Anglo-Saxon literary

[1] The Epilogue was excluded by the Oxford University Press from the first edition as unsuitable for a school text, and remained unpublished until a new edition of 1971.

[2] *New Statesman* (13 October 1934); reprinted in *Phoenix* (London, 1936), which suggests 1924 as the date of composition (p. 839).

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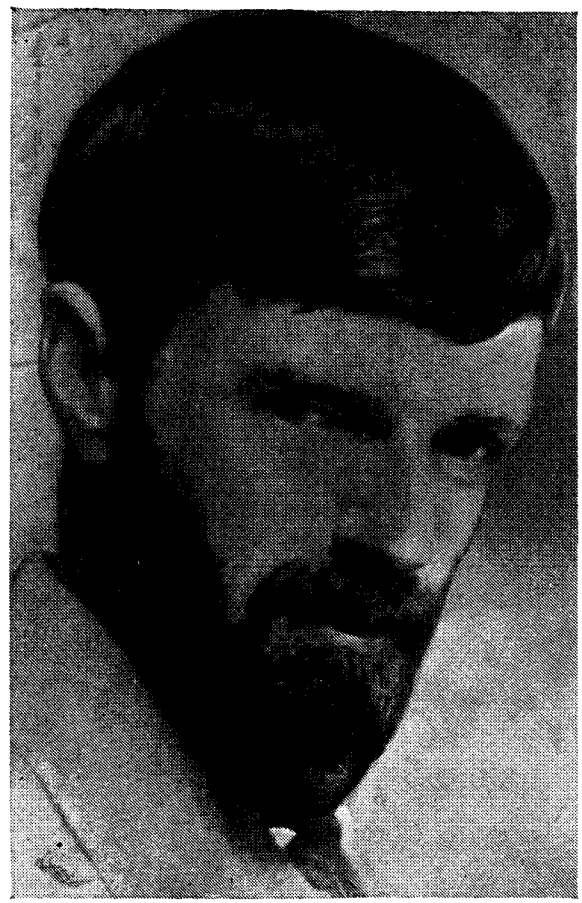
culture. No Marxist could approve him, though some could admire. And that isolation of fame poses the paradox in its sharpest form. He was widely held, by the later '30s, to have been at once a regressive political advocate and a revered spokesman for working-class life. He was great without being good.

But to unravel that paradox, the myth of Lawrence's working-class origins must be considered.



LAWRENCE, who was born in 1885, was the son of a contractor in a Nottinghamshire coal-mine and of a former schoolmistress of some cultivation and social standing. The common assertion that his father was a miner, though not false, is misleading in context; he was not by the period of Lawrence's upbringing dependent on wages, being in charge of a group of miners, and his income was good. If his manners were rough, and at times even wild, this needs to be measured against the superior existence his wife created at Eastwood for the sons who, as she successfully resolved, would never work in a mine.

Professor J. D. Chambers, the brother of Jessie Chambers and himself a social historian, has recently described Lawrence's world intimately, since he knew it intimately in his youth, in a preface to the new edition (1965) of his sister's memoir *D. H. Lawrence: a Personal Record* (1935). It is untrue, he insists, that Lawrence's family had lived in poverty; his father had been

> a highly skilled man, bringing home good money, occupying a house with a big window and separate "entry" of which the Lawrences were immensely proud, and handing over to his wife enough money to give three of their five children a good education.

He quotes a contemporary as recalling that "though Mr Lawrence often went home merry, he was never drunk nor aggressive"—a recollection perhaps selective and incomplete.

But events have since conspired to make Lawrence's childhood and youth seem grim with poverty. The mean terraced house marked as his birthplace, as all pilgrims to Eastwood should be told, ceased to be his home when he was six; he lived in a superior residence on the hill above until he was eighteen. "The Lawrences were moving up in the world", Chambers remarks of this move, "and were very conscious of the fact."[3]

He was soon sent to Nottingham High School for the best schooling locally to be had, and after a few months as a clerk became a student at the University College there, to become a London schoolmaster in 1908—achieving independence from his parents as late as the age of twenty-three. Four years later he ran off with a German aristocrat, Frieda von Richthofen, the wife of his Nottingham professor. His early years presented opportunities for observing the lives of wage-earners rather than an experience of that life, and labourers are more often figures in the landscape of Lawrence's novels than principal actors there. Though his distrustful hatred of the Gentleman grew bitterer with age, he was as skilled as his friend E. M. Forster in portraying, and from within, the minds of young ladies of cultivated tastes. The two intelligent sisters in *Women in Love* (1920) are as clear evidence for his acquaintance with civilised gentility as Forster's sisters in *Howards End*. On any ordinary interpretation of the evidence,

[3] J. D. Chambers, "Memories of D. H. Lawrence", *Renaissance & Modern Studies*, vol. XVI (1972).

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untroubled by hearsay or prejudice, no one would readily call Lawrence's upbringing or early manhood "working-class", though some of it was lived within sight and sound of collier life.

LAWRENCE'S LITERARY DÉBUT occurred in November 1909, when Ford Madox Ford (then Hueffer) published some of his poems in the *English Review*. To the literary London into which Ford introduced him, Lawrence looked like a cheerful young Croydon schoolmaster from the Midlands. His personality does not seem to have been widely regarded as base-born. Years later his headmaster recalled him as unrobust, his hands "fragile, long fingered, expressive, well controlled", unpretentious in dress and gay and self-assured in manner: "His expression always showed a kind of confident amusement. It was rarely serious."[4] And Helen Corke remembers him in those years as "polite and gay", with a passion for books, music and intellectual talk.[5] His background was admittedly distinctive, and he spoke with a Midlands accent he was to keep to the end of his days.

But then literary London is well used to welcoming bright young sparks from the provinces to inform them about how life is lived south of the river, west of Hounslow and north of Potters Bar. It had recently opened its doors and its arms, after all, to H. G. Wells and Arnold Bennett. Lawrence's quick progress through that world, and through literary country houses like Lady Ottiline Morrell's Garsington, carries no hint of social exclusion. He later recalled how he had found London, as a young man, "thrilling, thrilling, thrilling, the vast and roaring heart of all adventure. . . ."[6] He was not—or certainly not in any continuous sense—a social failure in that world. Lady Cynthia Asquith, the Prime Minister's daughter-in-law, had the Lawrences to stay in 1915, and reported in her diaries without any hint of condescension that she found them "the most intoxicating company in the world", and Lawrence's own talk "extraordinarily real and living."[7] If Bloomsbury found him excessively dogmatic at times, it does not seem to have jibbed at his social origins.

A number of obituaries in 1930, it is true, including E. M. Forster's, refer to him as of the working class, and without qualification;[8] but the references are casual, and nothing is made of the matter. Virginia Woolf, a year or two after his death, was to confide to her diary that she found his novels "airless, confined"; but it was his preaching she objected to, not his social vulgarity. By then Stephen Potter's *D. H. Lawrence: A First Study* (1930) had already appeared, proofread as its subject lay dying in the south of France; and Potter makes little or nothing of any issue of proletarian culture. Lawrence's typical readers in the 1920s, he believed, before his reputation declined late in the decade, were commonly

> youngish, normally educated, somewhat conventional men who, attracted by hearsay knowledge of Lawrence as a breaker down of established things, have made use of him, or have naturally taken to him, as a means to make their own continued growth easier.

A liberator of opinion, then, and especially of polite opinion; but no emphasis is laid on any humility of origin, only on iconoclasm, though his father is curtly described as a miner and his mother as "superior" (in inverted commas) and "a lady." It was the conventions he broke that disturbingly mattered, and his fabled interest in savages, animals, and the Holy Ghost.

THIS SEEMS EQUALLY THE VIEW of those who knew him personally. Richard Aldington, in a pamphlet that appeared in the year of Lawrence's death, reports on their conversations together as of a lively if over-assertive sage in the English heretical tradition; and in 1931 John Middleton Murry, in his highly controversial *Son of Woman*, represented the Lawrence he had known as a victim of love consumed by its devouring fire, briefly mentioning his parentage as of "a collier father and a bourgeoise mother." A few years later William Empson, in *Some Versions of Pastoral* (1935), declined to generalise: "D. H. Lawrence's refusal to write proletarian literature was an important choice, but he was a complicated person. . . ." There was no widespread tendency, as early as that, to see Lawrence's own origins or the social subject-matter of his fiction as exceptional. Only his genius was that.

A myth, however, was shortly to form.

THE TRUE ORIGINAL of Lawrence's reputation as a proletarian writer may have been his first literary sponsor, Ford Madox Ford, who blandly recalled his discovery of a new talent, long before in 1909, in an article in *American Mercury* in June 1936, written a few years before his own death. The article, which was promptly collected in his *Portraits from Life* (1937), saw the young Lawrence as a social intruder into

[4] Harry T. Moore, *The Intelligent Heart: the Story of D. H. Lawrence* (1960, rev. ed.), p. 113.
[5] Helen Corke, *In Our Infancy: an Autobiography 1882–1912* (Cambridge, 1975), p. 166.
[6] *Phoenix II* (1968), p. 560.
[7] Lady Cynthia Asquith, *Diaries 1915–18* (1968), pp. 18–19.
[8] *D. H. Lawrence: the Critical Heritage*, edited by R. P. Draper (1970), pp. 322 f.

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literary London, and the inventor of a new social class for English fiction.

Ford wrote as if the industrial novel had never existed in Victorian England. George Gissing, H. G. Wells, Arnold Bennett, and Mark Rutherford, he argued, had already written about the "lower middle classes"; but the "completely different class of the artisan, the industrialist, and the unskilled labourer was completely unvoiced and unknown." The article is a witty study in social embarrassment, remembered or misremembered over more than a quarter-of-a-century: embarrassment at the prospect of being addressed as *Sir* by a miner's son in his editorial office; embarrassment at being so addressed; at hearing Lawrence speak so much of his mother, whom Ford never met, and at actually meeting his father, who got drunk and had a good hand with mechanical tools. The fact seemed to him entirely symbolic of the young David's verbal artistry. "It was probably not for nothing that the father of Jesus was a carpenter", Ford remarks pontifically. Lawrence was not just a labouring-class novelist, to his observant understanding, but a novelist in whom the labouring virtues enriched a prose masterful with a sense of craft and form.

Marxist critics, meanwhile, were unimpressed. John Strachey in *The Coming Struggle for Power* (1932) and Christopher Caudwell in *Studies in a Dying Culture* (1938), which was written by 1936, make no heroic claims. Lawrence was a "bourgeois artist", in their view; right, as Caudwell believed, in his perception that an artist must be a prophet, but "ultimately Fascist and not Communist", though from a consistent viewpoint nothing at all, and a prophet of "regression, of neurosis, of the return to the primitive . . . " George Orwell, by contrast, was more acquiescent, and *The Road to Wigan Pier* (1937) accepted him as a genuine proletarian who, like others from his class, had regrettably learned to know the ways of the middle class by the common but mistaken route of literary London.

By the late 1930s, though no earlier, Lawrence's status as a working-class novelist is beginning to be taken for granted, and by the 1940s it is a commonplace. F. R. Leavis, in his "Keynes, Lawrence and Cambridge" (1949), sided passionately with Lawrence over his meeting with Keynes and Russell in Cambridge in March 1915, and in the bluntest class terms; Lawrence, he believed, had been "formed in a working class in which intellectual interests were bound up with the social life of home and chapel", not to mention breadwinning, all of which could only give him an "enormous advantage in experience" over a mere Cambridge don.[9]

Though Lawrence's early life had in fact been sheltered by an exceptionally protective mother, and his adult career utterly confined to school-teaching and writing, he was by now achieving the enviable status of an existential hero, and without any of the customary physical exertions. A Nietzschean rhetoric of life-affirmation (*Lebensbejahung*), which he had found in the Croydon Public Library of 1908–9, if not earlier, was belatedly to re-enter the bloodstream of English criticism in the *Scrutiny* of the 1940s, a strident vitalism fit to replace "the dead materialism of Marx socialism and Soviets"[10] and the decay of the West. The dogmas of a new aristocracy of energy and a "revolution of life" were now heard in Cambridge class-rooms, and soon elsewhere; and "life" came to mean an imagined world beyond and behind the industrial revolution, a pastoral of English nature preserved, through an heroic act of will, by the very slaves of the machine.

By 1957, in Richard Hoggart's *Uses of Literacy*, even Lawrence's mother had become working-class: "Notice that many old working-class women have a habitual gesture which illuminates the years of their life behind. D. H. Lawrence remarked it in his mother. . . ."

Lawrence's working-class origins amount to a standard intellectual-socialist myth by the 1950s. Raymond Williams, independently of Hoggart, represents the young Lawrence in his *Culture and Society 1780–1950* (1958) as struggling to escape "his function of replacement" in the industrial working class, and later "moving into the middle class." There is no real evidence that Lawrence was ever outside the middle class, as that phrase is most commonly understood, at any time in his life. By the 1950s, for all that, the myth had taken up its lodging in academe.

LAWRENCE'S STANDING AS A working-class writer, though rarely accepted in his lifetime or even in the 1930s, is easier to understand if his own contribution is studied through his later years. His liberation from his mother's influence was plainly a slow process; it did not end with his elopement in 1912, but in some sense lasted all his life, so that he only allowed himself in his own mind to take his father's side in the bitter parental struggle in his last years.

There is a further possibility: that it was only in his last years that the humbler status of his

[9] F. R. Leavis, "Keynes, Lawrence and Cambridge", *Scrutiny*, vol. XVI (1949); reprinted in his *Common Pursuit* (1952), p. 258.

[10] *Collected Letters of D. H. Lawrence* (ed. H. T. Moore, 1962), vol. II, p. 110, from a letter of 28 December 1928.

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father came to look disputatiously convenient. Men sometimes discover in their middle years that an origin they once found disadvantageous can be turned to an unlooked-for account. The social movement of Lawrence's fiction, with notable exceptions, is downwards; and the social predominance of servants, like Mellors in *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, is largely a characteristic of the middle-aged novelist of the Twenties. The young Lawrence, by all contemporary accounts—and they are both numerous and highly particular—was weakly and genteel, and that is decidedly the aura of his first novel, *The White Peacock* (1911). If the Cyril of that novel is not exactly the young Lawrence, he cannot be very far from what his mother had wished for him; and his closest acquaintances in the London of 1908–12, such as Helen Corke, were themselves in no doubt about the similarity.[11]

But in his early forties—he died not yet forty-five—Lawrence appears, in some moods at least, to have adopted the mask of the labourer, or at least of one who had known hard labour at first hand. This was an impression he sometimes liked to give to superior acquaintances, perhaps as a defence against their superiority. Edith Sitwell, who visited the Lawrences in Tuscany in the late 1920s, recalled how determined he then seemed "to impress upon us that he was a son of toil", how much he hated gentlemen, and how he tried to embarrass the Sitwells by adverting often to "the contrast between his childhood and ours. . . ."[12] That contrast is real enough, but the pose failed to impress them—perhaps because Frieda had already written her aristocratic maiden name, *"geborene von Richthofen"*, in their visitor's book. "Of course she was born!", Sir George Sitwell had exclaimed to them. "Everyone is."

In "Red-Herring", a poem included in *Pansies* (1929), Lawrence calls himself an in-between, or one who by virtue of his mixed parentage is neither fish, flesh nor fowl—a claim palpably distinct from the claim to working-class status:

> *My father was a working man,*
> *and a collier was he . . .*
> *My mother was a superior soul,*
> *a superior soul was she,*
> *cut out to play a superior rôle*
> *in the god-damn bourgeoisie.*

In the Autobiographical Sketch he wrote near the end of his life he represented his father as "a coal-miner, scarcely able to read or write", and his mother as "from the bourgeoisie, the cultural element in the house", describing himself in hunted terms as belonging to a class apart in a "purely bourgeois school" at Nottingham where he managed to make "a couple of bourgeois friendships", though he "instinctively recoiled away from the bourgeoisie", there and at the university, preferring "the powerful life in a miner's kitchen" to the libraries and drawing-rooms of his "proper bourgeois aunts. . . ."[13] The resoundingly alien word *"bourgeois"* rings doubly false here: false to the facts of his life, and false to his language. This is not the speech of the miner's kitchen or of an Edwardian Croydon schoolteacher. "Bourgeois" is a Frieda-word, one may suspect; it is part of the novelist's mask.

"No writer is more conscious of class distinctions than Lawrence", as Eliot percipiently observed in a parenthesis in his Virginia lectures. But the consciousness here is a false one; and it is above all unsubtle. And English class distinctions call for subtlety, if anything does: for all the subtlety that Lawrence, on other occasions, abundantly possessed, and something more.

BUT THEN LAWRENCE'S GRASP of English social realities after 1918 was often felt to be a fading one. He scarcely lived in England after the War, and Aldington was to remark of his conversation that "in some respects Lawrence never got beyond 1912, and at odd times startles one by some echo of London life in those distant days. . . ."

This is an aspect of his fiction still too little explored. Its social resonances stop, it could be argued, at about the time of his flight to the Continent in 1912. Though he was to return to England after that year, he was to live only rootlessly there; and most of his life after 1918 was to be spent in a series of resorts, in every sense of the word: Taormina in Sicily; an Australian beach house; New Mexico; Old Mexico; Florence; and the south of France. As his conceptual life of mind advanced, even raced, his experienced life, and even his grasp on recollected experience, dwindled and withered away. The agony of his last return to Eastwood, which he described himself, has been even more vividly told of by the friend who accompanied him there in 1926. Lawrence's face was contorted with pain, he averted his eyes from his old home, and bitterly refused ever again to return: "Never! I hate the damned place."[14] He was the most rootless of uprooted men, with little more to stare at than landscapes and the faces of other expatriates, and a diminishing capacity to listen.

[11] Helen Corke, *In Our Infancy* (1975), who reports that on country walks "his talk is like an appendix to *The White Peacock*", p. 179.
[12] Edith Sitwell, *Taken Care Of* (1965), p. 108.
[13] First published in *Lawrence: a Composite Biography*, edited by Edward Nehls (Madison, 1957–9), vol. III, pp. 300–2; reprinted in *Phoenix II* (1968).
[14] Harry T. Moore, *The Intelligent Heart*, p. 439.

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MEANWHILE a remembered intellectual life drawn from the England of his early manhood aged in his mind, growing at once more dogmatic and less firmly related to any world he could see or touch. In some ways he seemed a very old-fashioned writer by the later Twenties.

Ford remarked that when he settled in London, in 1908, he was influenced by a set who, in "inverted puritanism", had insisted on "nebulously glooming about sex", and added that when the manuscript of *The Trespasser* (1912) first reached him, in an early and uncompleted form, it reminded him of "a schoolboy larking among placket holes, dialoguing with a Wesleyan minister who had been converted to Ibsen." Those walks on the Surrey hills with Helen Corke, on whose diary the novel is based, and the world of passionate mental self-improvement that obsessed his early manhood, count for far more in his writings than any miner's kitchen. Miss Corke, in her autobiography, speaks of his passion then for Swinburne, and his reading of Wells, Bennett, Forster, and Walter de la Mare. But even before he left Eastwood, library books "flowed through the house" (according to J. D. Chambers) "and floods of talk about their authors: Hardy, Bennett, Wells, Shaw, Huxley, Darwin, Conrad", as well as such foreign authors as Anatole France, Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, Turgenev, Schopenhauer, "and I think Nietzsche", along with Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*.[15] Lawrence was a formidably well read 23-year-old when he left home for the metropolis, and in the most fashionable modern authors, both English and continental. No wonder he was not thought of as inferior in literary London.

To the world that followed the peace of 1918, however, he came to look more like an impressive or embarrassing remnant of a dated Edwardian radicalism. His social world had ceased to exist, much as E. M. Forster's had. His world of ideas had fared no better. As an exile he seems to have been fired by a blind instinct for retribution against a homeland where he had succeeded so fast and so easily, and where he had ceased as fast to be a fashion.

Such a man must have needed myths, and the myth of a lowly birth and harsh upbringing may have been a consolation. He believed in it himself, by his last years, and before the world itself ever did.

And years after his death the literary world, or that part of it that is able to preserve a sufficient indifference to sources, decided to trust the teller rather than the tale, and came to believe it too.

[15] J. D. Chambers, "Memories of D. H. Lawrence", *Renaissance & Modern Studies* vol. xvi (1972).

A Partial State

Intractable and northern,
dry in the sun when it shines,
otherwise rained on, justly.

White god to desert god, "The
lines are open, what you do
to your helots is up to

you, no concern of ours. Say
no if you like, but keep them
quiet. Never forget that

irony is the weapon
of the disarmed, that yours are
blunter instruments, dourness."

★

The chosen, having broken
their enemies, scattered them
in backstreets and tight estates.

Patriarch and matriarch,
industry and green hills, no
balance of power. Just safety.

Stillness, without history;
until leviathan spouts,
bursting through manhole covers

in the streets, making phones ring on
bare desks. "The minister is
playing golf, please try later."

★

Special constables train their
machine guns on council flats;
water-cannons, fire, darkness.

The clocks are bleeding now on
public buildings. Their mottoes,
emblems of failure, tell us:

What the wrong gods established
no army can ever save.

Tom Paulin

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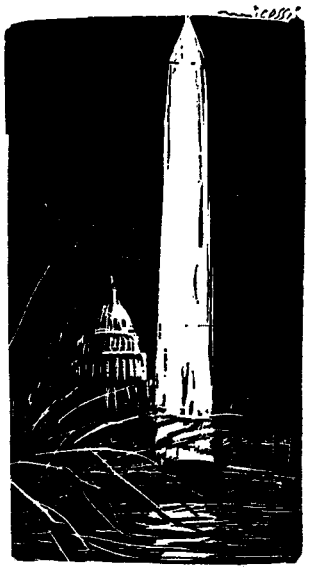
AMERICAN CHRONICLE

The Anglo-American Gene Pool

By H. C. Allen



WHENEVER historians perceive significant new perspectives in history or suggest for it important new linkages with other subjects, these are all too often challenged by orthodox historical scholars standing pat on the precise evidential requirements —or the unique nature—of "History" as a single subject, pure and unalloyed. To others this conservatism sometimes seems more like pedantry and myopia. Oswald Spengler and Arnold Toynbee had their scholarly faults, and very grave ones, but did they deserve quite the savaging they got from the "professionals"? Is psychology really as unreliably nebulous, and sociology really as cliché-ridden and vitiatingly vague, as historians frequently assert? Can we make sense of history at all without archaeology and anthropology, and is not the very term "pre-history" not so much a description as an evasion?

For historians the proper study of mankind *is* man, but though cosy this is far from enough. Apart from such works as Hans Zinsser's *Rats, Lice and History* and C. MacLaurin's *De Mortuis*, both published in 1935 by "amateur" historians who were professional scientists and both almost wholly ignored by professional historians, attempts by historical writers to study the ecology of men have been lamentably rare. They have made singularly little effort to see human history as part of a much wider biological process whose effects on history itself must surely be potent and persistent, indeed permanent and sometimes unchangeable.[1]

Man is, as Edward O. Wilson convincingly reminds us in his recent massive work entitled *Sociobiology* (1975), a mammal, an animal:

> the essence of sociobiology [is] the systematic study of the biological basis of all social behaviour. For the present it focuses on animal societies. . . . But the discipline is also concerned with the social behaviour of . . . man.

The great almost unposed historical question of our times seems to me to be the extent to which the actions of men are pre-conditioned by man's essential genetic structure, the extent to which (to use W. Johannsen's concept of 1911) the genotype conditions the phenotype. This problem, indeed, places the old determinist debate of the theologians of Christianity, Islam and other creeds in a wholly new context: it is in fact the context of the Nature-Nurture debate, the Heredity-Environment dispute.

AT THIS POINT, some readers will be showing signs of increasing unease at the drift of the argument. Why? It is because this, the fundamental issue in the modern science of genetics (possibly the most significant subject of our age), has been for the last quarter-century so closely, so ineradicably associated with the great question of Race, which has deeply concerned, indeed in a sense obsessed, the post-World War II generation, first in America and then in Britain. It is scarcely going too far to say that some of us (and here social scientists are even more perhaps affected than historians) tend to react sharply and adversely to the mere mention of the word genetics, and in a fashion to which we have ourselves become conditioned in the manner long ago suggested by Ivan Petrovich Pavlov.

Those readers who are shifting uneasily in their chairs may relax: it is not my intention here to discuss the question of race, except very incidentally. But it would not be conducive to a scholarly discourse on my part, nor to a rewarding mental dialogue between writer and reader, if we

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[1] Readers of ENCOUNTER will be aware that there are honourable exceptions. See Professor Max Beloff's review of Professor C. D. Darlington's *The Evolution of Man and Society* (October 1970) and the latter's reply (December 1971).

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failed to look frankly from the outset at the fact that it has been difficult in recent times to mention genetic factors at all without running the risk of not getting a hearing, or even, to shift to a perhaps more apt 1976 metaphor, the risk of being tarred-and-feathered and run out of town. I have to say that in my view the failure of most historians seriously to consider the implications of recent advances in biology has been a grave academic sin of omission. The outcome of discussions in modern genetics and biology, as well as psychology, may well alter profoundly and even totally transform our view of human behaviour, our analysis of the actions of mankind which is the very stuff of history.

TAKE, FOR EXAMPLE, such a formidable work as that of C. D. Darlington, Professor of Botany at Oxford University, *The Evolution of Man and Society*, published in 1969. He appears to be making—I use the word deliberately—immense claims for the determinist character of human genetic structure.

> Owing to inborn characters we live in different worlds even though we live side by side. We see the world through different eyes, even the part of it that we see in common. . . .The materials of heredity contained in the chromosomes are the solid stuff which ultimately determines the course of history.

Or take another weighty book that is about the races (or what he prefers to embrace under the term *taxa*), John R. Baker, *Race* (1974):

> The decrease in interest in major morphological differences between human taxa is due to the fact that no one has discovered how to investigate genetically the system of polygenes that controls the development of the structures in question; and there is a disposition nowadays to ignore whatever cannot be traced to its causes.

This is, of course, a matter of extreme complexity even for the professional biologist, and I am an amateur *tout complet*; but let us try to be quite clear about what is being said. It is, as I understand it, that by the agency of the marvellous (and very recently discovered) substance DNA, in its double helix, the genes contained in the chromosomes—knowledge of which is substantially less than a century old—control with an extraordinary degree of particularity by their coded messages every characteristic of every individual human being, each one of whom (with the exception of identical multiple births) is different from every other. These characteristics which together constitute from birth "the genetic endowment of a person", his "biological nature",[2] are the almost inconceivably long-term product of the juggernaut process of evolution working through the immensely complicated machinery of mutation and natural selection. "No one knows how many genes there are, but guesses range from fifty thousand to one million—all of them packed on to three feet of DNA tape."[3]

The genes, it is believed, condition in minute detail by their bio-chemical activity every human (as every animal) feature and, almost certainly, faculty. If the reader wants a little practical test, let him try to put out his tongue and then fold the two edges over towards its centre: if he succeeds he is a tongue-roller. If he fails, let him fold it over one way: he is a tongue-folder. He cannot be both, for he cannot have both genes; one gives the one faculty, one the other. In Darlington's words:

> the interactions of individuals with society and with the world as a whole in which they find themselves, all . . . arise from the genetic character of individuals and the genetic structures of society. From their changing effects in turn arises the changing pattern of human activity.

If these views are substantially correct, are not we historians, as students of human cultures, studying a subject and a material—mankind—which is wholly different in nature and behaviour from what many of our company had supposed? Let us note, for example, in the extraordinarily swift advance of modern genetics, the very rapid increase in our proven list of grave diseases, such as mongolism and muscular dystrophy, which are solely due to genetic defects. Now, this whole concept of genetic determination can strike deep alarm in the historian's breast: he is like a man walking upon a familiar and solid surface who feels the first perhaps faint but terrifying tremor of an earthquake. Like Louis Pasteur on the discovery of microbial infection, he suddenly feels that mankind is at the mercy of invisible armies. Only in this case the armies are not external and perhaps controllable forces—bacteria, viruses, and the like—but a multitude of inbuilt, immutable genes, inherited by each individual from his forbears. Small wonder if the historian feels suddenly that his world is feverish and doth shake.

IN SUCH CIRCUMSTANCES we are not merely beyond freedom and dignity but, except with much more difficulty than we had imagined even in our more pessimistic moments, beyond even the drastic conditioning effects on our behaviour believed possible and indeed recommended by B. F. Skinner in his recent work of that name.[4] He indeed, by a consummate irony, rejects the

[2] Theodosius Dobzhansky, *Heredity and the Nature of Man* (1965), p. 49.
[3] Gerald Leach, *The Biocrats* (Penguin, 1972), p. 153.
[4] B. F. Skinner, *Beyond Freedom and Dignity* (1973).

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classic doctrines of free will and self-determination. But, though paying lip service to the genetic endowment of men, he grossly underestimates its own overwhelmingly potent conditioning effects and (like so many of the non-behaviouralist social scientists, philosophers, and historians he so deeply despises) he grossly overestimates the effect of psychological conditioning, especially at the human cultural level. At bottom Skinner appears to believe in a proposition which may be as erroneous as he considers those advanced in what he calls contemptuously the literature of freedom and dignity to be—namely the easy possibility of changing human nature through human nurture.[5]

In either event, whether Skinner is right or the naturist geneticists are right, if the traditional Western deist and humanist proponents of freedom and dignity are wrong, we ought perhaps to consider in this year 1976 a redrafting of the most famous document in the history of the United States, even if it makes Thomas Jefferson, both as political philosopher and literary stylist, turn in his grave.

> We hold these truths to be now evident: that all men are created different, that they are endowed by the genetic process with certain unalienable characteristics, and that among these are to be numbered life, a certain physical and psychological autonomy, and a propensity to pursue pleasure and shun pain.

HARDLY AN ELEGANT Limey contribution to the celebrations of the Bicentennial of the American Revolution, but in a less frivolous, indeed a truly deeper sense, it may be argued (very properly and potently, especially by academics) that the other words of Jefferson remain the heart of the matter, and that the great American contribution to their realisation has been central to the extraordinary recent advances of mankind.

> I have sworn upon the altar of God, eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of men. . . . Freedom of religion, freedom of the press . . . form the bright constellation which has gone before us and guided our steps.[6]

To attempt to direct the attention of readers of ENCOUNTER, most Anglo-American of journals, to the quintessential importance of this theme—that even yet mankind, and historians in particular, have not really grasped the full implications of the second Copernican revolution launched by Charles Darwin little more than a century ago—is perhaps a not wholly unworthy way to commemorate the two hundredth anniversary of the Declaration of the Independence of the United States.

SOME YEARS AGO C. P. Snow got into very hot water, particularly on the western shore of the Atlantic (which positively boiled), by referring to the Jewish gene-pool, even although the total tenor of his argument was *anti*-anti-Semitic, emphasising in fact the exceptional talents of the Jewish people. I want to reflect briefly, or, more properly stated, to raise a question, on the Anglo-American gene-pool.

There is a basic difficulty here (apart from my profound scientific ignorance), that of time scale. Since 1607 there have been, according to the conventional twenty-year reckoning, only some eighteen American generations. Even in the millennium before that, since the Anglo-Saxon invasions of Britain in the Dark Ages, there had only been about 50 British generations. The Jewish gene pool (classically inbreeding still until very recent times despite immense obstacles) has had the advantage of perhaps four or five times that number[7]; but even that is a minuscule amount of biological time—probably two billion years for all living organisms, and perhaps less than two million years (a minute of a day as it were) for Man. A thousand ages in thy sight are, indeed, as an evening gone. We are not—alas and *Eureka*—*drosophila*; but in a matter of this complexity (10,000 plus genes per sex-cell) Skinner may well as usual be going too far when he writes that "The human species has probably not undergone much genetic change in recorded time. . . ." The remarkable speed at which men (beginning well before modern genetics) bred, for their own purposes, highly specialised domesticated animals—breeds of dogs, for example—even given the rapid maturation rate of most of these, makes one wonder what purposive—dare I say it, eugenic—breeding of men might do in relatively shorter order.

Opinion on this issue is much divided, and not only on its morality but also on its technical practicability. Kenneth Mather, a British geneticist, however, has estimated in his *Human Diversity* (1964) that "with the most intensive selective breeding imaginable a group of humans could double (or halve) their average stature or I.Q. in no more than twelve generations."

Certainly the broad and fundamental biological changes which led to the evolution of man (in the areas where the "missing links" were demanded by a sceptical Victorian public opinion) required huge tracts of time; but small-scale genetic changes are going on continuously. Theodosius Dobzhansky estimates that one in five of all individuals born are carriers of newly arisen

[5] See the evaluation by H. J. Eysenck, "Behaviourism, Pro & Contra", in ENCOUNTER, July 1975.

[6] Letter to Dr Benjamin Rush, 23 September 1800, and First Inaugural Address.

[7] Arthur Koestler dissents from this notion in his latest book, *The Thirteenth Tribe* (1976), a speculative study of the Conversion of the Khazar Empire.

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mutant genes. And in any case, if I understand modern genetic thinking aright, the division between Nature and Nurture is far less clear-cut than was once supposed. The bitter core of the great contention on this subject has been over the traditional statement that the influence of Heredity upon men's development is as 80%, that of Environment as 20%, which was originally a general statement made in the context of primary concern about breeding and class structure, but which has come to be seen and used by its proponents and opponents almost wholly in the context of the Race question.

HERE IT HAS BEEN EMPLOYED to explain the alleged "inferiority" of the performance of American Negroes in certain types of "intelligence test." Most unfortunately the whole debate started (and was then revived recently at the hands of Jensen, Eysenck, Shockley, *et al.*) at by far the most complex, immensurable, and difficult point, that of human "intelligence"; and, furthermore, it has always been hard and sometimes impossible to discuss rationally because of the moral obsession of many social scientists (more creditable to their hearts than to their heads) with the abstract—what Edmund Burke would have called metaphysical—concept of "human equality", which is meaningless in itself, except in its proper place, that of human rights. Race is, of course, basically important; but as Burke said in 1774 of the to him equally basic matter of taxation, "I am resolved this day to have nothing at all to do with it. . . . Some gentlemen startle—but it is true; I put it totally out of the question."

In the much broader field of evolution what is the nature of the great process of natural selection? It is that heredity is in the long term controlled through genetic changes produced by mutation, and that these changes are "selected" by pressures of the environment—but, mark this, that environment in the short term is the very same agency which the anti-hereditarians believe to be the predominant factor in human development. In Dobzhansky's words,

> The . . . fundamental fact about human evolution is that mankind is engaged simultaneously in two kinds of evolutionary development—the biological and the cultural. Human evolution can be understood only as the product of the interaction of these two developments.[8]

Can we be sure that the two processes are as clearly separate as has usually been thought? No less an authority than P. B. Medawar thinks not[9]; and C. D. Darlington goes a good deal further and points to the positive "dangers that arise from taking too seriously an axiomatic distinction between heredity, development and infection. . . ."[10] This is a profound question which has particularly haunted the imagination of those, from Lamarck to Lysenko, on the opposition side of the house, so to say, from Darwin.

We certainly know now that geneticists can interfere directly by chemical and surgical means in the process of chromosomal and genetic change. Early this year, for the first time, a mammalian gene was artificially reproduced in a laboratory (at Harvard). As *The Economist* put it, in a flight of fancy (on 8 November 1975),

> Genetic engineers can marry two genes from different species, and inject the offspring into a living organism. Their techniques may provide wonder-strains of wheat to feed a starving world, or wipe out the planet by mistake.

THERE IS, HOWEVER, a more immediate sense in which we can have little doubt of the importance of genetic change even on so short a time-scale as that of the Anglo-American relationship. Basically it is a result of the fact that in genetic change it is the mix that counts. And the potential mixes are astronomical, indeed near-infinite, in number. The possible number of different combinations of the chromosomes of an individual derived from his four grandparents is 2^{46}, which is a fourteen-place figure; and the number of potentially possible combinations of genes in the sex cell is vastly greater than that, more like a thirty-place figure. In effect, therefore, not only has every human being "his own nature, individual and non-repeatable", so that the "nature of man as a species resolves itself into a great multitude of human natures" (Dobzhansky) but there are very extensive possibilities of rapid genetic alteration as a result of breeding changes.

Darlington writes:

> From the new development of genetics . . . far-reaching consequences ensue. For the evolution of man and society arises from what individual men and women do, and from the purposes they have in doing it; in other words from their character, which in the long run is conditioned by genetic processes. What we have now come to understand is that these genetic processes are entirely at the mercy of the system of breeding.

Considering, it is true, a vastly longer period of human development than the last four centuries, and using evidence which is strongest in the very distant past, he goes on to say:

> Breeding varies . . . between the opposite poles of inbreeding and outbreeding. With inbreeding heredity is all-powerful; determination is absolute: the group, the population, the caste or the race are invariable; they can be destroyed or removed but

[8] *Heredity and the Nature of Man*, p. 140.
[9] "More Unequal than Others", *New Statesman* (11 January 1974), p. 50.
[10] "Axiom and Process in Genetics", *Nature* (Vol. 234, 31 December 1971), pp. 521-5.

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> if they remain nothing can change them. With outbreeding heredity disintegrates; recombination produces unpredictable variability, endless innovation.... Between these two extremes, it now appears, every species of animal and plant is adapted to preserve some kind of balance.

To some younger geneticists, whose ideas and intellectual frames of reference have been formed in more recent years with their rapid development of new experimental techniques (producing electrophoretic evidence, for example), this concept of inbreeding and outbreeding, and the importance of the balance between them, is less compelling. The tendency to homozygosity, even in very small inbreeding groups (of which there are a number of American examples such as the Mennonites and Dukhobors), appears to be less clearly proven than was once assumed.

Certainly, however, both schools of thought would accept that the degree of outbreeding has varied greatly from era to era; and there has obviously been a persistent tendency towards more and more outbreeding as the whole world has become increasingly "one" in recent times. Originally, in Flinders Petrie's words, "The rise of... new civilization is conditioned by an immigration of a different people... it arises from a mixture of two different stocks." By contrast, in immobile highly stratified societies with a virtually unchanging gene-pool, there is "stagnation and frequent loss of culture." There are opposite evolutionary risks, typified (as Darlington puts it) by the contrast of "Hindu society with its well-preserved professional castes" and the Western European societies "with their flexible classes and increasing though always limited mobility." In history, "great expansions of human population were", however, "likely to be expansions of people who had new abilities and new ideas...." And, quite plainly, in modern times the enormous expansion of peoples, primarily European, into the wider world has produced outbreeding on a gigantic and probably quite unique scale, even though the original European gene pool itself (including the component from Britain) was already very mixed and variegated compared with most others in the human past. The process has, of course, been aided and accelerated by the immense contemporary cultural change that we call the Industrial Revolution.

As always since human cultures began to develop, the cultural and the biological changes have, on their very different time-scales, taken place continuously and contemporaneously—genetic changes slower, and in the short term less obvious, but more permanent and hence in the long run more significant. Evolutionary changes are closely connected with cultural changes in the sense that men are continuously undergoing both; and there may very well be, in the extreme complexity of the whole genetic system, much closer and more integral links between the two processes than we can at present readily perceive. We must not, when in both types of change it is the Environment which is the fundamental determining force, permit ourselves to over-emphasise (at least until it is clear beyond a peradventure that such vital links between the two do not—and of necessity—exist) the polarity, the mutual opposition, of Nature and Nurture. The proportionate influence of the two is, as we have seen, always a matter of contention; and the pervasive and powerful effect of cultural change in the short term is certainly not to be underestimated.

But at both levels, cultural and biological, it may perhaps be argued that the optimum balance may be between (*1*) sufficient static inbreeding and cultural consistency to maintain the cohesion of the gene group and the stability of society and state, and (*2*) sufficient outbreeding to take full advantage of the hybrid vigour of new genetic combinations. Darlington writes: "in the outbred heterogeneous society continuity is concealed, individuality is paramount. But in the inbred homogeneous society individuality is concealed and continuity is paramount." The gene pool of the—in some respects genuinely classless—society of the United States can surely have a claim to be the product of outbreeding on a scale and hence of a variety without equal or near-rival in known human history.

SINCE ACCURATE FIGURES have been kept of immigration into America (beginning in 1820, on the very eve of the wholly unprecedented revolution in the speed and mass of human transport by steamship and railroad), 46 million immigrants have entered the United States: 27 million of them by 1910, only four years before immigration dried up in World War I and only about a decade before the serious restriction of immigration began. The full detail of the genetic mix cannot be entered into here, but it will suffice to remind ourselves of the main constituents of immigration. (These figures do not include either the aboriginal inhabitants, the American Indians—there being possibly a million when the white man came—who made a relatively small but perceptible contribution to the genetic mixture; or, statistically much more significant, the Negroes, who are estimated to have numbered some three-quarters-of-a-million by 1790[11] and

[11] The Negroes came almost entirely as slaves, and two years after the slave trade was abolished in 1808 there were 1,191,362 slaves in the US and 1,378,000 Negroes including slaves, in a total population in that year, 1810, of 7,224,000.

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to have increased very rapidly by 1808 when the foreign slave trade was abolished by law, although the law was far from wholly effective.)

By 1910 the population of the USA was 78 million—68 million whites and 10 million non-whites (Negroes, American Indians, Asiatics and a few others). Of the whites 13½ million were foreign born—1¼ million from England, Scotland, and Wales; somewhat over 1¼ million from Ireland; 1¼ million from Scandinavia; 2¼ million from Germany; rather under 1 million from Poland; rather over 1 million from Russia and the Baltic states; over 1¼ million from Italy; 1½ million from other parts of the Americas; and the remainder from elsewhere.

In 1972, of the population of 204,800,000 the ethnic origin of somewhat over 100,000,000, excluding Negroes, was regarded as identifiable—which means that some 80 million were already so mixed as not to be identifiable. The main groups by ethnic origin, in order of magnitude, were estimated to be as follows: British (29½ million), German (25½ million), Irish (16½ million), Spanish (9 million), Italian (8¾ million), French (5½ million), Mexican (5¼ million), Polish (5 million), Russian (2 million) and Puerto Rican (1½ million).[12]

In the deep human past, according to Darlington, outbreeding has changed the pattern of human activity most rapidly in the

> divided society of the large cities and in countries where movement is easiest, least restricted by poverty, or by religious or linguistic distinctions. Then the degree of outbreeding is highest. . . .

This looks very like a straight description of the United States, past and present, and from it we should expect the maximum rate of genetic as well as cultural change. On this depends man's future. As, once again, Darlington has it,

> man's future prospects are proportionate to the amount of genetic diversity he maintains among the interfertile members of his own species.

We must remind ourselves in passing that the new environment of America at the cultural as well as genetic level had vital stimulating effects. This is the essence of the thesis of the Frontier, which, despite all the historians' reservations, surely had a profound effect on the American culture. But any new environment has always had grave risks as well as potential rewards. Some human groups failed to respond successfully when faced by Toynbee's "challenges", whether for cultural or genetic reasons. These failures clearly exist at the cultural level. But there are plainly, too, absolute long-term risks for our species, as for all forms of life, in the whole genetic process—what Dobzhansky calls, perhaps kindly, the "unsteady, erratic, even blundering, course" of evolutionary history. Darlington is more specific:

> at any one stage of history man is seen mastering and then creating his environment. But at the end of his history the environment he has created is seen to have been mastering him, a process which for genetic reasons is exceedingly difficult to reverse.

THE RISKS INVOLVED in the extreme genetic mix of the United States are largely unknown or at best guessed at, as indeed are the risks of other outbred societies such as Britain. They lie in the "unpredictable variability", the "endless innovation" of Darlington's words quoted earlier. As he went on to say, "Uncertainty, organised uncertainty, dominates not the organism but the population; determination in controlling evolution is transferred to the selective power of the environment. . . ." The direct control of the environment may be presumed to have freest rein in a society like the American which has deliberately attempted to keep the power of government to a minimum. It can be argued that here the cultural top soil is immensely important to the development of the genetic roots. For breeding to continue, a breeding community must be maintained with sufficient stability to function. This in the modern world depends in very great degree on cultural factors; and the dedication of the United States to a degree of individual liberty unsurpassed and probably unequalled in mankind's story has given to the process of outbreeding an untrammelled and equally unsurpassed chance. This may possibly, may it not, compound the deeper genetic risks? This was certainly the view of eugenicists (especially in America) in the late 19th century, who, in their waspish way, deeply feared the effects of excessive outbreeding, of what they abusively called "mongrelisation."

Yet as Henry Fairlie has recently written (in ENCOUNTER), rehabilitating the idea of national character, "it is absurd to deny that, in its vast territory, and out of the astonishing diversity of its peoples, the United States has formed a national character, which may be recognised from Boston to Los Angeles, and from Seattle to Miami." (He does not say Savannah, but even there the case can be made.) There has been, as we are well aware, sufficient cultural cohesion so far to hold America together as an effective, an exceedingly effective, social and political entity, a coherent culture.

In fact, distasteful as it sometimes now appears to many people, much of the coherence resulted

[12] Figures derived from *Historical Statistics of the United States: Colonial Times to 1957* (Washington, 1961) and *Statistical Abstract of the United States* (Washington, 1974).

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from the original, relatively cohesive, British colonial origins. These were in the first century of independence transmuted into the famous (notorious to some) WASP ascendancy, with the early wave of white northern European (largely German and Scandinavian) Protestants becoming, to the extent that they were not so already, Anglo-Saxons by adoption. When the English neo-colonial cultural ascendancy was effectively thrown off in mid 19th century, the first American (to a considerable extent New England-dominated) cultural efflorescence still bore strong British birth-marks. These in due course weakened but have never been wholly eradicated (witness the recent *cris de coeur* of *The New Yorker*, no less).[13]

MAY WE NOT PERHAPS SURMISE, EVEN argue, that this cultural balance of the United States between organisation and stability on the one hand and self-expression and self-determination on the other—between order and freedom—is underpinned by a vital, analogous and indeed perhaps directly related, balance between inbreeding and outbreeding? In the Thirteen Colonies there had been a very restricted degree of inter-breeding with the Indian, compared, for example, with Spanish America; and even a quite limited degree of inter-breeding with the Negro slaves compared, for example, with Brazil; and setting aside these, the American gene pool at the time of the Revolution, though already probably more mixed than most of Europe, was still relatively confined in its scope.

It is a commonplace of the immigration historians that at the end of the Colonial period the population was overwhelmingly British and pretty exclusively English. One official estimate made later was 82·1% English, 7% Scotch, and 1·9% Irish,[14] a total of 91% of the whole. This dominance of the American stock (to use the old-fashioned word) by the British, though continually eroded in the long term, persisted until 1820. Between 1820 and 1849 the English-speaking immigrants still constituted well over half of the total. Even between 1850 and 1879 it was still just over a half. In the overall period from 1820 to 1945 English-speaking immigration accounted for just under one third of the total from all countries. We must, however, not lose sight of the fact that the cultural cohesion of this group (and the lesser kindred and familial units within it) was extremely potent, genetics or no genetics.

At all events, in the beginning the people of the independent United States were what Tocqueville still called them a half-century later, "Anglo-Americans." All this changed with the new immigration between 1880 and 1914; but the basic structure of the American gene pool had long been established. Even though over 17 million immigrants came, vastly diversifying the stock, between 1880 and 1909, and a further 11½ million between 1910 and 1945 (though in the latter period the restriction of immigration was deliberately designed to reinforce the original composition of the gene pool), the population of the United States was already 50 million in 1880 and more than 105 million by 1920. The South was to remain more unmixed, probably, than any other large section, except for the continuing outbreeding with the Black population, despite all legal and social efforts to prevent it. With the accelerating exodus of Negroes from the South after the Civil War this important diversifying trend became much more widely spread.[15]

Thus the original gene pool was not too heavily outbred. But as the United States expanded, as immigration increased and diversified, and as Americans (the most mobile people on earth) supremely embodied the fact that "the rate of gene flow around the world", in Edward Wilson's words, "has risen to dramatic levels and is accelerating,"[16] outbreeding escalated in speed and scale. Yet the original reasonably inbred gene pool remained as the statistical and human basis of the genetic composition of the American people. Is it wholly fanciful to argue that here, beneath the similar historical and cultural pattern, there has been a remarkable example of that effective and essential balance between inbreeding and outbreeding which some geneticists regard as vital to the continued development of the group and indeed the species?

Was there not here, in the Anglo-American gene pool, a solid foundation for an unprecedentedly swiftly outbreeding society, full of hybrid vigour yet with sufficient inbred cohesion to balance its swift rate of genetic change, thus enabling it to conquer and control a continent, to develop a high culture, to reach a level of material prosperity unequalled until very recently in the history of man, to become perhaps the first true world-leader among the nations, and to give birth to the only people so far to set human foot upon another world?

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[13] Especially, perhaps, 20 November 1974 and 27 January 1975.

[14] For the ambiguous role of the Irish as British in the United States, see H. C. Allen, *Great Britain and the United States: A History of Anglo-American Relations 1783–1952*, (1954), pp. 101–2.

[15] It has been estimated that of the approximately 90% White and 10% Black in the United States, the White 90% contains ·2% Black, whereas the Black 10% contains 10% White, the latter constituent being higher in the North than the South.

[16] Edward O. Wilson, *Sociobiology: The New Synthesis*, (1975), p. 575.

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At the Shrine of Santa Zita*

What are you doing here, quiet under glass,
White frills and flowered chaplet, open mouth
Hard-beaked as a tortoise?
Your leathery hands have done with knitting, baking,
Wiping and dishwashing and mending cast-offs.
You have put your feet up.

Odd at first sight that you should be presented
Thus, like a girl dressed for her confirmation,
Weary of miracles.
Yet the brown mummy spruced so smart and tidy,
Dry skin and bones made housewifely and decent,
Is a true emblem.

Seven hundred years of labour-saving gadgets
Weigh little in the balance put against you,
Gaunt patroness of habit.
It would be pleasant if such daily order,
Such steady working at routines and drudging,
Were always framed so.

Parcelling up the garbage for collection,
We catch the reek of everything neglected
Shoved into corners.
The sweeper-up we do not care to mention
Sets to his chores more ruthlessly than you did,
And sifts no rubbish.

But here you lie in your ridiculous canopy,
An old crone in a little girl's white finery,
Your left hand resting
Restlessly on the lace, as if impatient
To pick a rag up from the floor beside you
And go on dusting.

*patron saint of domestic work, b. 1218,
d. 1278, in S. Frediano, Lucca

Anthony Thwaite

Passing the Crematorium

Someone is leaving town as clean smoke
This summer morning, too much the drifter
Now to let us know—even if he could—
His destination. Who watched, perhaps, the trail
Of jets in skies another summer
May find already that he's half-way there;
Or thinned instead into a blacker air
The factories muster. Whatever fate
Our leisured thought contrives to fit his journey
Pales with our passing;
Diverts no longer than we take to cruise
Beyond that frail thread, seawards, this summer morning.

Frank Ormsby

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Reading Habits

1
Installed for magazines
at Smith & Son,
"I don't know about books"
she says. She says
"In *there*. Ask Books.
We don't sell cigarettes."

2
Choosing Outsize Fiction
hugely printed—
"No!" her daughter hisses,
breaking regulations,
"No, not Bournemouth this year—
No! I can't, I can't, I can't!"

3
Behind the sliding glass
with Haig and Tio Pepe,
The Ascent of Man,
My Life, My Loves—
A few choice titles
lean upon each other.

4
Washed in the pure Idea
but hurt by people—
Peter Wimsey, Hercule Poirot,
Ovaltine and two warm whiskeys . . .
Style! A clear solution,
nobody's address.

5
Each black page of the album
heaped with children—only
one of her, alone and distant
on a high cliff, reading
"I've forgotten what it was.
I once liked Mary Webb."

6
Searching the thin-sliced shelves
of little reputations
for his latest volume—
maybe Dunn will notice it this time—
"There are only 250 readers of poetry
and I know half of them."

7
This being out of Town
or almost Country, hedgehogs die
and small birds tangle with our progress
but we know their names—
The bookshops here sell Richard Jefferies,
dreams of Arcadia at dusk.

8
Commitment and anxiety
collide on Parents' Evening—
"How can I make him read a book?
Is *Beano* bad for his English?"
"Are there books in your house, Mr Jones?"
"It's my wife who does the reading."

9
He likes to read at night.
She doesn't. Recently
he bought a little bedside
Angle-poise but sometimes
if she stays awake
they make love between chapters.

10
Locked behind a grille
at *Foyles for Books*, she says
"Ask him" who says
"You'll find it on the Second Floor
etc." If not,
a man outside sells chestnuts piping hot.

John Mole

Cain

Lord have mercy upon the angry.
The anguished can take care of each other.
The angels will take care of themselves.
But the angry have no daughters or mothers;
only brute brothers, themselves.
Hearing that faint "Abel, Abel" they stop their ears.
Watching that approved flame snake to the sky,
they beat stubby blades out of ploughshares,
cut the sun out of the air,
stamp out low fires they might have seen by.

Anne Stevenson

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Critic's Choice

MELBOURNE

Philip Ziegler

'Masterly . . . it may easily be the best biography I have read for a decade.' *C. P. Snow, Financial Times* £6.50

THE MARBLE FOOT

Peter Quennell

'A delightful book, honest, wise and often drily hilarious.' *E. S. Turner, The Listener* £4.95

PICASSO

Patrick O'Brian

'Absorbing and exciting . . . I was riveted.' *John Raymond, Sunday Times* £6.95

LORD HOME

The Way The Wind Blows

'An evocative, wonderfully good-natured autobiography.' *Kenneth Rose, Sunday Telegraph* £4.95

Just Published

A SEA-GRAPE TREE

Rosamond Lehmann

Her first novel in 20 years

'No English writer has told of the pains of women in love more truly and more movingly than Rosamond Lehmann.' *Marghanita Laski, of THE ECHOING GROVE* £3.50

COLLINS

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NOTES & TOPICS

European Notebook

By François Bondy

Miracle in Milan

Milan

THERE WAS almost something "un-Italian" about the whole affair. It is very rare indeed that a journalist suddenly invades the precincts of traditional party management, announces himself as an Independent, and manages to get himself elected as a Senator who would defy the old Party machines. I found the successful candidate still writing his editorials here for the *Giornale Nuovo*. But it could be that the Senator's voice was proving to be more decisive than the leader writer. It was Enzo Bettiza who persuaded a group of liberals in Rome to lend support to Andreotti's attempt to form a non-Communist government. That left only the neo-Fascists, the "Missini", on the negative side (and possibly because Andreotti, in a devious Roman maneuver, expressly demanded that Almirante say no); for the Left would never have benevolently abstained if the "Missini" had not been against. Is that complicated? He who would understand Italian politics has to begin with such simplicities. I find Bettiza, no simplistic spirit, an excellent guide through the Roman ideological jungle.

And how could he fail to be, being one of those sensitive outsiders: his Slav family was "Betica", a border-Italian consequently, and like many Dalmatians quite at home in Croatian, Slovene, and Italian. In the years he spent in Russia it was an obvious advantage. He published, as the correspondent of *La Stampa* (Turin), one of the very best books about the Soviet Union, a "Moscow Diary"; and indeed Ignazio Silone thought so highly of it he published most of it in his intellectual monthly, *Tempo Presente* (and how sorely is that journal missed these days!). Bettiza has also written a novel, *The Ghost of Trieste*, which has since been translated, with success, in both West Germany and France; and even his first novel, composed shortly after his break with the Italian Communist Party in 1950, has now been reprinted.

A few years ago Bettiza was one of the central figures in the editorial break-away from Italy's leading daily newspaper, the *Corriere della Sera*. They wouldn't go along with yet another change of line (this time towards the New Left); and he and Indro Montanelli organised a new daily. Who would have thought it could succeed? Everybody was compromising; trimming was the order of the day. Montanelli and Bettiza produced a daily paper of style and brilliance and—how rare in Western Europe today!—political integrity. Bettiza himself, formed by his own experiences of Communists (in the Party and in Eastern Europe), must surely be one of the few active figures in Italian public opinion who do not deem it "inevitable" that the Communists come to power. Bettiza's election as a Senator was associated with a number of other surprising returns which put a group of other "Independents" into Roman parliamentary life. They are the knowledgeable ones on the scene. "After all", Bettiza says, "it was old Gramsci, in a fascist prison, who worked out the resourceful strategy, namely, to move forward not by storming the commanding heights but by taking over the cultural sector. And it is precisely here that we are gaining our own strength to resist—among the intellectuals, in the universities. . . ."

His national popularity was a curious accident. I have already reported here on that disgraceful episode in which the Italian Television crudely censored Andrei Sinyavsky's broadcast (ENCOUNTER, April). It was Bettiza who first called my attention to the bowdlerisation which he had attacked in his *Giornale*. As the campaign mounted, the Italian "RAI" was forced to allow Bettiza to debate with Enzo Forcella on whether truth-telling or expediency was to prevail, whether the Italian right to free speech was to be trimmed and curtailed "even before the Communist Party has come to power"! Bettiza became a national figure; and perhaps it was what was called his "Montenegran toughness" that proved attractive. Who else was speaking up for traditional and hard-won liberties?

I talked to Bettiza in his Milan office. Isn't being a Senator, then, a full-time job? Well, evidently he is still stealing a leaf from Gramsci's old notebook and securing his political strength in the cultural sector. He was putting the next day's *Giornale* to bed, going off to do a radio broadcast, and mailing to his publisher a long introduction to the collected works of Guido

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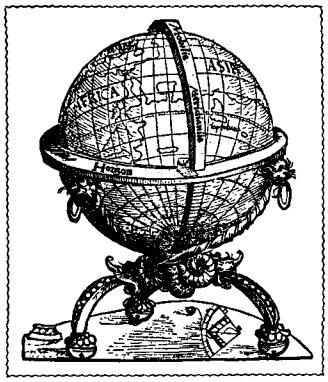
Piovene. I am not so sure I understand this kind of tough-minded political animal on the Italian scene. Militant libertarians don't exactly grow on trees around here. In Rome the calculating courtiers of the "New Power" are already maneuvering to take their places. Small wonder that Enzo Bettiza's courage and independence is being called "Montenegran."

On Location

Places on a Map, or The Game of the Name—By ANDREW BOYD



"HELL IS a city much like London", wrote Shelley. Indeed, it is commonly regarded as a familiar and nearby place. Look at the maps. New York's Hell Gate is right under its Triborough Bridge. Jamaica has its Hellshire, Idaho its Hell's Canyon, Madagascar its Hellville. There is a Hell in Norway, and another in Michigan. There are Devil's Dykes, Islands, Peaks, Points and Punch-bowls all over the place, and there is also an island called Inferno in the Canaries. The handiness and homeliness of Hell are well documented. Although Faust's necromantic researches had led him as far afield as Cracow, it was in the centre of his own Germany that Mephistopheles showed him that Walpurgis Night spectacular on the Brocken. Daniel Webster had to go home to New Hampshire to confront and best the Devil in the celebrated law case recorded by Stephen Vincent Benét. General Sheridan was actually in Texas when he said: "If I owned Texas and Hell, I would rent out Texas and live in Hell"; it was a simple comparison of two pieces of real estate, made several years before he turned the Shenandoah Valley into a place of fire and desolation. The Hell Fire Club did its carousing in some of the tonier parts of London's western commuter belt.

The Underworld's accessibility was never doubted in classical times. "*Facilis descensus Averni*": Virgil meant just what he said, and his readers knew just where to go. The lake that lay in an old crater a few miles west of Naples reeked of sulphur. Its fumes were said to be so strong that birds could not fly over it, and its Greek name was Aornos (birdless), which became Avernus in Latin and is Averno in modern Italian. This was a very convenient entrance to the nether regions for people who, like Virgil, frequented such pleasant Campanian resorts as Naples or Pompeii. Privileged tourists, like Aeneas, could go down through the Sibyl's cave at Cumae, just west of the lake, without even getting their feet wet—and with return tickets booked in advance.

BUT THE ANCIENTS KNEW many other entrances. Two of the rivers of Hades, Styx and Acheron, were identified in the Peloponnese. A lake called Aornos and a river called Acheron, duly equipped with a tributary called Cocytus, were mapped in Thesprotia, south-east of Corfu. The grim ravines of this part of southern Epirus were not its only infernal qualifications. Its people were Pelasgian survivors, and in their sacred grove at Dodona

WHAT *does an encyclopaedist look and sound like these days? We know all about the classic figures, Voltaire and Diderot, Sam Johnson and his snuff and H. L. Mencken with his cigar. At a recent London literary party at the Travellers Club we encountered the latest lexicographical species as he stood in front of a shelf-full of ragged Britannica (11th ed.) volumes and went on, champagne (q.v.) in hand, discoursing eloquently about a hundred obscure etymological origins and verbal grotesqueries. The following remarks have been prompted by the publication (by Eyre Methuen) of* Wheres' Where, *a dictionary of place names.*

ANDREW BOYD'S *previous contributions to* ENCOUNTER *have included a study in a new linguistic style (if that is what it was) entitled "On to Mon" (March 1964), which is still troubling semanticists. He is an editor of "The Economist" (London), and author of a history of the Security Council, "15 Men on a Powder Keg" (1971); a Penguin on "The United Nations: Piety, Myth and Truth" (1962); and "An Atlas of World Affairs" (1957).*

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was Greece's oldest oracle, compared with which Delphi was a mere upstart. As relative newcomers, the Achaean Greeks felt the same wary respect for Thesprotia's mysteries as the Romans later felt for those of Sibylline Cumae, the earliest of the former Greek settlements in Italy. Men have often associated the traces of older religions with the powers of darkness, and assumed that survivors from older cultures were in close touch with the dead.

Although peopled by the dead, the classical Underworld was not just a crude Hell of punitive fire. *Infernus* simply meant nether, and parts of Hades were tolerably comfortable, if dullish. One of Acheron's tributaries was the river of fire, Phlegethlon; it may be noted, however, that the ancients found no stream in their own landscapes that could be identified with it.[1] But Tartarus, the lower depths, lay beyond Phlegethlon; so fire and punishment were linked. This idea would have bemused the old Scandinavians, who assigned the wicked to Niflheim, a place of eternal cold. Their Hel was the old original in terms of our nomenclature, but it was only a vague kind of neutral zone, for those who had qualified neither for Valhalla nor for Niflheim. They were vague about its location, too. Indeed, their whole cosmological cartography was hopeless—even their Middle Earth was never properly mapped before the time of the late J. R. R. Tolkien.

IT WAS THE JEWS who put a fiery Hell on the map. Just south-west of old Jerusalem in the Hinnom, or Gehenna, valley was the place called Tophet where Solomon, in a weak moment, had built an altar to Moloch, and where later kings of Judah appeased Moloch with fiery human sacrifices. Josiah's admirable reforms included a decree that Tophet should become a dump for refuse, so that no religious rites would ever again be performed at such an infamous place. The bodies of executed felons were among the trash that was thereafter thrown into the fires that were kept burning in Gehenna, and its name became a synonym for Hell; as Jahannam, it fills the same role in the Moslems' Koran. It is understandable that neither Gehenna nor Tophet has caught on as an official name for places elsewhere in the world, in spite of the widespread informal and literary uses of both names. On the other hand, although Jericho has been luckless enough (because of its heat, its great age, or a fancied similarity to Jahannam?) to have become a euphemism for Hell, as in "Go to Jericho!", no hellish associations seem to have troubled the people who named Jericho, N.Y., and Jericho in Queensland. No doubt they, like so many other people, felt pretty sure they knew where Hell really is.

THE MAPS SHOW that there are many places called Paradise—in Michigan and Montana, Nevada and New Zealand, to name but a few. But it may be doubted whether any of them would claim real authenticity.[2] Heavenly regions have usually been regarded as less accessible and less easily pinpointed than infernal ones. G. K. Chesterton spoke for many when he cited the route "to Paradise by way of Kensal Green" in the same context as his reeling drunkard's route "to Birmingham by way of Beachy Head."

Exceptionally, the Hindus allotted their gods specific paradisial peaks in the towering Himalayas, and although Vishnu's Mount Meru has never been firmly identified, Shiva's Kailas is conspicuous on the maps and was the objective of many pilgrimages into Tibet until Mr Mao Tse-tung put a stop to all that. But man's veneration of mountains has seldom led him to see them as his own ultimate destination. Even the gods on Olympus were very choosy about letting anybody else join them up there. Eyes seeking to descry an earthly paradise have turned to far horizons more often than to high peaks. And, until the discovery of the charms of Polynesia produced the quite modern cult of seeing paradisial qualities in the South Seas, the relevant directions were East and West.

A TRADITION of the existence of an earthly paradise in the far east lasted right up to the age of the great discoveries. The biblical Garden of Eden may be plausibly sited well to the east of Palestine, in the Sumerian regions of southern Iraq, from which Abraham had come, and where, like Adam turned gardener, men probably did their first agricultural delving and ceased to depend on the risky uncertainties involved in gathering food off trees and such. (The "Land of Nod, on the east of Eden", into which Cain, the hunter, went away, might thus be some bleak near-desert region in southern Persia.) The word Paradise came into Hebrew and Greek from the east; its old Persian form originally meant a pleasure garden or royal park. John of Gaunt was echoing these oriental traditions when he called England "this other Eden, demi-Paradise." But it seems to be one of the distinguishing marks of the Western cultures that they locate their own paradises in the far west.

[1] It has been left to modern Pollution Man to simulate Phlegethlon above ground, by conferring inflammability on such waterways as Cleveland's Cuyahoga River and the Manchester Ship Canal.

[2] Greece's Paradisia is admittedly in Arcadia, but the old Greeks regarded Arcadians as backward bumpkins; their Peloponnesian district had to wait a long time before it won its reputation for unspoilt tranquillity.

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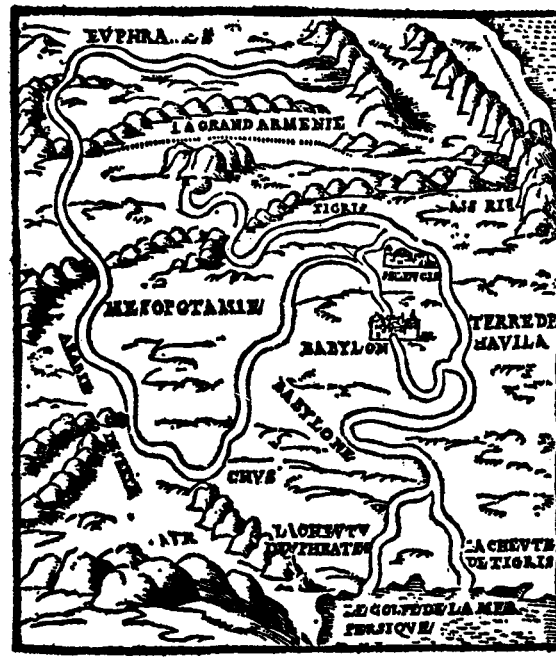
The Greeks, Romans and Celts, whose ancestors had trekked hopefully westwards into post-glacial Europe, all continued to look along the course of the setting sun when they chose the positions of their Elysian Fields and Avalons. Circe's island, fifty miles south-east of Rome, was once the Greeks' "farthest west" and therefore vaguely paradisial. But when the great ocean beyond the Pillars of Hercules became the known world's western frontier, it was speckled with islands of the blest. Sunny Elysium, the resting place of the heroic and virtuous dead, was eventually sited out in the Atlantic on the Fortunate Islands (which, for some time, were identified with the Canaries). The legend of Atlantis and its drowning may have originated in the Aegean region with the Thira eruption 3,500 years ago, but the westering process swept the legend out into the ocean, where Atlantis became confused with the Azores. Hesperus, the evening star, provided a name for the remotest western islands actually known in classical times, which may have been the Cape Verde Islands or the Bissagos Islands, near Bissau; and for the divine Hesperides, who guarded their golden apples in yet another legendary island in the western seas. Lyonesse, the Celtic Atlantis, lay submerged somewhere west of the Scillies. The Celts' holy "island of apples", Avalon, which sheltered Arthur, Ogier the Dane (Holger Danske) and other immortals, was also out in the Atlantic; it became associated with Glastonbury only by confusion.



MAP OF EDEN *(English Geneva Bible, 1560)*

RIGHT UP TO COLUMBUS'S TIME the habit persisted of decorating Atlantic maps with desirable unknown islands, like Antilla of the Seven Cities. Columbus himself thought at one moment that he had found the Earthly Paradise. Ponce, Raleigh and others scoured the New World in hopeful quest of the fountain of eternal youth or of Manoa, the city ruled by El Dorado, the golden king. Avalon reappeared on the maps in Newfoundland, and again farther west. Canaan (the Promised Land), Salem (Jerusalem) and even Eden were repeatedly chosen as names for new American settlements—though readers of *Martin Chuzzlewit* will recall that attempts to transplant Eden from east to west were sometimes disastrous. As late as the 1840s the search for a "gathering place for Zion" led the Mormon Latter-Day Saints westward to Utah, and the habit of calling the United States "God's own country" lasted into this century—when the "Road to Utopia" taken by Mr Crosby and Mr Hope brought them, logically enough, to the Utopia in western Alaska.

YET IT WAS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME before Thomas Appleton was to assure Oliver Wendell Holmes that "good Americans, when they die, go to Paris." The simple "go west, young man" formula for paradise-seekers began to lose force on the fateful day in 1513 when Balboa (*pace* Keats, who thought it was Cortés) "stared at the Pacific" and wildly surmised that it would be intolerable to go through all that Atlantis-Avalon-Antilla business again in an entirely new ocean. The old Hesperian game was up. When Thomas More heard the news from Darién, he realised that it was time for literature to take over from legend. He respected tradition enough to make his "Utopia" an island. But modernity may be said to have started when men lost interest in locating the earthly paradises they had heard about from their fathers, and, as an obvious psychological substitute, set up what may be called the Utopia industry. With its many diversifications, this enterprise of the modern age has created a whole new class of imaginary places, and some real ones.

Our knowledge of More's original Utopia was amplified by Rabelais (who told us how the Utopians "bred like rabbits" and how Pantagruel, when he was their king, repulsed an invasion by the thirsty Dipsodians); and again a century later by Samuel Hartlib, who expanded More's references to the Utopians' equally

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admirable neighbours, the Macarians, into '*A Description of the Famous Kingdome of Macaria*', published in 1641.

Meanwhile Francis Bacon had produced his "New Atlantis", which purported to point the way forward into a progressive and scientific age, yet was revealingly conservative in its choice of a name and of an island location. The insularity, or Atlantisism, of Utopia's literary successors persisted until Samuel Butler placed his "Erewhon" unmistakably in Westland, the region in New Zealand that is separated from the rest of the South Island by the Southern Alps. And Erewhon was a Utopia gone very sour. Perhaps, after all, islands are best for the blest. The siting in the Himalayas of James Hilton's Shangri-La never seemed very practical, and there was nothing surprising about the way it soon yielded to the old westward undertow and got carried across the Atlantic to Maryland, there to be renamed Camp David.

Anatole France's *Penguin Island* showed a certain reversion to the Hesperian tradition, and it may be cautiously claimed that Lewis Carroll's *Hunting of the Snark* did, too; although the Bellman's map was "a perfect and absolute blank", his general course was westward, and a case has been made out for siting the tragic encounter with the Boojum in Lower California. But the journey begun in Hell now takes us every which way—"*Toutes Directions*", in the charming phrase used on signposts on the outskirts of French towns whose main concern is to turn all through traffic away from their centres. The traditional restraints that influence paradisial and infernal geography no longer apply when people start to invent places that are less morally polarised.

Jonathan Swift's geography is clearly transitional. All of Gulliver's discoveries were islands (except the giants' Brobdingnag, which was neo-Hesperian in being a peninsula stretching westwards from the coast of British Columbia). But only Houyhnhnmland had utopian characteristics, and this ideal republic's citizenship was restricted to the intelligent horses who ruled its debased human Yahoos.[3] An "island" that has spanned the centuries as well as oceans is Barataria: Cervantes sent Sancho Panza to rule it, Gilbert gave the Venetian brothers of *The Gondoliers* the same task, with no greater success, and it has ended up on the map of Louisiana. The mapping of all the oceans has, however, made it less natural to concentrate inventiveness on islands. Ruritania was never even endowed with a sea coast.

[3] Like Lilliput and Blefuscu, it lay west of Australia; Gulliver's other finds were all in the North Pacific.

OF ALL THE COUNTRIES that Anthony Hope created, only this Central European kingdom is remembered. It lay immediately east of an already industrialised Germany, and there was a good train service from Dresden to its capital, Strelsau, by way of Zenda. Indeed, it is curious that Ruritania, with its railways, its restive urban proletariat and its degenerate ruling family, has become associated with an almost Arcadian innocence. The Llareggyb of Dylan Thomas's *Under Milk Wood*, on the other hand, was as backward a place as it should have been. And Brecht's City of Mahagonny was true to its painful-sounding name. Modern writers, it should be noted, have usually invented contemporary places. A prominent exception was James Branch Cabell's Poictesme, which took shape around 1920 but was depicted as it appeared in centuries ranging from the 13th to the 18th. Originally under the suzerainty of Castile, it developed close relations with England and France, but its precise position on the coastline of Western Europe was not clear, and its creator's habit of sending his Jurgen off on trips to such unidentified places as Cockaigne did nothing to reduce this uncertainty.

RATHER THAN TAKE THE TROUBLE to invent, many authors have created new places by adapting existing ones, sometimes ruthlessly. The true Robinson Crusoe Island on which Alexander Selkirk was marooned lies 400 miles west of Chile, but Defoe fleshed out his story with details taken from what he had read about Tobago. Shakespeare was less geographically inventive than is often supposed. He got the relative positions of Birnam Wood, Dunsinane and Scone more or less right. His Arden is just a blending of his own Warwickshire's woods with those of the Ardennes. Bohemia did once, during a brief expansionist period, command a sea coast, which was on the Adriatic, and thus a perfectly plausible destination for ships coming, like Perdita's in *The Winter's Tale*, from Sicily.

Bram Stoker vampirised Transylvania by twisting together several of that region's established traditions. When Trollope created Barchester and Barset he was not thinking of Dorchester and Dorset, but his thoughts were no farther away than one of the adjoining counties of south-western England, for his quiet cathedral city had much in common with Salisbury or Winchester. Thomas Hardy simply took over the geography of the real Wessex and changed the names. Costaguana, in Joseph Conrad's *Nostromo*, is an example of the way the basic Wessex technique has been applied to various parts of South America in novels that also include C. E. Montague's *Right Off the Map* and John

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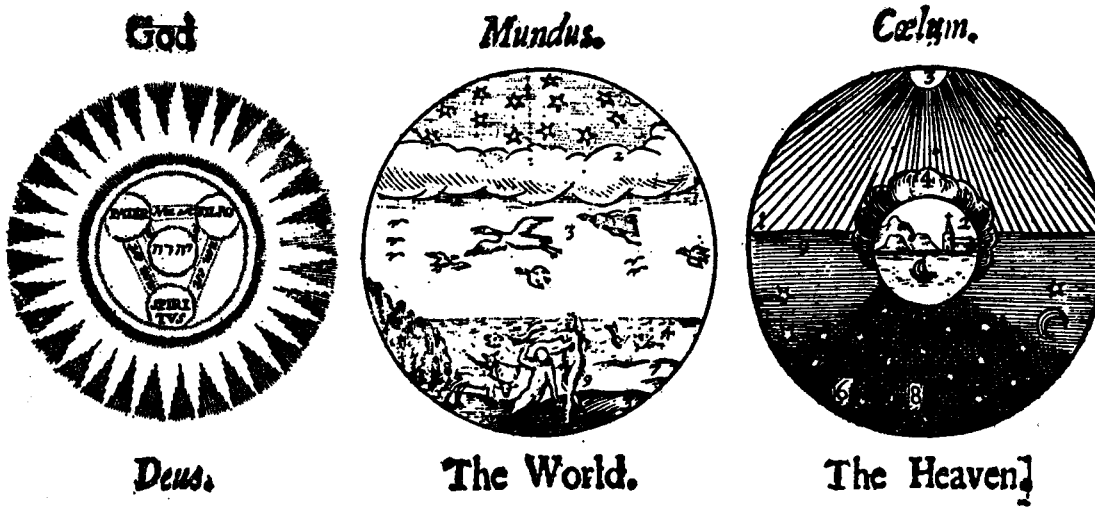
Masefield's *Sard Harker*. Probably it is only fear of the vengefulness of the Snopes clan that inhibits Mississippians from precisely identifying Faulkner's Yoknapatawpha County—and New Yorkers may feel much the same about Edmund Wilson's Hecate County.

THERE HAS BEEN MUCH FEEDBACK from literature into geography. Dozens of Ivanhoes, Kenilworths and Waverleys now appear on the maps of the United States, Canada, Australia and New Zealand. The name of the Greek island of Ithaca would not have been transplanted to Michigan and New York if its fame as the home of Ulysses had not been established by Homer (or, as Mark Twain put it, by some other blind poet of the same name). There are Utopias in Australia and Texas as well as in Alaska; biblical place-names recur in many countries; Westward Ho!, the Devon coastal resort, was named from Charles Kingsley's novel; Goldsmith's "loveliest village of the plain" has reappeared in many American states as Auburn, and this was not its original Irish name (which was Lissoy) but its poetic one. A distant echo of the Roland whose horn last sounded at Roncesvalles may be detected in the name of the Orlando that now harbours Disneyland. Berkeley, California, took the name of the poet-bishop who wrote, in his "On the prospects of planting arts and learning in America", the resounding Hesperian line: "*Westward the course of empire takes its way.*"

BUT A LITTLE CAUTION is needed here. The Galway district called Joyce's Country was so named long before *Dubliners* and *Ulysses* and all that made people think of Dublin as Joyce's city. The Turkish city called Batman is older than the strip cartoons. Al Capp may have invented Dogpatch, but Walt Kelly did not give the Okefenokee swamp its name; he merely borrowed it to serve as a habitat for his Pogo. To avert more serious misunderstandings, it should perhaps be firmly recorded that Xanadu was no more Coleridge's invention than Elsinore was Shakespeare's, or Petra John Burgon's. Many names that are familiar from literature are not easily to be found on modern maps, but the places they refer to were real and famous in their time.

The borderlands between the world of literature and language and the world of real place-names contain many stolen marches, and have been continually raided from both sides. The Nottinghamshire village of Gotham had provided a byword for foolery for several centuries before Washington Irving pinned the name on New York. Academia, Blarney, and Canossa have been taken from the maps to become items in our stock of literary, rather than geographical, references. How many people recognise the geographical provenance of words like colophon (once a city in Anatolia) or vaudeville (a valley in Normandy)? Or the names of such familiar things as worsted (a Norfolk village), calico (from the port in southern India now called Kozhikode, formerly Calicut), or cherries (from Cerasus, an old town on the Black Sea now called Giresun)?

I DISCOVERED HOW EASY it is to stray into these borderlands when I set out to compile a guide through the maze of the world's more confusing place-names. This guide's first purpose was to help the reader to identify new countries,



Illustrations (4) from: Joannes Amos Comenius, Orbis Sensualium Pictus (1672).

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counties and towns, like Mali and Malawi, Avon and Cleveland, Craigavon and Telford; to recognise Breslau and Benares, Smyrna and Stalingrad under their new names; to remain calm when, on arriving in Flushing, Florence, Vienna and Corfu, he finds they are really called Vlissingen, Firenze, Wien and Kerkira; to distinguish the various places that share a name like Cambridge or Newport or Victoria. The vast and fascinating subject of the derivations of place-names lay beyond the scope of what is intended to be a concise and pocketable book. But the grouping and distinguishing of similar names led me to note, for example, how Antoine Cadillac carried a name from the Gironde to Michigan, where it settled down alongside the Indian Pontiac; and how little Migdal, in Galilee, had issue through St Mary Magdalen in the shape of islands, towns, colleges, and all France's Madeleines from the Paris church and district to the Dordogne valley that gave the Stone Age Magdalenian culture its name.

It seemed unthinkable to omit all explanation of the meanings we attach to names like Derby or Rapallo or Armageddon or Shanghai, of the gloomy associations of phrases like meeting at Philippi or meeting one's Waterloo, and of the reasons why we react more cheerfully to names like Bikini and Bourbon, Chartreuse and Camembert, Stilton and Strathspey, Tokay and Tabasco. Those are, or were, all real places. But even real places may prove to be starting points for journeys into the literary and legendary borderlands, if one undertakes to answer such questions as: who was the barber of Seville? where is Vallombrosa? who wrote *Walden*? what is Dead Sea fruit? or, why do we speak of Trojan horses or Parthian shots? And the dividing lines are impossibly blurred when it comes to the Arcadias and Utopias and Paradises and Waverleys that exist both on our maps and in our minds.

"*Facilis descensus . . .*": once you perceive that there is no rigid barrier between facts and fictions, you are off on the road that leads to Paradise by way of Kensal Green, or to Hell by way of Hell Gate. And why not? The naming of both real and imaginary places has always been a matter of inspiration. Explorers, colonists, and modern novelists are all indebted, just as Homer was, to the Muses. Inspiration may be attributed to their Pierian spring, or to the one called Hippocrene, on Helicon; and Pieria and Helicon are real places, and so are Parnassus (to say nothing of Montparnasse, and Parnassus in New Zealand) and Olympus (a mountain whose locations on the map include one fifty miles west of Seattle).

NO NEED EVEN to open an atlas: it is enough merely to consider the name it bears. Atlas is a real place-name; and a name in legend; and the base from which the real Atlantic and the mythical Atlantis and the literary New Atlantis were all named; and, of course, the name we give to a book of maps, whether the places shown on them are real or not. With all this weight of authoritative confusion behind me, I do not feel that my own wanderings off the real map into the realms of imagination call for any apology.

The Alienated Intellectual Today

Educating for Extremism—By A. D. HARVEY

IT WAS in 1611 that Francis Bacon warned James I,

> "there being more scholars bred than the state can prefer and employ, and the active part of that life not bearing a proportion to the preparative, it must needs fall out that many persons will be bred unfit for other vocations, and unprofitable for that in which they are brought up; which fills the realm full of indigent, idle, and wanton people, which are but *materia rerum novarum*. . . ."[1]

The thesis is now generally accepted that the expansion of higher education faster than the increase of employment opportunities for graduates contributed to the political ferment later in the 17th century, by providing a reserve of alienated intellectuals who came to the fore as radical propagandists and ideological innovators.[2] Why has no attempt been made to assess whether the current over-production of graduates by British Universities poses a similar threat to Britain in the final quarter of the 20th century?

This neglect of the possible risks involved in our policy of indiscriminate higher education is

[1] J. Spedding (ed.), *The Letters and the Life of Francis Bacon* (1861–1874), vol. 4, p. 253.

[2] M. H. Curtis, "The Alienated Intellectuals of Early Stuart England", *Past and Present* 23 (1962), pp. 25–43.

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all the more surprising in that we do not have to go back as far as the 1640s to establish the link between high graduate unemployment and revolution. The connection between an excess supply of university-educated men and the revolutions in France and Germany in 1848 is well documented.[3] More recent, and more frightening, is the precedent of Weimar Germany. Largely because the economic recession prevented Germans from seeking gainful employment, there was a massive expansion of university numbers in the late 1920s:

	Universities	*Technical Colleges*
1914	59,000	12,800
1930	99,500	23,700

Equally, the economic recession reduced the number of openings for university graduates once they had completed their education, and by 1934 it was estimated that there were 90,000 unemployed graduates. It was from this mass of unemployed intellectuals that the Nazi party drew vital strength. In the 1930s, 59% of all Nazi propagandists had been at university; of these 76% had been unemployed, under-employed, or had only had party jobs before 1933. At one point 25% of the S.S. élite had PhDs. The seemingly inevitable prospect of future unemployment also had its impact on Germans actually at university: in the 1930–31 elections for student councils, in eighteen German universities for which records survive, the Nazis won 50% or more of the votes in nine universities, and over 40% in five more.[4]

THERE IS PROBABLY little danger of Britain's alienated intellectuals turning to Fascism. The National Front and the National Party have a staunchly lower-midde-class image which is calculated to repel most graduates. It must also be remembered that there were strong elements in German middle- and upper-class culture even before 1933 which were favourable to the spread of Nazi ideology, and which have no counterpart in the British context. The German experience is significant not because it demonstrates the disposition of alienated intellectuals to become fascists, but because it indicates the disposition of alienated intellectuals to become *extremists*. In Britian it is more likely to be a question of *left extremism* than of *right extremism*.

Why extremism? All societies are based on contradictions, and the most obvious point is that those people who benefit least from a society are going to be those who are most aware of its contradictions, especially if they have been trained with a view to developing their critical faculties. In some ways, on a comparative scale, unemployed graduates *are* the worst treated element in our society, in that the gap between their expectations and what they receive is most marked. The whole process of higher education involves the build-up of the student's expectations concerning future status, future income, future self-fulfilment. When the status, the income and the self-fulfilment are not forthcoming, the graduate has some right to be dissatisfied; at least unemployed unskilled workers never spent the best years of their lives being dragooned through the exam system by false promises. And since the very mechanisms which produce graduate unemployment are in themselves crucial elements in our present social, economic and political system, it is but a short step from the unemployed graduate's bitterness at his personal predicament to his realisation that "the whole system" is at fault.

There is also the point that the unemployed graduate, because he is unemployed, is excluded from direct personal knowledge of how the system functions as an ongoing process. All he has to judge by is inadequate results; not for him the commitment, the sense of responsibility, the development of expertise, that comes from actually being a working part of the system. Practical experience, as a teacher, a businessman, a civil servant, might well convince someone that real life is more complex than he might previously have supposed. The unemployed graduate is excluded from such details, and is left to see matters only in terms of sweeping generalisation, simple causes and effects, *i.e.* in extremist terms.[5]

IT IS EASY TO SEE the crucial role that intellectuals have in any revolution. In any period of political upheaval, the dissemination of the ideas of the rival political groups, and the elaboration of new concepts to cover new political realities, becomes of key importance. Once a new régime has established itself, the intellectual may well become superfluous: in Soviet Russia, for example, intellectuals were far more prominent in the Lenin era than they were in the subsequent years during which the Communist régime was on a more secure base. Of the twenty-seven people

[3] Lenore O'Boyle, "The Problem of an Excess of Educated Men in Western Europe, 1800–1850", *Journal of Modern History* 42 (1970), pp. 471–495.

[4] M. Doerne, "Problems of the German University", in W. M. Kotschnig and E. Prys, *The University in a Changing World* (1932), pp. 53–84. D. Lerner, "The Nazi Elite", in H. D. Lasswell & D. Lerner, *World Revolutionary Elites* (1965), pp. 194–318; pp. 217, 229. W. Kornhauser, *The Politics of Mass Society* (1959), p. 188.

[5] Cf. A. de Tocqueville, *L'Ancien Régime* (1904), pp. 146–7, and B. Elkin, "The Russian Intelligentsia on the Eve of the Revolution" in Richard Pipes, *The Russian Intelligentsia* (1971), pp. 32–46; p. 33.

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who had been members of the Politburo prior to 1951, nine had been at university; and of these six were prominent only during the years immediately after 1917. Of these six, Lenin was the only one not to be executed subsequently by Stalin.[6]

THE INTELLECTUAL'S vital contribution to revolution in terms of awareness and ideas was stressed by student revolutionaries in the late 1960s:

> militant students believe that . . . they have a special position and function. Not yet caught up in the system, but possessing intelligence and insight into it, they are, in their own eyes, the vanguard whose first task is to awaken others to the realities of their condition, to "politicise" them and thus begin the redemption of society. At least for the more ardent revolutionary, politics has the meaning of a religion: the world is held to be morally evil and must be changed. The student, like the "saved" or "elect" of a religious movement, can see both the evil of the world and its unrealised possibilities of good, and he must communicate his vision to others—"Today the students: tomorrow the workers."[7]

Today, in the mid-1970s, students are more apathetic; and the notion "Today the students: tomorrow the workers" seems both arrogant and dated. But suppose there was a renewal of political ferment in this country, such ideas would almost certainly return to the fore.

How serious is the problem of Britain's unemployed intellectuals in statistical terms? The only figures we have are those produced by the Central Services Unit and the Statistics Sub-Committee of The Association of University and Polytechnic Careers Advisory Services.[8] Their statistics include a category of "Unknown" which covers both those who have found employment without the help of a University Appointment Service (which may include forms of employment usually undertaken by non-graduates) and those who have found no employment at all.

[6] G. K. Schueller, "The Politburo", in Lasswell & Lerner, *World Revolutionary Elites*, pp. 97–178; pp. 119–20.

[7] *Report of the Committee on Relations with Junior Members*, supplement no. 7 to the University Gazette, vol. 99 (May 1969) (Oxford, 1969), p. 158. This report was of course written by senior members of Oxford University; but as a student in the late 1960s I can testify to its account of radical ideas being a fair representation of the ideology of the time.

[8] *University Graduates*, C.S.U. and S.C.U.A.S. Statistics Sub-Committee Report 1974, Table A and Table 2.

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	Total graduating	*Unknown*	*Unknown as % of total graduating*
1970–1	49,197	4,967	10.1%
1971–2	50,362	5,637	11.2%
1972–3	51,225	5,130	10.0%
1973–4	52,035	5,884	11.3%

As one might suppose, the category of "Unknown" is largest for graduates in the Arts and Social Sciences—precisely those subjects which encourage independent criticism of social institutions.

	Total graduating	*Unknown 31 Dec. '74*	*Unknown % of total*
	1973–4: MEN		
Arts	5,829	848	14.6
Social Sciences	9,482	1,335	14.1
Pure Science	10,612	1,054	9.9
Applied Science	8,870	916	10.3
	1973–4: WOMEN		
Arts	7,441	794	10.7
Social Sciences	4,766	564	11.8
Pure Science	4,572	330	7.2
Applied Science	463	43	9.3

Of course not all of the 5,000 or so graduates who each year fail to find a job through the University Appointments Services can be regarded as "alienated intellectuals." But there are some indications that a substantial proportion are. Graduates are prominent in ultra-left organisations. Nearly a third of the members of the International Socialists, and more than a third of the International Marxist Group, were educated or are still being educated at university; in the International Marxist Group, and probably in the International Socialists too, the graduates outnumber the undergraduates two to one. The Communist Party, with a smaller proportion of graduates, nevertheless has probably as many graduates as the two small Trotskyite movements put together. Though not all of these graduate members are unemployed—a number, particularly in the Communist Party, are university lecturers or school teachers—the majority have no regular professional employment. One of the features of recent years has been for groups of politically aware graduates to live in communes, often in the vicinity of the university where they first met but more usually in London —often in "squats"—alternating between casual labour and Social Security. Others have become skilled factory workers; some of the Oxford undergraduates active in 1968–9 are still living in Oxford, working in the British Leyland factory at Cowley. Is it totally fanciful to regard such people as potential revolutionary cadres?

We live, in theory at least, in a free country, and the phenomenon of the "dropped-out" graduate might even be taken as a measure of the liberalism of our institutions. It might be, however, that this is a piece of liberalism we cannot afford. Critics of "mass education" have always argued that too much education will generate discontent—dangerous new ideas—opposition to authority—and so forth. This argument is true—and we may in point of fact congratulate ourselves on it being so. But educating people into awareness is one thing; educating them into alienation is quite another. And the process by which, by educating a surplus of graduates, we are fostering a potential threat to the survival of our political institutions, has to be seen in the light of the fact that the whole exercise is being carried out at public expense anyway. We in Britain are paying a considerable price merely to undermine our own society. "Come the Revolution" it will be a state-subsidised affair.

The actual cash cost of producing an excess of graduates is in fact not much. A Modern Languages graduate costs on average £426 to train, a biologist £895, plus a maximum of £2,625 for three years of maintenance grants.[9] Many people spend more on buying a car. But the unemployed graduate on whom a mere £3,000 of public money has been wasted must be seen only as an end-product, the end-product of a system of Meritocracy gone wrong. One of the unattractive features about British society—unattractive both from a traditionalist and from a socialist point of view—is our emphasis on social emulation and upward social mobility; and one of the major functions of our universities is to contribute to this desperate quest for superior status. The unemployed graduate is only the most obvious casualty of the system. By being sent needlessly to university he might have been diverted from some more self-fulfilling and socially productive career. Universities must also be recognised as a particularly effective way of estranging children from parents; which may be a good thing but on the other hand may not: especially if the end-product of the process of estrangement turns out to be not upward mobility but unemployability.

Some people would argue of course that "upward social mobility is a good thing", and that any attempt to reduce it by cutting back in higher education would chiefly affect the working class—the class whose members are currently seen as having the greatest moral right to improve their individual status. This may be so; but there is no reason why any attempt to eliminate the excess

[9] *Times Higher Educational Supplement*, 18 April 1975.

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of graduates should affect the working class. The dropped-out ex-university type seems to be predominantly middle-class. (It is true that Jim Greenfield, one of the "Angry Brigade" bombers, had a father who was a long-distance lorry driver, but most of the dropped-out graduates I know have parents of professional status.)

THE UNEMPLOYED GRADUATE is in fact a manifestation of one of the contradictions of the middle-class ethic in its current phase.

Our society provides the individual with a wide range of opportunities and forces him (through taxation) to pay for them; but it makes no attempt to control how these opportunities are used. Though over 60% of our Gross National Income is spent by the Public Sector, the Public Sector pays very little attention to what the individual does with the money being spent on him. This seems to me to be preserving the form of John Stuart Mill's liberal system when the substance of it has been removed. We can even see, in our universities, market forces being allowed to operate at one level, when their existence is being denied at another. Though some attempt is made, at the graduate level, through the Science Research Council and the Social Science Research Council and so forth, to tailor investment in education to overall national priorities, the major factor in deciding whether an academic subject should grow or shrink is student demand, *i.e.*, the number of school-leavers wanting to read that particular subject. The possibility that student demand might to some extent be a pathological and anti-social response is not taken into consideration.

In the last three years one of the university disciplines which has expanded most markedly—among the Arts subjects it was the only discipline to expand at all—was English Literature. This expansion was principally in response to growing demand for places on English courses; the question whether Britain needs an increase in the number of English graduates was not taken into consideration. Being among other things a teacher of English Literature, I can state with certainty that the reason why many students wish to read English at university is that it seems an undemanding, structureless, irrelevant, and moderately interesting way to pass three years. The self-delusion of the 1960s, when students were desperate to read "committed . . . relevant . . . highly structured" subjects like Economics or Sociology has passed. Today's student doesn't know what is going to become of the world, and doesn't care; and reading English at university is as good a way of hiding from the world as any, now that the F. R. Leavis era is totally past and gone. But why should we spend so much on encouraging this sort of self-indulgence? It is true that unemployable English graduates may pose less of a revolutionary threat than unemployable Economics or Sociology graduates; but it would be much better if we had no unemployed graduates at all.

One way in which graduate unemployment might be eliminated is if this country were to have an economic boom. But it is unlikely that Britain will have such good fortune in the foreseeable future. A continued recession is much more likely, accompanied by industrial militancy and large-scale unemployment of blue-collar workers. Surely this is a dangerous situation for a liberal democracy to be in. The existence of large numbers of alienated intellectuals able and willing to give ideological support to popular discontents can hardly be seen as making the situation any more stable.

Poem not involving the intellect

Thinking of love and hearing treble voices
The loveless human heart rejoices—
Within this principle of blemished air
We hear a god who isn't there.

And if he gave us, as he promised us,
Our love requited and no fuss,
The paradisal music would not quit
We'd only have no taste for it.

Peter Porter

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Dangerous Pilgrimages

Transatlantic Images in Fiction (I)—By MALCOLM BRADBURY

"And where?" cried Tom, "Oh where will you go?" "I don't know", he said. "Yes I do, I'll go to America."
"No, no", cried Tom in a kind of agony. "Don't go there. Pray don't. Think better of it. Don't be so dreadfully regardless of yourself. Don't go to America!"
Charles Dickens, MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT (1844)

"Ah, off to Europe!" Hudson exclaimed with a melancholy cadence as they sat down. "Happy, happy man!"
Henry James, RODERICK HUDSON (1876)

IT HAS LONG BEEN UNDERSTOOD that the tempting width of the Atlantic Ocean, which, according to your viewpoint, links or separates Europe and America, has generated a massive trade not only in gold, commodities, cotton, tobacco, wars, alliances, aid and Scotch, but also a vastly stranger and more elusive commodity altogether: images. Voyagers, explorers, colonists, immigrants, expatriates, tourists, politicians, armies, entertainers and Fulbrighters have crossed its width, in both directions, and it persists today as one of the world's busiest traffic routes. But these travellers and migrants have been drawn, not only by realistic needs and interests, but by an elaborate, significant, historically dense body of notions which seated themselves first in the European, and then later in the American, mind. Encrusted around the many actual voyages, from the original voyages of exploration and settlement to the clipper shuttles that now link Heathrow and Dulles, Frankfurt and John F. Kennedy—voyages that have narrowed the ocean down from a width of years to that of months, then days, then hours—there have been as many voyages of the imagination: voyages in fancy and fantasy, myth and misunderstanding. This we often call the Special Relationship, or the American–European entente, because its imaginative funding seems to exceed most forms of the mystique of travel. It is an extraordinary and ambiguous trade, one that has been much cultivated by those who can benefit practically from such things: the promoters of exploration, the justifiers of imperialism, the founders of colonies, the traders, politicians, speculators in land, the employers hungry for immigrant labour, the airlines and tourist boards and their historical antecedents ("I'm John Winthrop, fly me"), who have refined and packaged the mystery. But part of its fascination—and this is my theme—is that it has also deeply involved the higher fictionalists amongst us: the cosmographers, the theologians, the scholars, the painters, the historians (no strangers to a fiction), the poets, dramatists and novelists themselves.

The relationship is, of course, of enormous political significance, and has much to do with our destiny in the modern world; there is little surprise in the fact that the historians have long made it a matter for study.[1] The image of America has become one of the great historical options, for many more people than Europeans. The choice between America and Russia or China is, variously glossed, the primary choice of the age, between divergent principles of modernisation: between individualism and social-

[1] Among the more important historical works on this topic are, looking from Europe to America, A. Nevins (ed.), *America Through British Eyes* (1948); H. S. Commager, *America in Perspective: The U.S. Through Foreign Eyes* (1947); M. Kraus, *The Atlantic Civilization* (1949); L. Galantière (ed.), *America and the Mind of Europe* (1951); H. M. Jones, *O Strange New World* (1952); H. C. Allen, *Great Britain and the United States* (1954); G. D. Lillibridge, *Beacon of Freedom* (1955); D. Echeverria, *Mirage in the West* (1957); F. Thistlethwaite, *The Anglo-American Connection in the Early Nineteenth Century* (1959); S. Skard, *The American Myth and the European Mind* (1961). Looking from America to Europe, P. Rahv (ed.), *Discovery of Europe: The Story of American Experience in the Old World* (1947); D. Boorstin, *America and the Image of Europe* (1960); C. Strout, *The American Image of the Old World* (1963); H. S. Commager (ed.), *Britain Through American Eyes* (1974).

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ism, democracy and totalitarianism, capitalism and communism. These images have sponsored international attitudes, actions, politics; they have profound effects on migration, on the attitudes of the left and the right, on political and military hostilities. As rooted values or prejudices, they have also concerned the social scientists, who have studied the matter in detail, examining the mental structures and preferences of distinguishable groups in western societies at different points in time, defined by age, class, interest and political viewpoint. Latterly a fascinating enterprise called "image geography" has considered how notions of reality shape the land and the landscape itself, recognising that it is men and ideas that order and mythicise the environment and prescribe its use. Men have mental maps of the world; by them they attach significance to other peoples and nations, attribute identities and characteristics, define otherness, generate images—which, in fact, reveal much more about the holders of the image than they do about the subject of it.[2]

Yet, such studies undertaken, we find ourselves persistently left with a surplus, one not entirely inexplicable, but needing other forms of analysis. There is a part of men's minds which not only goes in for falsification and mythicisation, but is self-aware, and revels in the capacity. This "mythic surplus" deals in cultural archetypes, elaborate figures of the mind rooted both in social needs *and* in elegant contemplation. The name we give to this operation is fiction, and its province is art. Indeed artists have a vested interest in such matters: an interest that relates them to national ideas and aspirations, to the mythopoeia of the culture itself, but also to mental and aesthetic cosmopolitanism, and participation in the international age and condition of style in which they live. Works of art may reflect the movements of power, the folk-sources of dream, the metaphoric range of a national culture; they also have to do with the strange power-politics of cultural and intellectual life, the aesthetic tensions of being in one culture and drawn by the power of others. Literature and art are rich in images of foreignness, glimpses of cultural options, otherness.

THIS IS A MYSTERY compounded in the very term "image" itself—a word that draws in the ambiguities that hover around any refracted object. An "image" is the perceived thing itself,

[2] A recent work on "image geography" is *The American Environment: Perceptions and Policies*. Edited by J. WREFORD WATSON and TIMOTHY O'RIORDAN. John Wiley, $15.90, paper $9.75; £7.40, paper £4.75.

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when one knows one is a perceiver; it is a symbol or substitute *for* a thing; it is a gallery of reflections and refractions that accumulate around it, on an individual or even a collective scale; it is a distilled fiction. It is, then, both truth and *trompe d'oeil*, and it raises the Platonic anxieties: just like art itself. Images, then, can become elegant for their own pure and tempting sakes, for the way they perplex us; they can grow divorced from direct attachment to historical need or psychic necessity. Indeed usually, in proportion as they do enter the province of art, they become poised on a permanent balance, between fact and fancy, neither authoritatively true nor assertively false, neither totally timeless nor utterly time-bound. "Have you been in England, sir?" asks Charles Dickens's American traveller, the younger Martin Chuzzlewit, of the American general who insists to him that Queen Victoria lives in the Tower of London. "In print I have, not otherwise", answers the general, and for him print remains a sufficient reality. But it is after all in print, in fiction, that Martin is visiting America in the first place, playing his role in the novelist's myth; the paradox is instructive.

"It had taken me some forty years to invent Russia and western Europe, and now I was faced with the task of inventing America"; this is neither God nor the historical process speaking, but Vladimir Nabokov, explaining the way of his writing *Lolita*. He tells us how he did it:

> "The obtaining of such local ingredients as would allow me to inject a modicum of average 'reality' (one of the few words that mean nothing without quotes) into the brew of individual fancy, proved a much more difficult process than it had been in the Europe of my youth. . . ."

With America and another language to deal with, the writer has every right to speculate on the reality of what he creates, or rather to tell us how he puts reality into it, with the additive of "local ingredients" which will qualify and familiarise the text, but not stop its being necessarily an illusion. We do not read fiction for fact alone; nor do we read life for it. The writer is permitted to invent America without going there, as Kafka does in writing *Amerika*; to change it around if he does go there, as Nabokov does in *Ada*—where he superimposes the social architecture of a Russian world on the American setting, measuring the landscape in versts, the people in patronymics.

MUCH LITERATURE and art deal in fact in the space so opened between political facts and causalities and the formal properties of fiction and myth; this is their resource. But, though Nabokov talks of his "individual fancy", one of the remarkable things about the mythology of transatlantic relations is that they have been persistent, dense, and collective. There is, in short, a tradition; in it we can find historical theses, patterns of evolution, shifts of emphasis, substantial variants. Part of the reason for these changes lies in history, another part in the special history of form and style—the process whereby the mythopoeic types, species and genres evolve and qualify themselves against new orders of consciousness, new structures of experience. And the case of the European–American relationship is fascinating precisely because it has been consciously invested deeply with fiction, has been so from the start.

Long before the fact of America was known to the European peoples, it was an operative *idea*, a classical, a medieval, later a Renaissance and Enlightenment dream, imaginatively vivid in the notion of the uncompleted globe and what it promised: an undiscovered, very possible continent to the west, on the world's edge, which would be the Promised Land, Atlantis, the New Eden, the Golden Age reborn, the Apocalyptic Kingdom, the paradise of wise men (or of fools), the imperium of freedom, the new start.

> "When a European sets out on his first journey to America he knows, or thinks he knows, not only where he is going but what he will find when he arrives. So did Columbus."

THUS BEGINS HUGH HONOUR'S splendid book *The New Golden Land*, one of the truly distinguished ventures to come out of the year's Bicentennial overkill, itself a product of the transatlantic relation.[3] Honour's book, marvellously illustrated, is a visual and textual cornucopia or display of the rich imagery and iconography that surround the relationship between Europe and America from the voyages of discovery in the 15th century to the present day. The book goes along with an exhibition organised by Honour for the Bicentennial, with the Cleveland Museum of Art, the Washington National Gallery, and the Réunion des Musées Nationaux in France; it is now on display at the Grand Palais in Paris. The exhibition, the catalogue (also by Honour) and the book amount to a massive speculation on the art of the relationship, expressed in woodcut engravings, maps, drawings, statues, pottery, book illustration, paintings, decoration, murals, wallpaper, clocks and writing. Mr Honour concentrates on the European image of America and the process of its assimilation into Europe, on the growth of the New World motif. "The European visual image of America was created largely by artists who never went there", he states in his catalogue,

[3] *The New Golden Land: European Images of America from the Discoveries to the Present Time*. By HUGH HONOUR. Allen Lane, £12.50.

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noting the names of Holbein, Rubens, Tiepolo, Goya, Delacroix, and many others. And, as he notes, much the same was true for literature: "the literary image of America was partly the creation of writers who never crossed the Atlantic—Tasso, Ronsard, Montaigne, Spenser, Shakespeare, Hobbes, Pope, Prévost, Rousseau, Goethe, Schiller, Blake, Wordsworth, Byron, Keats."[4]

As for those who did go there, they took their European minds with them. America, as historians have widely recognised, was "invented in the image of its inventor"—named and defined in the terms and structures of the European consciousness. Columbus went with a European preconception about Cathay, and so merged an exotic about the East with one about the West; indeed he carried an entire phantasmagoric geography and theology with which he would proceed to interpret the continent he found. It was to be the Antipodes, the Earthly Paradise, rich in gold and treasure, with great cities and also innocent and simple savages. As he sailed and resailed toward actuality, these ideas intersected with disturbing realities—there were no cities, and some of the savages practised cannibalism—but these were adjusted to European ideas through due process of disconfirmation and reconfirmation. When, on the third voyage, he identified and landed on the American mainland, he persisted in believing it part of Asia. Even when, in 1507, the year after Columbus's death, the speculative cartographer Martin Waldseemüller recognised the new found land as a "fourth part of the globe", and named it for the first time "America", this confusion of east and west persisted. So did the process of naming and defining; subsequent settlers recorded their experience in the modes and tropes of poets and utopians, and the exotica of America spread a myth across Europe. Thus the previous phantasmagoric geography did not collapse before fact; the New World itself was basically shaped and made by the transactions of European thought, and its particular capacities for invention and fantasy. It also changed European thought. The fantasy and the discovered fact now persistently intersected; report and experience were negotiated against the structures of European perception by which they could be mastered, and sometimes the structures shifted. It was a process that would long continue, and become an essential tension in art and literature.

It was, of course, by documents, treasures, even representative indigenes brought back for display that the new world found its place in the old; the objects, people and images were

[4] Hugh Honour, *The European Vision of America* (National Gallery, Washington; Cleveland Museum of Art).

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reinterpreted on European soil. "I saw the things which have been brought to the King from the new golden land", wrote Albrecht Dürer in 1520, looking at the tributes from Cortes and Montezuma that Charles V displayed in Brussels en route to his enthronement as Holy Roman Emperor. "All the days of my life I have seen nothing that has gladdened my heart so much as these things. . . ." The exotic excitements were glimpses of new possibility, and it was the wonder of the strange new world that established it in its first imaginative meaning. Only in time did this become modified, subdivided, and finally challenged and criticised, as the fund of American significances enlarged. Of course the meanings were in politics as well as in the curious imagination, and they were often disputed. But, in the presence of accumulating fact, they also swarmed and multiplied. It was not really until the process of settlement of the northern part of the continent began, this especially from England, but also from France and Spain, that the idea of America began to localise on to the northern hemisphere, and so started to be associated with that special area we now selectively call "America." And it was really only with the Revolution, which was a revolution against a part of Europe, and a lesson for the rest, that this area, the United States of America, came to be seen by the European mind not so much as a myth but as a new force in history, moving on a related and parallel course to Europe's, and having connected or competitive interests. Now, too, of course, the idea of America became specifically associated with a social and political definition; it was a new government of men.

IN FACT THERE NOW emerged several Americas. The allegorical New World, the world of the savage, the Indian, the earthly paradise, persisted for some, notably the Spanish and the French. But this notion was, for the French, northernised and located especially in the Louisiana area treated by Chateaubriand in *Atala* (1801); it was also romanticised, brought, that is, within the conspectus of Romantic thought. Even the English romantics felt tempted by the idea of the cabin on the banks of the Susquehanna, partly a mythic place for the sensibility, partly a post-revolutionary site for libertarian release—Blake's *America* (1793) celebrated a deliverance by revolution which meant that, among other things, "The doors of marriage are open." But the overtones grew more explicitly political, associated with historical options which could, because deeply contentious, be deeply challenged; the idea of America became not only a possibility, but a threat pointing back at Europe itself, especially after the French Revolution followed the American and borrowed much of its ideology and iconography. The new America was also now not an older but a younger world, a displacement of the European past, an exposure to void: the "horrid shore" that faced Goldsmith's villagers displaced from Auburn, the loveliest village of the plain. Moreover, as visits increased, high and paradisial expectations could be more readily disappointed. Thomas Moore went in 1803 to the "elysian Atlantis, where persecuted patriots might find their visions realised, and be welcomed by kindred spirits to liberty and response." This defined the new dream, of the land of liberty, the beacon of freedom, which much obsessed Europe in the 19th century; but Moore's disillusion was also not unsymptomatic: "In all these flattering expectations I find myself completely disappointed. . . ." This was to recur regularly as an English experience, and for French and German visitors, too, the result of visit was often disillusion. Occasionally it was balanced description. Tocqueville, who went to America to see "more than America", in fact to see the sociology of democracy which faced Europe as a likely future, marvellously mapped the potentials and disappointments that confronted the expectant European mind.

In fact, as the Americans found, it is never easy to be Paradise, to begin human nature again all over in the late apocalyptic stages of history, to be the new kingdom come. For one thing, the romantic sensibility itself in Europe was facing post-revolutionary disillusion; Keats, like many Romantics, shifted from an image of an ideal America to one of dejection and disappointment ("The bad flowers have no scent, birds no sweet song,/And great unerring Nature once seems wrong") without ever actually visiting the country. He shifted in fact (prompted in part from his brother's experiences of trying to invest in America, one of the less gilt-edged enterprises of the 19th century, and one that produced much anti-American disillusion) from the terminology of the positive to that of the negative image, already well developed in the theories and negative reports of naturalists like Buffon and de Pauw, who saw American nature not as a state of paradisial splendour but as a condition of degeneration. America in fact split the imagination of 19th-century Europeans, often for reasons based on their own national political situation; if the United States had consciously set themselves out to challenge the monarchies and orders of Europe, to be an example, as Paine said, to mankind, then there were inevitably those who saw the beacon of freedom as a delusory and dangerous dystopia. For many other Europeans, indeed doubtless for most, it was a little bit of

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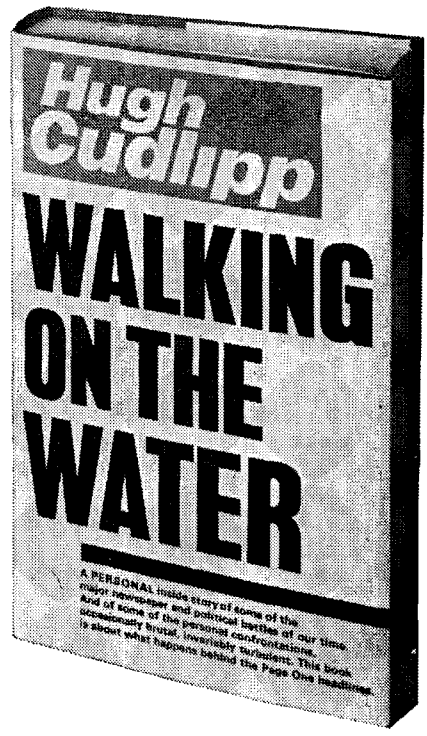
both, one emphasis or another arising the more strongly according to the contemporary map of alliances, the current balance of trade, the political mood of the home nation. The central and potent fact is of course that now the image led to a massive action, a famous movement of men: the tide of immigration into America from Europe throughout the 19th and 20th centuries was largely the story of individuals driven by necessity but drawn, too, by an image.

Thus, increasingly, America became, in the European mind, Hegel's "land of the future where, in the ages that lie before us, the burden of the world's history shall reveal itself. . . ." By definition, this was the antithesis of the European situation. America constituted history in process, drawing the attention of radicals and revolutionaries: to Engels it was an example of pure bourgeois history untainted by feudalism; "no medieval castles bar the way. . . ." In post-revolutionary iconography the revolutionary heroes, Franklin and Washington especially, were portrayed as modern men, deliverers of contemporary history. Yet certain elements of the past persisted, in part because the United States still represented the agrarian ideal, the ideal of that land of yeoman farmers expressed by Crèvecoeur, politicised by Jefferson. It was not long, though, before this land of thirteen colonies on the eastern seaboard, given largely to farming and trade, spread territorially, acquired massive natural resources, and moved into economic takeover, to those processes of industrialisation, urbanisation, technologisation, of general *modernisation*, that we associate with America today. America had passed from *terra incognita* to goldmine, from goldmine to colony, from colony to nation, from nation to modern industrial power. This constituted an enormous shift in the European–American balance of power, and this in turn gave a different weight and meaning to the images. They acquired an enormous significance as political realities, bases for alliance or hostility. And they became more directly symbiotic, or rather dialectical, motions for historical relationship between powers and forces affecting global destiny.

BY NOW, OF COURSE, the reverse images, the images of Europe held in America, had come deeply into being. The Revolution had produced a new American—the indigenous American who had come from European stock, but who had experienced the psychological severance of revolution from that Europe, especially that England, against which the revolution had been asserted. He had lived out the image of America on American soil, and in many respects had



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converted it into an ideology of the new. In fact these new Americans saw their land in terms of European systems of thought; but also, precisely as that thought assumed, in terms disjunct and separate. And they now set to work to imagine Europe, with all the sensibility of rejection and yet of connection to dispose of. In this process there were many elements of what the analysts of mate selection call homogamy—part of the activity, that is, depended on the recognition of similitude, accepting the predominantly European character of American settlement, recognising the linguistic tie to England, perceiving some parallelism of destiny. Yet an essential part of the process was that of defining nationality by making Europe the *other*, by defining its nature and characteristics antithetically, by doing what Europeans had done to America. It is usually either when one travels or thinks of other nations that one becomes most consciously a member of one's own nation; one ascribes an image to another and so finds one by antithesis for oneself. The Americans, as Howard Temperley notes,[5] used Europe as part of a complex triangulation of possible alternatives in the process of defining nationality; they set it antithetically against the frontier, the west, the wilderness, the Pacific. They saw themselves differently positioned in history, and ascribed the past to Europe, the future to themselves. This cast Europe in the antecedent role; it was the failing imperium, the parent rejected, the past thrown off. But it existed in complement as well as in contradiction, and in time it came to seem that there was a special corner of the American mind especially reserved for notions of Europe, as a vague, undefined cluster of nations filled with castles, rich in ruins, despotic in institutions, on the downward historical cycle, yet somehow necessary for self-renewal, representing an experience, a traditionalism, a density lost and therefore calling for attention.

Indeed, for the citizens of European countries, it was America more than any other country or continent (America increasingly seemed to merge both) which refracted the very idea of "Europe" back to them. Many nations have seen Europe seamlessly, as a frontierless congeries, but few Europeans in the 19th century saw themselves in this way, unless reminded by the refraction from the United States. The Americans understood the distinctions of frontiers and powers, as they had to, having fought Britain and allied with France; but they also saw a broader New World to set against the Old World, Europe at large. Their imaginings on the matter were very much a historical power, and undoubtedly have much to do with the fact that there *is* now a so-called Europe, an Economic Community itself in part an American federalist dream, of which we are still perhaps only practically rather than imaginatively a part. "The mind of Europe", so much sought by American writers at the end of the 19th and the beginning of the 20th century, was for some European intellectuals (like Arnold) a reality, but for most a vague abstraction, in a Europe riven by nationalism. But to Henry James, a central figure in this traffic, it was more. The "superstitious valuation of Europe", James said, was the American's "complex fate", part of his necessary cosmopolitanism: or was it provincialism? James remarked that "no European is obliged to deal in the least with America", and suggested a one-way traffic. He was, of course, wrong; whether directly obliged or not (and there have been historical phases, increasing up to the present, when they *were* obliged), many Europeans have done so, and figures of America have obsessed European minds with quite as much intensity as figures of Europe obsessed America. Indeed a complex and ever-varying intercourse in such fancies became an essential part of transatlantic relations. Moreover, as I have said, the images on both sides became sufficiently connected as to grow strangely complementary. They became refractive, as Harry Levin puts it; they fed off each other; the terms "America" and "Europe" became terms in a complex dialectic which possessed a self-generating intensity, and thus made the European–American relationship "special."[6]

BUT THEY WERE IMAGES in history, and the fortunes of history and the shifting balance of power and growth inevitably kept them in constant change. By the turn of the century there was a new America to consider, no longer the land of the yeoman farmer or the Indian or indeed the cowboy, but of skyscraper cities, assembly lines, production systems, labour-saving devices, and technical modernity. Hugh Honour, on whom here I have been much dependent, notes the compelling attraction in the 1890s of American architectural and decorational innovation; Samuel Bing, the German-born Frenchman who invented the term *art nouveau*, found in America an architectural landscape for the future: "Tiffany dreamed a dream of Art for the Future", he wrote. Bauhaus, Constructivism, Functionalism all turned to look to America; the Wellsian, Expressionist and Futurist theme of the shape of things to come, the new mechanical, post-artistic, speeded world, was envisioned by conceiving American settings, as a kind of science-

[5] Howard Temperley, "Anglo-American Images", in *Contrast and Connection: Bicentennial Essays in Anglo-American History*. Edited by H. C. ALLEN and ROGER THOMPSON. G. Bell, £8.95.

[6] Harry Levin, *Refractions: Essays in Comparative Literature* (1966).

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fiction. Le Corbusier remarked on the way American necessities compelled a new engineering, which shows "the way to create plastic facts, clear and limpid, giving rest to our eyes and to the mind the pleasures of geometric forms." Picasso, perhaps helped in the thought by Gertrude Stein, saw cubism as somehow American; so did Picabia and Duchamps. The recognition of cubism in America was slightly belated but it was an essential stage in the modern symbiosis; as Gertrude Stein, pushing it, had urged, it was not just a modern but an American style, and it was eventually to America that many of its artists as well as its works of art were drawn. The German Expressionist cinema was likewise engaged, and in the image of the modern itself America came to serve both as symbol and as pull, drawing in painters, film directors. The ragtime vogue of the twenties, which touched all Europe, helped synchronise American influence and modernism; America became an appropriate subject for Picasso, Mondrian, Léger, Cocteau, Stravinsky, Milhaud, Debussy. There was something else: that image of a land technologically modern yet ridden by the modern *angst* which Kafka distils in his *Amerika*, Malcolm Lowry in his *Lunar Caustic*, Michel Butor in his *Mobile*. Moreover the perceptions were based on the symbiotic European–American spectrum. Modernism was somehow essentially applicable to America, was taken up by Americans, but it started in Europe: a Europe that increasingly became a European-American meeting place, drawing in expatriates from America who mediated and developed and transmitted back the developments of Paris, Berlin, Munich, London, Rome, Scandinavia and Russia.

These images are, of course, located in time. But increasingly and significantly, as Honour shows us, they have been also located in *art*, in our painting, our design, our technological organisation, our literature. They are there in part as popular mythology, where the prevalence of American motifs—cowboys and Indians, gangsters and mobsters and criminals, Kentucky Fried Chicken and Le Drug-Store, skyscrapers and spaceships—is massive, just as, in reverse, we may see in American myths the persistent European motif—of castles and ruins, gothic strangenesses, romantic Frenchmen, English milords, Beatles and Monty Pythons and Carnaby Street and Cahors. Today, in the age of the spaghetti western and of Liverpool jazz, the symbiotic elements are virtually beyond our disentangling. More serious art reflects more complex matters still; the images are there in more refined and oblique forms, becoming part of that onward accumulation of motif and style that is part of

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art's cosmopolitan process of accumulation and assimilation. Poe described his search for an art of terror as deriving, not from Germany, but the soul; Germany evidently helped, but Poe appeals to the fact that the artistic landscape is one of extraordinary acts of, among other things, geographical imagining. Creative culture has its own geography, persistently reaches outside national boundaries, depends on cosmopolitanism; hence these transatlantic interchanges are vastly more than a subject, a motif. They are a modern condition of art, and they have much to do with the evolution of contemporary style itself. Style itself is in history, is a grasping at the relevant structural options that make sense of the order of a world like this. We can see, in the history of the transatlantic symbiosis, the phases of style: the classical, the romantic, the realist, the modernist, the post-modernist variants of the European image of America, the American image of Europe. These have much to do with the balance of power, the politics of the world; they are also part of the stylistics of art. Hence one of the most striking things about the transatlantic relation is the mythic surplus it has yielded, the way it has stood for potentials in image, style and form, the way it is relevant to the very condition and character of modern art itself, from the Renaissance on to the present day.

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO, Marcus Cunliffe, reflecting on this mythic surplus in the pages of ENCOUNTER,[7] elegantly listed some of the dominant images that Europeans had of America, noting that each possessed a certain timelessness, an archetypal quality, and was also long in contention, so that of each we possess both an heroic and a villainous version. Thus the image of America as Eartly Paradise is balanced by the view of it as Cockaigne, or Lubberland, the place of abundance as waste and folly; the image of the American as noble savage is balanced by the view of him as the Ignoble Savage, or the cultureless and superficial man; that of America as Land of Liberty has its counterweight in the view of America as Land of Libertinism, indulgence, crime; the notion of America as Europe's hopeful future had to contend with that of it as Europe's threatened fate, and so on. Cunliffe noticed the permanence of these images; he also observed the process of deep fictionalisation that has been involved in their existence. For, he said, for most Europeans America has never existed: "Instead of being a 'real' place, it has served as an image: a theorem, a symbol, a Never-Never Land." Yet fictions have power and can become experience, and this is the lesson of America: "America", he said, "has never been a 'real', finite place to Americans themselves. There has always been a close correspondence between European *projected* images of America, and American *self*-images." Hence, indeed, the American dream, and its counterweight the American nightmare. Of course these propositions can be reversed (and indeed were, in an article in the next issue by Melvin Lasky about the American image of Europe[8]); America has indeed projected its idea of Europe on to Europe. The fascinating question, however, is the relation between the making of myths and the living of them, and this, surely, is one reason why the transatlantic intercourse holds so much interest.

Fictions are self-conscious and complex versions of the means we use when we try to order and apprehend reality; and the transatlantic interchange has been abundantly expressed in fictions. This is a fact that has much interested scholars concerned with the relation between idea and event: philosophers, historians, and of course literary critics. The notion that America has *always* been, and still remains, a fiction or a metaphor, that, indeed, the very discovery of America enforced the fictionalist awareness upon the mind of man, has been strongly canvassed. The book that by no means starts but certainly sums up this now fashionable mode of thought is a work by the Mexican historian Edmundo O'Gorman, *The Invention of America* (1961), which explicitly urges that America was not "discovered" but "invented", and in the mind of its creator, Europe. Thus America became the great instance of the case that "the being of things is not something that they contain within themselves but something that is assigned or granted to them." So, O'Gorman suggests, America, by requiring to be named and conceptualised, shattered the substantialism of the classical and Christian world-view; it forced men to recognise that the world was not there, God-given, but was something that could be explored, shaped and used on man's initiative, carved into existence, adapted by his own facilities, enquiries, technologies.

The idea that America itself poses those problems of fictionality which are always at the centre of art has, not surprisingly, been deeply attractive to writers and literary critics who have seen the "invention of America" as the great task of modern art, and whose ideas certainly consort elegantly with O'Gorman's. The belief that American writing has been about the relation between a world too great to be imagined, calling

[7] Marcus Cunliffe, "Europe and America: Transatlantic Images, I", ENCOUNTER, December 1961.

[8] Melvin J. Lasky, "America and Europe: Transatlantic Images, II", ENCOUNTER, January 1962. (Cunliffe's and Lasky's essays were republished together as *Encounter Pamphlet No. 7.*)

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forth wonder, and a world that can only *be* imagined if it is to be colonised by the mind, so calling forth naming, has been strong. It has served as a basic explanation for the "exceptional" quality of American literature, as indeed for the "exceptional" quality of America itself, a land persistently seen somewhere between dream and reality. D. H. Lawrence, in his *Studies in Classic American Literature* (1923), was one of the first to give this notion strength; American writing, he urged, had a deeply mythic spirit, and also a sense of artistic and experiential extremity—it "came near to the real verge." Since then the view that American literature was a mythic imagining of America itself, and that it was also obsessed with the anxieties of imagination, the fear that what is imagined was not so, has been commonplace. Thematic and mythographic study has abounded—perhaps, often, with less than a full sense that many of these matters have been deep in art from its origins, that these are the Platonic anxieties, constantly resurfacing. But, certainly, the case of America has been an appropriate focus; there is no doubt at all that America stimulated the creative imagination, generated an exceptional national art, and also posed in it the problem of naming, of order and structure, of making form. The anxieties, then, came out in America with an intense force, and have marked its writing particularly strongly.

AND ESPECIALLY IN THE NOVEL, which has been a key American genre. Leslie Fiedler, indeed, begins his *Love and Death in the American Novel* (1960), a remarkable reflection on this subject, by saying that

> "Between the novel and America there are special and intimate connections. A new literary form and a new society, their beginnings coincide with the beginnings of the modern era and, indeed, help define it."

Fiedler indeed suggests that the invention of America and the invention of the novel were much the same event, and conditioned by the same fact: the movement of the thought-modes and structures of the European mind into a world which demanded that certain sacrifices of form and order be made, socially and artistically. Fiedler has since called his book on the American novel itself an American novel; it is indeed a case of just the phenomenon he is offering to analyse. But the difficulty with such books is that they literalise fiction, and offer too little attention to the fact that it is precisely the relation between *real* America and the counter-claims of fictionality

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as such that have engaged many writers on the subject—many of these not American, writing from a distance, and never visiting America at all. Fiction is about myth as truth and myth as lie—and the mediations involved. In Melville's *Redburn* (1849), the innocent hero, Wellingborough Redburn, sails to England with a handful of myth, his father's old guide-book. It does not fit the reality: and Redburn learns an essential lesson—"Guide-books, Wellingborough, are the least reliable books in all literature; and nearly all literature, in one sense, is made of guide-books." Wellingborough travels with a myth and ends with a disconfirmation, about writing itself. It is notable that he travels to England, fair reminder of the fact that American mythography was not solely about the United States but about Europe, too.

And indeed it is surely true that the transatlantic intercourse has produced not only its own mythology but its own sense of the fictional, which is to say its own scepticism. The fictionality of America and the fictionality of Europe have been known facts in the game, part of the common imaginative community. And between the fictions have shuttled the pilgrims, in fact and in fiction: expatriate artists drawn to the other shore, fictional voyagers lured by an abstraction. Much of our art, from the Romantic period on, has been made from compounding the equation. A good example is Washington Irving, an American writer who, short of artistic material in post-Revolutionary America, travelled to Europe, and Romanticism, collected German folktale, and reset it on the American shore. Hence "Rip Van Winkle", nationalism out of internationalism. But Irving wrote also of England, in stories and essays, presenting it as a half-mythical place of ivy-covered cottages and stage-coaches, festive Christmases and quaint, crooked urban corners, Stratford-upon-Avon and Westminster Abbey, and England already disappearing as he wrote. "Instead of looking around to see what we are, he sets to work to describe us as what we were—secondhand", complained Hazlitt; it is a recurrent complaint about transatlantic mythification. But this was internationalism out of nationalism. And not only did it provide an image, a route for the imagination, to be followed by countless American tourists, passionate pilgrims *via* American Express. It was also imbibed deep into the English *self*-image, affected the national sense, and strongly influenced Charles Dickens, whose novels express the Irving-esque image of England even as they also fictionally invent the transformed, newly shaped world of Victorian expansionism and the massive, anonymous, utilitarian city.

But the symbiotic trade did not end there. When Dickens in turn wrote the story of his American voyage, in *Martin Chuzzlewit* (1844), he took an England composed of such elements, and set against it an America of jobbery, confidence-men, opportunist politicians, and an unmuzzled gutter press. This probably owed something to James Fenimore Cooper's novels about his disillusioned return from Europe, *Homeward Bound* and *Home As Found* (both 1838); it surely bequeathed much to the negative image of America in Melville's *The Confidence-Man* (1857), the ultimate apotheosis of the elusive trickster disestablishing the sure social fabric of American confidence, and to Mark Twain's and Charles Dudley Warner's *The Gilded Age* (1873), about post-Civil War hucksterism. In turn Twain portraited the contrast between American innocence and European decadence in *Innocents Abroad* (1869) and, more importantly, American technology and European medievalism in *A Connecticut Yankee* (1889). These shuttling funds had much to do with ideas and associations of America and Europe as they developed in fiction where the matter of contrast is not so explicit—for instance, in many American novels concerned with the gap between feminine culture and masculine commercialism, which seem displaced versions of the Europe–America contrast. Increasingly, too, Europe became associated with art, America with reality; the cluster of associations massed on many different axes, and became ways of polarising essential elements of art.

INDEED THE MATTER went further, for part of the process involved was that of the actual displacement of the writer and his writing from his own soil, from the nationalist view of art. Henry James represented this growing convergence of art in his ideal of the transcendently international novel—which would be a novel which does not simply transport characters and action to another land, operate by contrast, make nationality a conscious part of the fictional structure, but a novel which transports and cosmopolitanises the artist too, puts him in émigré relation to the national, gives him the international overview. This motion, toward the international convergence of literature, has been a key aspect of modernism, and in it the transatlantic exchange has played a crucial part. "America is my country, and Paris is my home town", said Gertrude Stein, explaining, among other things, the source of her modernism. This has in part come from the emigration of art to the culture-capitals, which are themselves transatlantic: Paris and London and Berlin, perhaps, but also New York and Chicago. George Steiner has identified the tradition of "unhoused" art, extra-territorial art, as one of the key sources of our

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best writing and painting; the émigré and the expatriate have been central figures in its making. It is, in fact, part of the evolution recognisable in the process of transatlantic refraction itself, which has moved from classicism and romanticism to the artistic complexities of an international modernism. In two essays in following issues, I propose to trace out this process in detail, by looking at writers in Europe—especially however in England—who have attempted to perceive America in fiction, and at writers in America who have attempted to perceive Europe, and by asking what this has done to our contemporary ideas of fiction, our assumptions about the nature and source of art, our view of a writer's relation to a culture.

Graham Greene Supplied the Lyrics

A Footnote to the Thirties—By BERNARD BERGONZI

"STRANGE HOW POTENT cheap music is", remarked Amanda to Elyot at a tender moment in Noël Coward's *Private Lives*. In this century some of the most serious writers have responded to the potency of music that, if not necessarily cheap, is certainly popular—ragtime and jazz and blues—and have woven it into their work. When T. S. Eliot was composing *The Waste Land* his mind echoed with the ragtime tunes he had heard in the music-halls of Boston before 1914, and he quoted or alluded to several of them in the early drafts of the poem. Most of these references did not survive Ezra Pound's editorial revisions, since Pound, unlike Eliot, had no taste for popular entertainment; but in the final version "that Shakespeherian rag" remains, recalling a popular hit of 1912. In *Sweeney Agonistes*, which Arnold Bennett described as a "jazz play", Eliot wrote his own effective ragtime lyrics. At about the same time, in 1925, Scott Fitzgerald published *The Great Gatsby*, a novel much admired by Eliot, which is shot through with allusion to popular songs: "There was music from my neighbour's house throughout the summer nights." Fitzgerald introduces some celebrated tunes of the Jazz Age: "The Sheik of Araby", "Ain't We Got Fun", "Three O'Clock in the Morning", culminating in a vivid sentence, finely poised between sentimentality and true romantic feeling: "All night the saxophones wailed the hopeless comment of the 'Beale Street Blues' while a hundred pairs of golden and silver slippers shuffled the shining dust." (Two years before, in *Leave it to Psmith*, P. G. Wodehouse had made a cooler reference to "that curious composition known as the 'Beale Street Blues'.") Another novelist, Malcolm Lowry, as a very young man actually wrote with a friend and published two fox-trots, "I've Said Good-bye to Shanghai" and "Three Little Dog-Gone Mice."[1] This circumstance forms one of the many autobiographical motifs that Lowry later worked into *Under the Volcano*. In the Thirties the popular song, already widely available on gramophone records, came into even fuller social consciousness with the advent of the talkies, and was brought into almost every home by radio.

The young English poets of the period were particularly interested in popular culture, and Auden and MacNeice tried their hand at blues and torch songs. Some of Auden's most brilliant examples, like "O Tell Me the Truth About Love" and "Funeral Blues" were, in fact, written to be sung in cabaret by Hedli Anderson, later MacNeice's second wife. MacNeice seems to me to have gone beyond pastiche, to make a genuinely personal and creative use of contemporary song idiom in some of his lyrics, and in *Autumn Journal:*

> *And the train's rhythm becomes the* ad nauseam
> *repetition*
> *Of every tired aubade and maudlin madrigal,*
> *The faded airs of sexual attraction*
> *Wandering like dead leaves along a warehouse*
> *wall:*
> *"I loved my love with a platform ticket,*
> *A jazz song,*
> *A handbag, a pair of stockings of Paris Sand—*
> *I loved her long."*

IT HAS NOT, HOWEVER, been much remarked that a distinguished novelist of that generation, Graham Greene, was also fascinated by popular songs, to the extent of inventing examples in most of his pre-war novels. Greene's first book was a collection of undergraduate verse, and he has published occasional poems throughout his career; but his songs, in particular, make him at least an honorary Thirties poet, reinforcing the stylistic and thematic parallels between Auden and the early Greene which several critics have noted. Richard Hoggart, for instance, has shown how both Auden and Greene are given to the

[1] Douglas Day, *Malcolm Lowry* (1974), pp. 88-90.

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"selectively typical catalogue" of sharply observed, socially significant details. Greene greatly admired Auden; and in a film review in 1936 he referred to the "Audenesque charm" of Cole Porter's "You're the Top."[2] This song, like others by Porter, was itself a witty list of heterogeneous items. Such lists, characteristic of the prose of Greene and the verse of Auden, were part of the general structure of thought and feeling of the Thirties, which attached much importance to the accumulation of disparate facts.[3]

Greene published nine novels between 1929 and 1939. The first, *The Man Within*, is a historical novel. Its two successors, *The Name of Action* (1930) and *Rumour at Nightfall* (1931) have never been reprinted, as Greene regarded them as inferior work and effectively suppressed them. Of the remaining books, *Stamboul Train* (1932), *A Gun for Sale* (1936), and *The Confidential Agent* (1939) were published as "entertainments", while *It's a Battlefield* (1934), *England Made Me* (1935) and *Brighton Rock* (1938) were "novels." But the distinction was always somewhat factitious, and Greene has dropped it in the Collected Edition of his works. So I shall refer to all these books as "novels." *Stamboul Train* was the first work by Greene to arouse any public interest; it was made into a film, becoming briefly part of a Thirties vogue for films set in trains, like *Shanghai Express* and *Night Train* and *The Lady Vanishes*. One of the characters is an early version of a type who recurs throughout Greene's fiction: Coral Musker, a frail, vulnerable girl with unexpected reserves of toughness. She is a chorus-girl, travelling across Europe to join a song-and-dance act in Istanbul. During the course of an obscure Balkan adventure en route she is asked to sing something to pass the time. She provides a bitter-sweet, would-be sophisticated piece, very much of the period:

I was sitting in a car
With Michael;
I looked at a star
With John;
I had a glass of bitter
With Peter
In a bar;
But the pips went wrong; they never go right,
This year, next year
(You may have counted wrong, count again, dear),
Some day, never.
I'll be a good girl for ever and ever.

This song is no more than decorative; or at best a metonymic expression of the kind of girl Coral is. But at the end of the book Greene uses a song in a more functional way, deriving from one of the great literary innovations of the 19th century. In the agricultural show episode of *Madame Bovary* Flaubert had shown how two clashing codes of discourse could be set against each other: expressions of love and passion counterpointed with banalities about prize-winning cattle and produce. It has since become a central narrative device in novels and films. The cinema, in particular, can exploit the ironic possibilities of dissonance between what is being presented in images and the accompanying sounds, whether in words or music. And the ubiquitous radio set makes such an effect instantly available, in the most realistic context.[4] So, at the end of *Stamboul Train*, a man and a woman are watching a cabaret in Istanbul, at the same time engaged in a serious conversation about their future lives. Their talk is punctuated by the English chorus girls cheerfully singing a wistfully erotic lyric:

If you want to express
That feeling you've got,
When you're sometimes cold, sometimes hot.
If you want to express
That kind of gloom
You feel alone in a double room . . . .

THERE IS A MORE melodramatic—and cinematic—use of the device in *England Made Me*. The setting is a Stockholm hotel: in the entrance hall a man is brutally beaten up, while in the restaurant the orchestra plays a plaintive torch-song:

I'm waiting, dear,
Leave off hating, dear,
Let's talk of mating, dear,
I'm lonely.
You can't ration, dear,
The kind of passion, dear,
Though it's not the fashion, dear . . . .

Anne Crowder, the heroine of Greene's next novel, *A Gun for Sale*, is, like Coral Musker, a chorus-girl, whose personality combines resourcefulness and touching innocence. In the first chapter, before the action begins, Anne plays a gramophone record she has just bought. "She put on the new record, hugging to her heart the silly senseless words, the slow sleepy tune":

It's only Kew
To you,
But to me

---

[2] Graham Greene, *The Pleasure-Dome: The Collected Film Criticism 1935–40* (1972), p.53. Greene's use of the adjective "Audenesque" is four years before the first instance recorded in the Supplement to the *Oxford English Dictionary*. See also Graham Greene, "Comment on Auden", *New Verse*, November 1937, Richard Hoggart, *Speaking to Each Other* (1970), II, pp. 46–48, and Gavin Ewart's letter, ENCOUNTER, May 1975.

[3] "Facts were wanted about everyone and everything—cross-sections of society, symptomatic opinions and observations, detailed investigations and statistics. The B.B.C. spouted facts, newspapers were full of them, a monthly publication was started and survived for a while, called just *Fact*." Malcolm Muggeridge, *The Thirties* (Fontana, 1972), p. 253.

[4] There is a nice instance in *A Gun for Sale*, where the fugitive killer Raven takes refuge in the garage of a suburban house and overhears a broadcast reading of Tennyson's "Maud."

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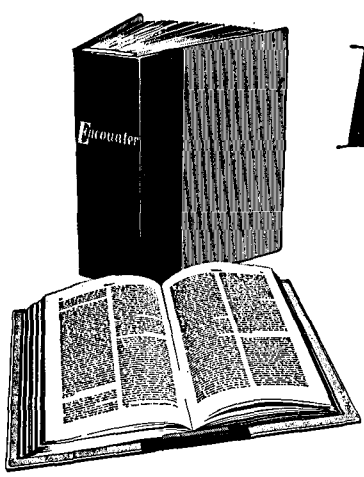
It's Paradise.
They are just blue
Petunias to you,
But to me
They are your eyes.
They say that's a snowflower
A man brought from Greenland,
I say it's the lightness, the coolness, the whiteness
Of your hand.

The song is recalled throughout the novel, as Anne remembers snatches of it at moments of violence or danger. It is, I think, one of Greene's most accomplished compositions in this genre, and good enough to be the real commercial article; the prosody nicely suggests "the slow sleepy tune." The lines are significant in another way, too. In 1936 Greene was not famous enough for critics to have started talking about "Greeneland", but the phrase "A man brought from Greenland" anticipates that inescapable critical cliché. (An early example, perhaps, of the strange prescience that later enabled Greene to set novels in such parts of the world as Indo-China, Cuba and the Congo shortly before they became centres of global danger and concern.) In addition to his taste for parody and pastiche, Greene is a deliberate mystifier and joker. Philip Stratford has shown how he is preoccupied with his own name, frequently introducing the proper names "Greene" or "Green" into his writing, and being much concerned, too, with the colour green (and with its conventional chromatic opposite, shown in the frequency of names like "Rose" or "Coral").[5]

[5] Philip Stratford, "Unlocking the Potting Shed", *Kenyon Review*, 1962.

IN *The Confidential Agent* Greene employs the Flaubertian counterpoint with considerable subtlety. The context as well as the song needs to be quoted. At the beginning of the novel, D., an emissary from the Republicans in the Spanish Civil War (the country is unnamed but unmistakable), arrives in England on a special mission. At Dover he meets a rich girl, Rose Cullen, and they drive to London together. On the way they stop for dinner in a smart road-house; D.'s enemies are already trying to stop him and the plot is beginning to develop. The meal is accompanied by a pianist and singer:

> The woman with the deep voice sang an absurd song about unrequited love:
>
> *It was just a way of talking—I hadn't learned.*
> *It was just day-dreaming—but my heart burned.*
> *You said "I love you"—and I thought you meant it.*
> *You said "My heart is yours"—but you'd only lent it.*
>
> People set down their wine and listened as if it were poetry. Even the girl stopped eating for a while. The self-pity of it irritated him; it was a vice nobody in his country on either side of the line had an opportunity of indulging.



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I don't say you lie: it's just the modern way.
I don't intend to die: in the old Victorian way.

He supposed it represented the "spirit of the age", whatever that meant; he almost preferred the prison cell, the law of flight, the bombed house, his enemy by the door. He watched the girl moodily; there was a time in his life when he would have tried to write her a poem—it would have been better stuff than this.

It was just day-dreaming—I begin to discern it:
It was just a way of talking—and I've started to learn it.

She said, "It's muck, isn't it? But it has a sort of appeal."

The lyric itself is a deft pastiche of the sentimental-cynical torch song. But in the narrative context it acquires further implications. For D., whose country is in ruins and whose wife has been killed in the civil war, the song has no meaning in itself, and is an index of the futility and unawareness of English life in the late Thirties. Rose, realising little of these matters, claims that the song, however worthless, "has a sort of appeal", like Noël Coward's Amanda recognising the potency of cheap music. The incident brings into focus a clash not just of sensibilities but of historical circumstances.

It is, however, in *Brighton Rock* that one sees Greene's interest in popular music most fully indulged. This novel is like *The Great Gatsby* in containing a rich sub-text of musical references. They are not always used to establish an ironic Flaubertian contrast. On occasion Greene almost surrenders to the potency and glamour, however tawdry, of the music, just as Fitzgerald does. Brighton in summer is full of music, wafting from the end of the pier.

They were dancing in the open air on the white stone deck above the Aquarium, and he got down on to the beach where he was more alone, the dry seaweed left by last winter's gales cracking under his shoes. He could hear the music—"The One I Love." Wrap it up in cellophane, he thought, put it in silver paper.

[6] *The Pleasure-Dome*, p. 56.

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For the novel's central figure, the lapsed-Catholic teenage gangster, Pinkie, the music is a constant torment, reminding him of the sexuality that he hates and fears. Even when he drives out of Brighton to a country road-house he cannot escape it: "In the dance hall the band was playing: 'Love me tonight, And forget in daylight, All our delight. . . .'" These references come to a climax when Pinkie goes to the cinema with the young waitress, Rose, whom he has just married, not out of love but to ensure that she cannot legally testify against him on a murder charge. In this description Greene drew on one of his film reviews. In 1936 he gave a disapproving notice to a musical film, *Rose of the Rancho*, starring a singer called John Boles:

I find Mr Boles, his air of confident carnality, the lick of black shiny hair across the plump white waste of face, peculiarly unsympathetic; and never more so than in this film as he directs his lick, his large assured amorous eyes, towards Miss Swarthout and croons:

I call you a gift from the angels,
For I feel in my heart you're divine.[6]

In the novel the account becomes more ambivalent as it is transformed into Pinkie's own confused response:

The two main characters made their stately progress towards the bed sheets: "I loved you that first time in Santa Monica. . . ." A song under the window, a girl in a nightdress and the clock beside the screen moving on. He whispered suddenly, furiously, to Rose: "Like cats." It was the commonest game under the sun—why be scared at what the dogs did in the streets? The music moaned—"I know in my heart you're divine." . . . The actor with a lick of black hair across a white waste of face said, "You're mine. All mine." He sang again under the restless stars in a wash of incredible moonshine, and suddenly, inexplicably, the Boy began to weep. He shut his eyes to hold in his tears, but the music went on—it was like a vision of release to an imprisoned man. He felt constriction and saw—hopelessly out of reach—a limitless freedom: no fear, no hatred, no envy. It was as if he were dead and were remembering the effect of a good confession, the words of absolution: but being dead it was a memory only—he couldn't experience contrition—the ribs of his body were like steel bands which held him down to eternal unrepentance. He said at last: "Let's go. We'd better go."

As Rose and Pinkie walk away from the cinema, "A wail of music came off the sea." Earlier, Pinkie has reacted to Rose in one of Greene's characteristically far-fetched similes: "the possible depths of her fidelity touched him like cheap music." The echo from the totally other world of Coward's Elyot and Amanda could be deliberate.

IN THIS NOVEL, too, Greene inserts a lyric. The occasion is when Pinkie takes Rose, whom he has not yet married, to a dance hall:

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A spotlight picked out a patch of floor, a crooner in a dinner jacket, a microphone on a long black movable stand. He held it tenderly as if it were a woman, swinging it gently this way and that, wooing it with his lips while from the loudspeaker under the gallery his whisper reverberated hoarsely over the hall, like a dictator announcing victory, like the official news following a long censorship. "It gets you," the Boy said, "it gets you," surrendering himself to the huge brazen suggestion.

Music talks, talks of our love.
The starling on our walks, talks, talks of our love.
The taxis tooting,
The last owl hooting,
The tube train rumbling,
Busy bee bumbling,
Talk of our love.

Music talks, talks of our love,
The west wind on our walks, talks of our love.
The nightingale singing,
The postman ringing,
Electric drill groaning,
Office telephoning,
Talk of our love.

The watchdog on our walks, talks, talks of our love . . .
Gracie Fields funning,
The gangsters gunning,
Talk of our love.

The introductory paragraph offers a precise sense of period, though the imagery is Greene's rather than Pinkie's. In the late Thirties dictators and crooners were both components of the scene; and both used microphones. The lyric itself is a satisfying parody of the popular "list" songs of the Thirties, like Cole Porter's "Let's Do It", "I Get a Kick Out of You", and "You're the Top"; or "These Foolish Things" by Jack Strachey, Harry Link and Holt Marvell. Although I am not now critically assessing Greene's early fiction, I must remark that on rereading *Brighton Rock* I find it much better than I once did. Critics have long dismissed this book as a confused mixture of a thriller, a realistic story of Brighton low life and a theological fable; but these multiple dimensions now seem to me a source of strength rather than weakness. It may be that we had to wait to get accustomed to the fiction of deliberately mixed genres that emerged in the Sixties and Seventies before we could learn to read *Brighton Rock* properly.

Greene's novels of the years from 1932 to 1939 form a clearly defined phase. In 1940, with *The Power and the Glory*, he entered a new one. He extended his settings from pre-war Europe to remoter and more transparently violent parts of the world—Mexico, West Africa, Indo-China, the Congo—while concentrating more exclusively on the drama of the individual human soul. Greene's fictional action became intensive rather than extensive. This is noticeable in his presentation of wartime and post-war London in *The End of the Affair*, which lacks the cinematic range and knowing social observation of his novels of the Thirties. And his treatment in successive novels of the religious themes first raised in *Brighton Rock* meant that for several years Greene, to his embarrassment and annoyance, was primarily known as a "Catholic novelist." After 1939 Greene largely gave up introducing snatches of popular songs into his novels. He continues to quote and allude, but to more reputably literary material, like the quotations from Rilke in *The Ministry of Fear* and *The Heart of the Matter*. Admittedly, there is a brief recurrence of his practice of the Thirties in the latter novel. A young police officer called Fraser, on duty in wartime West Africa, sings the same tune to himself every evening:

What will we care for
The why and the wherefore
When you and I
Are pushing up the daisies?

But this is no more than an isolated instance. In the Thirties Greene had inventively used the popular song, just as he had used the conventions of other popular arts, like the thriller and the cinema, which were so much part of the consciousness of the time. David Lodge has written of Greene:

> his development of a fictional mode that was serious without being highbrow, using devices of journalism and the cinema, shot through with the sense of social and political crisis, [was] in accord with the literary programme of Auden, Isherwood and their associates.[7]

UNLIKE HIS CONTEMPORARIES, though, Greene was never an explicitly political writer; and he had not yet appeared to be an explicitly religious one. If he registered the prevalent sense of crisis and threat of war, particularly in *A Gun for Sale* and *The Confidential Agent*, he was more immediately concerned to present sharply but selectively the socio-cultural characteristics of urban life in the Thirties. In one sense, Greene is remarkably open to typical cultural experience, just like the good reporter who was so much a cult figure of the period. At the same time, he is an intensely idiosyncratic, indeed obsessional writer, who sees and records what is significant to him. It is in this respect that Greene reproduces, ironically but still affectionately, the popular songs that had become an omnipresent expression of collective experience. His recreation of them has something in common with what would later be known, in another medium, as pop art. In a literal sense, they meant something to him. In Greene's own versions of these songs we see a nice example of the intersection of the typical and the personal; it occurs in all literary creation, but it was particularly evident in the Thirties.

[7] David Lodge, *The Novelist at the Crossroads* (1971), p. 97.

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Cartography of Discourse?

On Foucault—By RONALD HAYMAN

HOW ARE WE to describe Michel Foucault's books? History, philosophy or epistemology? He prefers to think of himself as an archaeologist of the human sciences or as a genealogist of morality. We might just as well call him a morphologist of knowledge or a cartographer of discourse. Is he just an over-ambitious and dangerously articulate polymath, or is his challenge to our categorisations so formidable that the difficulty of categorising his work is only a trivial sample of the intellectual readjustment it calls for?

The Archaeology of Knowledge (1969) lashes out explicitly at our habit of dealing with history in terms of the period, with a culture in terms of its totality, with literature in terms of the individual writer's *oeuvre*. The conventional treatment of intellectual developments tends to ignore inconsistencies, to iron out incongruities, to resolve contradictions into principles of cohesion. Foucault has embarked on a large-scale attempt "to untie all those knots which historians have patiently tied." He structures his analysis around contradictions and discontinuities, and instead of focusing it on a period circumscribed by two dates, he considers what he calls a *discursive formation*.

His terminology presents an undeniable obstacle. With their concretised abstractions and with the unfamiliar meanings they give to familiar words like *archaeology*, his sentences often seem very rebarbative, especially in an English translation. How are we to interpret a declaration of intention such as:

> What in short, we wish to do is to dispense with "things." To "depresentify" them. To conjure up their rich, heavy, immediate plenitude, which we usually regard as the primitive law of a discourse that has become divorced from it through error, oblivion, illusion, ignorance, or the inertia of beliefs and traditions, or even the perhaps unconscious desire not to see and not to speak. To substitute for the enigmatic treasure of "things" anterior to discourse, the regular formation of objects that emerge only in discourse.

Is this anything more than a clumsy reiteration of the familiar Structuralist argument that our consciousness of things is filtered through language?

Discourse is one of the key words in Foucault's writing, and half way through *The Archaeology of Knowledge* he offers a definition, but it would merely seem off-putting if I quoted it out of the context provided by the book and by his previous books. What matters is the meaning he gives to the word by his use of it. Sometimes it is almost synonymous with *discipline*—"the discipline of psychopathology", "the discipline of Natural History." But he also talks about "the discourse of madness", and his first book, *Madness and Civilisation: A History of Insanity in the Age of Reason*, shows how, from the Middle Ages onwards, the pronouncements of madmen were denied validity and prevented from circulating. Without defining either madness or discourse, he substantiates his contention that humanity's medieval "dispute with madness had been a dramatic debate" in which it "confronted the secret powers of the world; the experience of madness was clouded by images of the Fall and the Will of God, of the Beast and the Metamorphosis, and of all the marvellous secrets of Knowledge." But if the Renaissance allowed free play to the voices of irrationality, they were silenced again in the Age of Classicism, when asylums and imprisoning hospitals were built all over Europe. Foucault shows that although this development pushed the dialogue underground, it was not altogether separate from it. Confinement represented the myth of social happiness in the form of an authoritarian model. In its attempt "to demonstrate that order may be adequate to virtue", the Great Confinement "conceals both a metaphysics of government and a politics of religion."

IS THIS AN EXAMPLE of desperate phrase-making or is he straddling usefully between areas that are usually kept separate? He is already feeling his way into a position he will consolidate in later books such as *Surveiller et punir: Naissance de la prison* (1975).[1] A discourse does not consist merely of texts, written or spoken. The character and the quality of a statement depend partly on the status of its author, which depends partly on political, economic, religious and institutional pressures. The same words may be spoken by a madman, by a government spokesman on agricultural economy and by the Pope: they would not have the same meaning.

[1] (Gallimard, 59 francs). I give the French title because the translation has not yet been published.

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As Foucault said in a recent interview,[2] a good way of writing the history of a hospital would be to capture the movement of its development as if it were "a discourse in the process of constituting itself." What he would try to recreate would be the "entanglement of discourse in the process, in history." In his second book, *The Birth of the Clinic: An Archaeology of Medical Perception* (1963),[3] he looks, more generally, at the simultaneous origins of modern clinical medicine and of the teaching hospital. The structural change was

> indicated—but not, of course, exhausted—by the minute but decisive change, whereby the question: "What is the matter with you?", with which the 18th-century dialogue between doctor and patient began (a dialogue possessing its own grammar and style), was replaced by that other question: "Where does it hurt?", in which we recognise the operation of the clinic and the principle of its entire discourse.

Six years later he was to regret that "the frequent recourse to structural analysis threatened to bypass the specificity of the problem presented, and the level proper to archaeology." His aim now is always to illuminate discourses "in their strategic connections, rather than constitute them to the exclusion of other discourses."

Surveiller et Punir shows how the new penal system created by the great codes of the 18th and 19th centuries inaugurated the modern "scientific-judiciary complex where the power to punish props itself up, receives its justifications and its rules, extends its efficacity and conceals its exorbitant singularity." Psychiatric experts are participating in the punitive power of the law, while judges are judging something other than crimes. After finishing the book, Foucault went on to a new study of psychiatric involvement in criminal matters. He has promised to publish some "really stupefying" documentation, some of which goes back to the 19th century, some of which is modern.

His preoccupation with the mechanics of power derives from Marx and from Nietzsche, but, thanks to Jean Hyppolite, Hegel has scarcely had less influence on him. (He pays generous tribute to Hyppolite in *L'Ordre du discours*, his inaugural lecture at the Collège de France, delivered in 1970 and published in 1971.) But, as he says in the interview:

> When I think about the mechanics of power, I think of its capillary form of existence, to the point where the power reaches the very grain of the individual, touches his body, intrudes itself into his gestures,

[2] "Les jeux du pouvoir", in *Magazine litéraire* (June 1975). Reprinted in *Politiques de la Philosophie*. Grasset, 29 fr.

[3] Translated by A. M. Sheridan Smith. Tavistock Publications, £3.

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his attitudes, his discourse, his apprenticeship, his daily life.

In fact no one has understood better than Foucault that power and discourse are inseparable. As he argues in his inaugural lecture:

> discourse—psycho-analysis has shown us this—is not simply something that reveals (or conceals) desire; it is also itself the object of desire; history never ceases to teach us that discourse is not simply what translates conflicts or systems of domination but the objective (and the means) of the conflict—the power one is trying to appropriate.

The power includes the right to formulate categories, to control the currency of moral valuations. He later observes that in almost every society there are texts that are read or recited because of a belief that they contain a secret richness. Legal formulas can be given quasi-Biblical or quasi-magical status.

But what alternative does he offer to dealing with history in periods? When he refers to "the Classical age", he is thinking of "a tangle of continuities and discontinuities, modifications within positivities, discursive formations that appear and disappear." Is it worth the trouble of assimilating jargon like this? I am quoting, admittedly, from *The Archaeology of Knowledge*, the book in which he tries to compensate for "the absence of methodological signposting" in his third book, *The Order of Things: An Archaeology of the Human Sciences* (1966). But to the empirical English, the proof of the methodology is in the reading, and if we read the books together—a fairly arduous undertaking—one of our rewards is a most enlightening account of classicism, which begins, inversely, in *Madness and Civilisation* with the characterisation of confinement as a "category of classical order." Unity was imposed by concealing the heterogeneous elements, squashing them into an "abusive amalgam", while passion was defined by classical moralists as temporary madness: delirium was a waking dream that threatened the world of reason. Without any conceptualising or methodological theorising about "discursive formations" and "systems of dispersion", Foucault arrives at a revealing insight: the man of tragedy and the man of madness confront each other without a common language. Madness, which had once been the sign of another world (or the world of the Other) becomes "the paradoxical manifestation of non-being."

His intention in *The Order of Things* is to ignore problems of causality, but this does not preclude the possibility of asking such questions as: what conditions did Linnaeus have to fulfil in order to make his discourse acceptable to his contemporaries as natural history? Mendel's theories were not excluded from current biological discourse because they were inaccurate: a proposition has to qualify for admission to the field of contemporary knowledge before it can be recognised as true or false. By trying to isolate the rules that govern admission, Foucault brings continuities and discontinuities very helpfully into focus.

IN THE PREFACE he describes how the book germinated out of reading the passage in Borges which quotes a "certain Chinese encyclopaedia" that says

> animals are divided into: (a) belonging to the Emperor, (b) embalmed, (c) tame, (d) sucking pigs, (e) sirens, (f) fabulous, (g) stray dogs, (h) included in the present classification, (i) frenzied, (j) innumerable, (k) drawn with a very fine camelhair brush, (l) et cetera, (m) having just broken the water pitcher, (n) that from a long way off look like flies.

Foucault's laughter "shattered all the familiar landmarks of my thought—*our* thought. . . . In the wonderment of this taxonomy, the thing we apprehend in one great leap, the thing that, by means of the fable is demonstrated as the exotic charm of another system of thought, is the limitation of our own." He was led into speculating about systems of ordering:

> Order is, at one and the same time, that which is given in things as their inner law, the hidden network that determines the way they confront one another, and also that which has no existence except in the grid created by a glance, an examination, a language; and it is only in the blank spaces of this grid that order manifests itself in depth as though already there, waiting in silence for the moment of its expression. The fundamental codes of a culture—those governing its language, its schemas of perception, its exchanges, its techniques, its values, the hierarchy of its practices—establish for every man, from the very first, the empirical orders with which he will be dealing and within which he will be at home.

If his history of madness was a history of the Other, this book is history of resemblance.

In Western knowledge, as he argues, resemblance played a constructive role until the end of the 16th century, organising the play of symbols and controlling the art of representing them. "The universe was folded in upon itself: the earth echoing the sky, faces seeing themselves reflected in the stars, and plants holding within their stems the secrets that were of use to man." The world of resemblances can only be a world of signs. "Every resemblance receives a signature; but this signature is no more than an intermediate form of the same resemblance." If semiology is concerned with the constitution of the signs, and hermeneutics with discovering their meaning, "Nature", for the 16th century "is trapped in the thin layer that holds semiology and hermeneutics one above the other; it is neither mysterious nor veiled, it

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offers itself to our cognition." Unlike Bachelard, whose account of *epistemological acts and thresholds* was of value to him, Foucault is not condescending towards the less sophisticated systems of ordering.

Rejecting the old nexus of resemblances, Cartesian thinking established a new episteme. As analysis replaced analogy, the possibility emerged that enumerations of identities and differences could arrive at completeness. All classical knowledge had a link with the universal science of measurement and order, which remained unaltered until the end of the 18th century. It was thanks to this link that general grammar, natural history and the analysis of wealth were able to emerge—each a science which ordered things according to signs. "The simultaneously endless and closed, full and tautological world of resemblance now finds itself dissociated and, as it were, split down the middle": the signs that have become marks of identity and difference have become separated from "the empirical and murmuring resemblance of things . . . that lies beneath thought and furnishes the infinite raw material for divisions and distributions." It seems to me that this formulation provides a context in which T. S. Eliot's concept "the dissociation of sensibility" could profitably be reassessed. Looking for the source of the epistemological discontinuity, Foucault finds it in the dissociation of the sign and resemblance, which caused "probability, analysis, combination, and universal language system to emerge, not as successive themes engendering one another or driving one another out, but as a single network of necessities. And it was this network that made possible the individuals we term Hobbes, Berkeley, Hume, or Condillac."

ELIOT'S IDEA OF TRADITION has also been embraced rather too enthusiastically by other critics, and given too long a run for its value. As Foucault sees it, the motion of tradition

> is intended to give a special temporal status to a group of phenomena that are both successive and identical (or at least similar); it makes it possible to rethink the dispersion of history in the form of the same; it allows a reduction of the difference proper to every beginning, in order to pursue without discontinuity the endless search for the origin; tradition enables us to isolate the new against a background of permanence, and to transfer its merit to originality, to genius, to the decisions proper to individuals.

His concern with discontinuity derives partly from Canguilhem's analyses of the *displacements* and *transformations* of concepts: "they show that the history of a concept is not wholly and entirely that of its progressive refinement, its continuously increasing rationality, its abstraction gradient, but that of its various fields of constitution and validity, that of its successive rules of use, that of the many theoretical contexts in which it developed and matured." Foucault is especially alert to the discontinuity created by the theoretical transformation which, as Althusser put in in *For Marx*, "establishes a science by detaching it from the ideology of its past and by revealing this past as ideological." In *The Order of Things* Foucault gives an enlightening account of the way that natural history was transformed into biology at the end of the Classical age, when Cartesian mechanism was on the ebb. Natural History had been nothing more than the nomination of the visible. Accuracy was not so much a matter of examining closely as of excluding everything that could not be analysed with demonstrable precision. When Cuvier finally smashed the glass jars of the Museum to "dissect all the forms of animal visibility that the Classical age had preserved in them", it was not so much the beginning of a new curiosity as the end of *history* in the old sense. Historical knowledge of the visible had been antithetical to philosophical knowledge of the concealed. The new episteme was to substitute "anatomy for classification, organism for structure, internal subordination for visible character, the series for tabulation."

Surveiller et Punir might seem, superficially, to be reverting to the method and the relatively narrow historical focus of his first two books, but it would be very different if he had not meanwhile widened his focus in *The Order of Things* and examined his own methodology in *The Archaeology of Knowledge*. His prime concern is to demonstrate that imprisonment was originally aimed less at segregating than at effecting a transformation in the individual victims. He also shows how a shift in the economics of power about the end of the 18th century made surveillance more socially profitable than punishment. By the 1830s it was becoming more expedient to keep criminals as they were than to reform them: they must seem to be dangerous not only to the rich but to the poor.

Inevitably, simplification is involved in Foucault's generalisations, but he works according to his own image of the capillary system. His research encompasses a hairy mass of specific evidence; the generalisations would not be so resonant if he did not have his microscope focused on the scalp of history's individual victims. *Madness and Civilisation* already showed him to be an ingenious cartographer of discourse; his spiral progress has made him into a better teacher of cartography.

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EAST & WEST

Mao's Last Days

Caesarism in China

By Chalmers Johnson

THE ON-GOING American discussion of China and Chinese affairs must figure high in the final tally-sheet of absurdities that together will make our period known as the Age of the Absurd, just as earlier eras were known as the Baroque, the Enlightenment, the Romantic, and so forth. A few quick samples will establish the frame of reference for the connoisseur of what Cordell Hull used to call "current nonfiction."

A year or so ago, the majority leader of the US Senate, Mike Mansfield, returned from his second trip to China in two years. The opening lines of his official report to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee are:

> "China's political system is no longer an experiment. It is a way of life for China's 800 million people. Chinese society, today, is based on the communist theories of Chairman Mao Tse-tung which, to the Western ear, can sound not only like Marxism but also common sense and a mixture of understanding and severity in confronting the frailties of human nature. The constant speculation over what will happen in China after Chairman Mao Tse-tung retires from the scene, in my opinion, is largely an exercise in irrelevance. It ignores the depth and the reality of the revolutionary changes which have taken place in China during the last quarter century."[1]

Senator Mansfield possesses what seems to me an alarming notion of a stable political system, since some of the things that occurred in China during the decade preceding his visit include: (*1*) the denunciation and purge in 1966 of China's two top leaders—the head of state, Liu Shao-ch'i, and the secretary general of the Communist Party, Teng Hsiao-p'ing; (*2*) total turmoil throughout the country from 1966 to 1969 during the Cultural Revolution; (*3*) direct Army intervention in and takeover of the political system from approximately 1967 to 1973 in order to bring the turmoil of the Cultural Revolution under control; (*4*) an attempted military coup and plot to kill Mao Tse-tung in 1971 by the Minister of Defence, Lin Piao, followed by the attempted defection to China's main military enemy, the Soviet Union, by Lin Piao and the whole general staff resulting in their deaths in an airplane crash in Mongolia; (*5*) and then in January 1975, the restoration to power of Teng Hsiao-p'ing as vice-chairman of the party, first vice-premier of the state directly under Chou En-lai, and chief of the General Staff of the People's Liberation Army—a development that would be equivalent in the United States to Richard Nixon's return to the top levels of national politics. If Senator Mansfield regards this as "political stability", it is terrifying to imagine what he would take as evidence of instability.

DURING THE FIFTEEN MONTHS since Senator Mansfield's visit, numerous Congressional delegations have retraced the majority leader's path. On the seventh Congressional junket to China were Senator and Mrs Jacob Javits and Senator and Mrs Charles Percy. *Women's Wear Daily* reports:

> "One of the most striking features of Chinese society, according to Mrs Javits and her daughter, Carla, was the lack of competition. 'There is a great contentment with themselves and their system,' said Mrs Javits. 'And, in all political situations, there is always, for instance, a young person, a middle-aged person and an old person.'"

Lest it be thought that these remarks come from the politically naive, *Women's Wear Daily* adds:

> "Percy, clad in brief blue swim trunks and a peach sportshirt, and equally exhilarated by the trip, jumps right into the conversation with a surprising remark: 'Mao is the George Washington of his country,' he contends. 'It's incredible—the signs and sayings of Mao are everywhere. Example: "We shall harness the Yellow River"—that's all he says and suddenly millions of people are volunteering to work on it.' 'That's how they've eliminated corruption and dope,' he points out. 'It's a Mao philosophy and principle, carried out through peer

CHALMERS JOHNSON *is chairman of the department of political science at Berkeley and was, from 1967 to 1972, chairman of the University of California's Center for Chinese Studies. He is the author of "Peasant Nationalism and Communist Power" (1962), "Revolutionary Change" (1966), and "Autopsy on People's War" (1973). He edited "Change in Communist Systems" (1970) and "Ideology and Politics in Contemporary China" (1973). Most of his article was written before the recent death of Mao Tse-tung in Peking at the age of 82, on 9 September 1976.*

[1] US 94th Congress, 1st Session, Senate, *China: A Quarter Century after Founding of the People's Republic, A Report by Senator Mike Mansfield* (Washington: Government Printing Office, 1975), p. 1.

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> group pressure. If somebody steals a bicycle, 100 people in the streets chase down the thief. In Chicago, most of them would turn their backs. I told one man that I'd heard dope pushers were taken into the streets and shot. 'No,' he told me, 'we reason with them.' I didn't ask what he meant by 'reason.' "[2]

Nor shall we ask Senator Percy what he means by reason. These are after all only minor Senatorial absurdities. The more luscious example was the visit last November of the President and Secretary of State to the land of no competition. Ostensibly having obtained information about and met the leaders who would soon succeed the fatally-ill Chou En-lai, the President and his top advisers returned to say that the next in line was Teng Hsiao-p'ing and that the future of Sino-American relations was assured so long as he replaced Chou at the helm. However, no sooner had Chou En-lai died than Mao sacked Teng Hsiao-p'ing and appointed in his stead Hua Kuo-feng, a man whose hand the President's advisers could not remember shaking six weeks earlier. As it turned out, the first American to meet the new Chinese premier was none other than "That-is-a-great-wall" Nixon, he and Pat having been invited by the Chairman to come to China in a Chinese airplane.

Still, we expect a certain amount of silliness from our politicians when meeting at the summit in Communist countries. But what about our civil servants and our ace journalists? The first few weeks of 1976 produced what they universally described as "astonishing" new developments in China—attacks on Teng by Madame Mao for his criticism of her revolutionary operas, riots in T'ien-an-men square against alleged insults to the memory of Chou En-lai, and the precipitate ouster of Teng from all his remaining posts following the riots. Each of these events was punctuated by an announcement from George Bush (director of the Central Intelligence Agency and a recent resident of Peking for more than a year as head of the US liaison office there), who confessed that he had not a clue as to what was going on but that he was confident relations between the United States and China would not be affected. Some observers were not so sanguine; but the conclusions they drew from their worries placed the onus squarely on us rather than on the Chinese. Thus, Joseph Lelyveld of the *New York Times* wrote a dispatch lamenting the fact that everything in China was coming apart before the United States had finished appeasing China by recognising Peking and breaking relations with Taipei. Lelyveld's point seemed to be that the United States should have done everything the Chinese asked *before* the true nature of Chinese politics came to the attention of the American public and the chance was lost.

> "Presumably 1977 will be well-advanced [writes Lelyveld] before an Administration in Washington manages to focus again on the relationship with China in any decisive way. Will Chairman Mao still be alive to offer his benediction?"[3]

CHINA WATCHERS, for the past fifteen years, have been confusing the public with tales of a mysterious struggle going on in China between variously identified "Purists" and "Pragmatists", "Radicals" and "Moderates", and the like. These analysts have suggested that the Pragmatic Moderates are primarily interested in economic development, while the Purist Radicals are committed first and foremost to social and cultural development. As a matter of fact the Purists are not very pure, the Moderates are certainly not moderate; and both are agreed on the necessity of economic, social, and cultural development for China. What they have been arguing about is a series of political issues: how is China to be governed? who is to govern? what is the basis of authority of the rulers of China?

These questions confront all new nations, and the Chinese record in attempting to find answers to them is neither the worst nor the best among the numerous cases that history offers for comparison. Mao Tse-tung is likely to come out ahead of V. I. Lenin in terms of his ability to bequeath a functional political system to his new country. But he will probably also be seen to be slightly behind Otto von Bismarck, and well back of Thomas Jefferson and James Madison.

While studying in Peking during 1961–62, the European scholar Sven Lindqvist made the following discovery:

> "In a copy of *All Men are Brothers*, Mao's favorite novel, which I borrowed at Peking University, I found that a student had underlined the following passage: 'In those years the country was at peace and the harvests of the five grains were plentiful and the people went merrily to their work. If anything was dropped upon the road, none picked it up, nor were doors of houses locked at night. *So it was during the first nine years*'. . . ."[4]

If, as Lindqvist concluded, the student had read a modern meaning into this old passage, his periodisation was approximately correct. From the founding of the Chinese People's Republic in 1949 until 1958, things went rather well. Then a series of political crises arose for the Chinese, and they have been engaged in almost continuous turmoil about how to solve them ever since.

THREE THINGS HAPPENED in the late 1950s, the consequences of which have divided the Chinese.

[2] *San Francisco Chronicle*, 20 September 1975, p. 13.
[3] *New York Times*, 11 April 1976, section 4, p. 1.
[4] Sven Lindqvist, *China in Crisis* (London, 1965), pp. 39–40.

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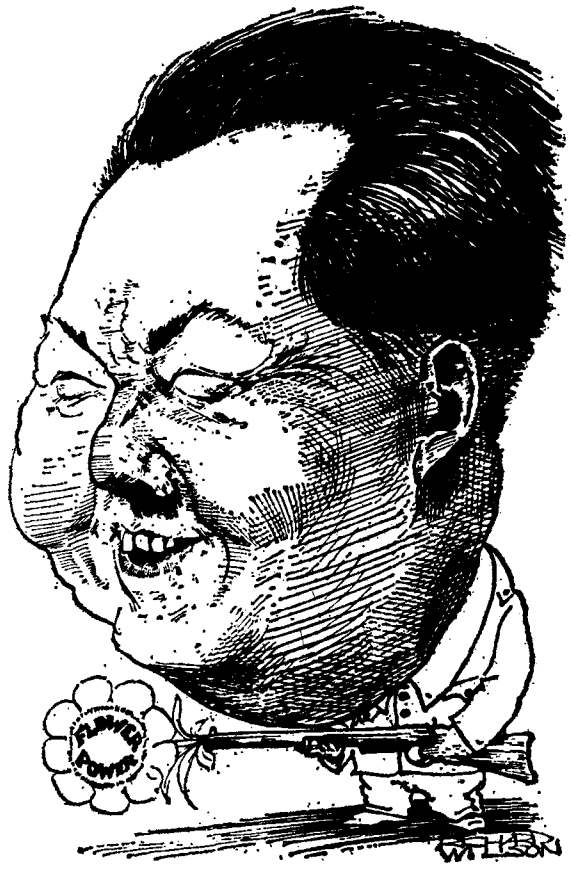
First, Mao's great schemes for the extremely rapid advance of the Chinese economy, known as the "Great Leap Forward", failed; and the political leadership of the country had both to develop measures to overcome the effects of the failure and to assign blame for the mistaken policies.

Second, Mao clashed with Khrushchev over such issues as de-Stalinisation, peaceful co-existence, nuclear sharing, aid to non-Communist countries, and many other problems. This led Mao during the early 1960s to develop a principled, ideological explanation of why Soviet behaviour differed so markedly from what he thought should be the norm for a Communist country.

Third, during the Great Leap Forward of 1958, the Chinese Communist party moved from its earlier role of deciding on fundamental policies and serving as revolutionary mentor to the country into a new role of directly administering the economy and society. This had the result of confusing in everyone's mind whether the Communist party was a political party —*i.e.*, an organisational means for maintaining ties of communications and affect between the Leadership and the People—or the primary bureaucratic apparatus of the state administration.



The "Great Leap Forward" was the watershed. In its wake Mao was forced to retire as chairman of the Chinese People's Republic (although he retained his chairmanship of the party), and Liu Shao-ch'i and Teng Hsiao-p'ing advanced to the top positions of day-to-day leadership in the nation. They proceeded to carry out a New Deal-type reform programme that by 1965 had led to China's recovery from the worst effects of the Leap; but that also had the consequence of consolidating their political positions at the expense of Mao's. The Chairman, meanwhile, forced a change in the leadership of the Army because of his dispute with the Soviet Union (the Minister of Defence, P'eng Te-huai, resigned in 1959 after protesting at Mao's widening clash with Khrushchev) and placed Lin Piao, a political ally, in charge of it. During the early 1960s Mao spent his time carrying on an open polemic with Russia, in which he developed his thesis that Russia had undergone a "peaceful evolution back into Capitalism" and was now ruled by a self-serving bureaucratic class which had betrayed all the ideals of socialism and communism. By 1965, Mao was ready to make his domestic comeback.

Political struggles in China, like all genuine political clashes everywhere, involve mixtures of personality and principle. On the one hand, Mao wished to turn the tables on Liu and Teng, who had supplanted him politically; and he used allies in his clash with them who were of unquestioned loyalty to him personally —his wife, Chiang Ch'ing; and Lin Piao, whom Mao now identified as his "closest comrade in arms" and who in turn used the army's political department to promote the cult of Mao throughout the country. On the other hand, Mao's Marxist-Leninist analysis of the clash with Soviet Russia had given him new insights into what the Yugoslav communist, Milovan Djilas, had called the "New Class." Mao was forced to recognise that his theory of the forces that had led to the degeneration of the Soviet Communist party into "a new ruling class of bureaucrats" also applied to forces that were at work in his own society.

Mao regarded Liu Shao-ch'i and Teng Hsiao-p'ing as personal political enemies; but he was also (conveniently) coming to see in them and in their communist New Deal for China the seeds of the "revisionism" to which the Soviet Union

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had succumbed. He did not lack for evidence. The Communist party under Liu and Teng had led China out of its economic crisis, but it had done so by restoring economic incentives. Moreover, the ruling Communists were everywhere showing signs of bureaucratic self-interest. Sons and daughters of party members were specially favoured in getting into the universities; the cities were prospering while the countryside stagnated; and the "experts" were rising faster in the hierarchy than the "reds." It was no accident that when Mao struck during the Cultural Revolution, he labelled Liu Shao-ch'i "China's Khrushchev."

Mao's victory over Liu Shao-ch'i set off a political chain reaction in China in which Mao has had successively to sacrifice one set of allies after another as they came too close to rivalling the Chairman himself. First, Mao mobilised the youth of the country, through the simple device of closing all the schools for three years and organising the pupils as Red Guards. He then ordered these shock troops to attack the "capitalist roaders"—*i.e.*, allies of Liu Shao-ch'i—within the party. After this gambit had succeeded all too well, Mao then had to get rid of the Red Guards. For this purpose, he turned to Lin Piao's People's Liberation Army; but Army intervention in the Cultural Revolution not only got rid of the Red Guards but also left the Army in charge of the country. Mao therefore allied himself with the permanent number-two man of the régime, State Premier Chou En-lai, to bring the Army to heel and to rebuild the party.

Lin Piao panicked and destroyed himself when he saw the Chairman, who had after all named him his "designated successor", turn on him. By 1973, Chou En-lai had emerged as the leading figure next to Mao. However, Chou then proceeded to use his enormous prestige to rehabilitate Teng Hsiao-p'ing (the second-ranking victim of the Cultural Revolution after Liu Shao-ch'i) and to install him as successor to Chou and, possibly, to Mao himself. Chou En-lai also used his last year of life to try to set the priorities of the country rather close to what they had been under Liu and Teng in the period 1962–65. Mao decided that he did not want to fight directly with Chou, who was both enormously popular within China and the best-known Chinese Communist after Mao himself in the rest of the world; and therefore he waited for him to die of cancer in January 1976. Then Mao moved quickly to oust Teng Hsiao-p'ing, thereby striking both at an old enemy (Teng) and through him at the legacy of an old ally (Chou En-lai). As a replacement for these revolutionary colleagues, Mao chose a relatively unknown vice-premier, Hua Kuo-feng, who seemed unlikely to be a threat to Mao.

THE UPSHOT OF THE THREE interrelated problems of the 1950s and of Mao's responses to them during the 1960s was to change fundamentally the basis of political authority in China and to bring one overarching political question to the fore: who is to control the ruling bureaucracy of the country?

Until the Cultural Revolution the Chinese leaders' right to rule was based on their participation in the Communist revolutionary victory and on the Marxist-Leninist theory that the Communist party is the vanguard of the working class. But Mao's political comeback displaced both of these older sources of legitimacy and introduced a new one: Mao's personal charismatic authority over the overwhelming mass of the population. Revolutionary activity and Party position no longer provided political power. Now the absolute leader was Mao Tse-tung, a uniquely gifted man, and all lesser leaders held their positions to the degree that they partook of his teachings. In a highly authoritative context, the communiqué of the eleventh plenum of the party (12 August 1966) informed the Chinese people that:

> "Comrade Mao Tse-tung is the greatest Marxist-Leninist of our era. Comrade Mao Tse-tung has inherited, defended and developed Marxism-Leninism with genius, creatively and in an all-round way, and has raised Marxism-Leninism to a new stage. Mao Tse-tung's thought is Marxism-Leninism of the era in which imperialism is heading for total collapse and socialism is advancing to world-wide victory. It is the guiding principle for all the work of our Party and country."

It is customary (following Max Weber) to refer to the kind of authority that Mao possessed as *charismatic*. But, for reasons that I shall develop below, I believe that it is preferable to employ a different concept of Weber's in analysing Mao's political power—namely, *Caesarism*. Mao's authority over the mass of the population was probably charismatic, but his relations with his closest lieutenants did not include that typical characteristic of charisma—*discipleship*. This lack of discipleship is the second major outcome of the political struggles of the 1960s. It was caused by Mao's raising the question of "who controls the controllers." China's fundamental political configuration today—and the source of the turmoil that has continued uninterruptedly since the Cultural Revolution—is the ability of China's Caesar, or of people acting in his name, to call upon his affective ties with the mass of the population to suppress bureaucratic rivals who rise to political prominence close to him. Liu Shao-ch'i, Lin Piao, Teng Hsiao-p'ing—all were destroyed in this way.

BUREAUCRACY is the central political problem of the Chinese People's Republic, as it is of all

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Communist régimes. The issue is not whether there shall, or shall not, be an official bureaucracy but how it is to be controlled and who is to control it.

> "In a modern state [Max Weber wrote] the actual ruler is necessarily and unavoidably the bureaucracy, since power is exercised neither through parliamentary speeches nor monarchical enunciations but through the routines of administration."[5]

This is a problem of all political systems; but it is a particularly acute problem of Communist political systems because of serious lacunae in Communist political theory.

In democratic political systems control of the bureaucracy is attempted through independent, active, potent parliaments, composed of elected representatives of the people who are organised into political parties. Perhaps the greatest challenge faced by any new nation, Communist or non-Communist, is to develop genuine political parties and to build parliamentary institutions in which they can work before the bureaucratic apparatus of the State pre-empts the centre and emasculates the powers of parliament to supervise it. This pre-emption occurred in the past in Bismarckian Germany and in Meiji Japan; and it has happened in most of the new nations of the 20th century, where the closed bureaucratic élite at the centre is as often military as it is civilian.

Communist states are particularly susceptible to this outcome because of a fundamental ambiguity about the role the Communist party is to play after it has obtained a revolutionary victory. Lenin, of course, rejected reliance on a "bourgeois parliament" during the "dictatorship of the proletariat." But in *State and Revolution* (1917) he came close to suggesting that his vanguard party, in which there was supposed to be mass participation by the workers and their delegates, would control the bureaucracy. The problem is that Lenin had no real theory of how the workers would control the Party and keep it responsive to the people. Lacking such mechanisms, the Party normally displaces the state administration. In fact it becomes the state administration—as it did in China during the late 1950s, with real consequences for its own legitimacy and for the functioning of the political system as a whole.

IN CHINA DURING THE EARLY YEARS of the régime, the Communists developed what they called a "double track"—parallel State and Party hierarchies, with the latter supervising the former. Then, rather thoughtlessly (but probably influenced by the Soviet precedents), they allowed the double track to fall into disuse. This was a serious mistake. By allowing the Party to displace the official State apparatus during the "Great Leap Forward", the leadership both compromised the Party's representative and supervisory role and also destroyed the classical political distinction between role and incumbent. When policy reversals occurred, as they did following the "Great Leap", this collapse of the two tracks into one left no entity to hold responsible without bringing down the whole structure itself. In Russia, this problem has been characteristically resolved by the use of force to maintain the Party's position, come what may. In China, it led to the rise of Mao as a "*Caesarist*" leader.

Whatever the mixture of personal ambition and political principle in Mao's post-Leap policies, it is to his everlasting credit as a political leader and thinker that he identified official bureaucracy and its control as the fundamental problem of Communist government. His recognition of the Party's tendency to become a "New Class" is an attribute that he shares perhaps only with Milovan Djilas and that distinguishes him from his Soviet forbears and contemporaries. During the mid-1960s, Mao perceived that his Party was in the process of losing its emotional ties to the population, that China was inexorably dividing into rulers and ruled, with few channels of communication between the two and with a decline among the people of any sense of participation in or pride about the achievements of their government. He intervened to purge the Party of leaders who considered themselves beyond criticism, and to re-establish it as a political party rather than as an official bureaucracy. He also sought to create permanent institutions—such as revolutionary committees, May Seventh schools, periodic status reversal for officials, etc.—to keep the Party "responsive to the people."

Unfortunately for Mao and for China, his measures cannot work; in fact they demonstrably have not worked, as the cases of Lin Piao and Teng Hsiao-p'ing testify. This is so because of the nature of *Caesarism*. Caesarism (or Weber's "Caesarist mode of selection") means the principle of domination in which the rulers are selected by the acclamation of the masses. Caesarism is popular "rule of the personal genius." It stands in contrast to the legitimacy of the hereditary Monarchy and to the principle of Parliamentary restraints on the power of a chief executive. "The specifically Caesarist technique is the plebiscite", Weber writes:

> "It is not an ordinary vote or election, but a profession of faith in the calling of him who demands these acclamations. [Compare the demonstrations

[5] Max Weber, *Economy and Society*, ed. Günther Roth and Claus Wittich (1968), vol. III, p. 1393.

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> in praise of Mao that were organised in every city of China during early April 1976, following the ouster of Teng Hsiao-p'ing.] . . . Every kind of direct popular election of the supreme ruler and, beyond that, every kind of political power that rests on the confidence of the masses and not on parliament . . . lies on the road to these 'pure' forms of caesarist acclamation."

Caesarism grows out of active mass democracy and is itself a reflection of democratic impulses. In this sense *Caesarism* in China should be distinguished from pure despotism and is evidence of greater "democratic tendencies" in Chinese communism than in classical Soviet government. Nonetheless, Caesarism cannot prevent the continuous reappearance of bureaucratic domination, although it attempts to fight against it.

Max Weber offers a useful categorisation of various forms of democracy in terms of their effectiveness against bureaucratic domination. His first form is passive democracy. Here democracy should be used in quotation marks. Weber's term refers only to the "democratic" levelling effects of modern bureaucratic domination: government may be for the sake of the people but is in no way affected by them. Passive democracy translates as "socialism without parliament" or as some form of the "welfare state." In this form of "democracy" not only is there no control of the state administration; government is in fact synonymous with uncontrolled bureaucratic domination.

The next form, of primary interest in the Chinese case, is active mass democracy. It refers to attempts at direct, or plebiscitary democracy. Virtually the only example in the Communist heritage is the Paris Commune of 1871. In 1967, during the height of the Cultural Revolution, followers of Mao resurrected the precedent of the Paris Commune and offered it as a possible model for the revolutionary committees then being formed in China. Another example is the early Soviets, or councils, of Lenin, which proved no more effective than Mao's revolutionary committees in holding the government responsible to the people. Active mass democracy generates both Caesarism *and* bureaucratic domination: "Caesarism" because the mobilised people demand a leader and offer themselves to him when he appears and appeals to them, as Mao did during the Cultural Revolution; "bureaucratic domination" because a Caesar is, in the end, little different from a hereditary monarch in terms of his capacity to control the bureaucratic apparatus. He will, from time to time, identify senior bureaucratic leaders who appear to be encroaching on his own prerogatives and strike them down; but he has no effective, continuous mechanism for investigating and holding bureaucrats responsible.

THE PLEBISCITE is the normal tool of a Caesar; but in China even it is attenuated. There the "Caesarist mode of selection" is more akin to those processes wherein small groups of notables meet secretly to name a Caesar or approve his policies and then reveal this result to the public for its acclamation (*e.g.*, papal selection). Even if Mao or his successors should place greater reliance in the future on the true plebiscite, it "has inherent technical limitations" Weber notes,

> since it only answers 'Yes' or 'No.' Nowhere in a mass state does it take over the most important function of parliament, that of determining the budget."

Thus, Mao may be given credit for having attacked the privileged bureaucratism and popular alienation that Communism breeds; but he is also to be faulted for having offered a fake solution to it—*Caesarism*. Every high-ranking military or civilian official in China knew that if he got too close to Mao or became too prominent, he could be struck down for his actions, or as an example to others and a solace to the ruled. But he also knows that in virtually all day-to-day operations and except in the most unusual circumstances, the only restrictions that exist on his activities are those imposed internally by his own administrative service. Mao's only lasting reform appears to be the practice of forcing bureaucrats periodically to change places with the people they govern, even though these procedures are already beginning to show signs of bureaucratic routinisation.

THE ONE PROVEN WAY of controlling official bureaucracy in a mass state is through active parliamentary democracy. The basic functions of a parliamentary assembly of elected representatives of the people are: public control of administration; determination of the budget; and the deliberating and passing of laws. It never seems to have crossed Mao's mind that he might experiment in China with an institution having those powers. But the fact that he evaded it so completely suggests both the extent to which he was still trapped by Leninist and Soviet precedents, and the considerable discount that must be applied to the statements of his foreign admirers who hail Mao as "the scourge" of Bureaucracy.

In addition to its effects on bureaucracy, parliamentary democracy is preferable to active mass democracy because of its ability to mitigate the Caesarist tendencies that exist in all democracies. (Compare the late, but not lamented, "Imperial Presidency" in the United States.) Mao has raised the question in China of "who

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shall control the controllers." But the question still remains of who shall control Mao (or a successor to him who may use his powers in ways different from Mao).

Moreover, an active parliament can help to overcome the single greatest flaw of Caesarism: its instability due to succession crises. "Everywhere", Weber notes "the problem of succession has been the Achilles heel of purely Caesarist domination. . . ." Parliament has the capability of providing collective leadership during the interregnums.

Despite Senator Mansfield's belief that attempts to analyse what is likely to happen in China after Mao are largely exercises in irrelevance, the Chinese case merely provides one more substantiation of Weber's conclusion. Perhaps ignorance of elementary political principles by the elected representatives of the people is the Achilles heel of parliamentary democracy.

Post-Script

CHINA'S CAESAR is dead, but Caesarism and its effects are still present. After Mao Tse-tung died on 9 September 1976, the Mark Antonys closest to him at the time decided that they would place his body in a crystal sarcophagus in a new memorial hall in Peking, hoping to participate in his authority as long as possible. But all those in the palace—in the Chinese Caesarist context called the "Great Hall of the People"—knew that there were only two real possibilities: either the acclamation after a struggle, of a new Caesar, or outright bureaucratic rule on the Soviet model. The latter was always the most probable, and on the evidence available a month after the chairman's demise, it was the alternative that was indeed coming to pass.

Most of the Chinese leaders capable of aspiring to the Caesarist mantle had already died or been killed off by Mao. Hua Kuo-feng, the man named as Mao's successor as chairman of the party and of its military affairs committee, is no Caesar. According to recent Western visitors to China—for example, members of the party of former US Secretary of Defence James Schlesinger—Hua Kuo-feng is virtually unknown to the Chinese public and has the "charisma" of a small-town chief-of-police. He was selected in one of the most secretive decision-making processes on earth, despite the typically Caesarist cant about the "mass line" and other participatory devices that are so often hailed by Mao's foreign admirers to justify Mao's rule (and to distinguish themselves from the fellow-travellers of a generation earlier). When his name was finally revealed to the world in the wall-posters of Peking, Hua was not hailed by the masses, for they knew all too well what his emergence meant even if they approved of the policies for which he stood.

What mattered during September–October 1976 were the attitudes and interests of the various bureaucratic groups in China—the Army, the Party, the State administration, and the Technocratic élite. Led by the Army, which had been biding its time during 1975–6 until the old (but potent) man should die, they moved quickly ("astonishingly" so in the eyes of the Western press) against the remnants of the Cultural Revolution activists, including Mao's wife, before these claimants to Caesar's mantle could "discover" a will or otherwise establish their right to inherit the authority of the body in the crystal sarcophagus.

This outcome was utterly predictable, given the structure of Chinese Communist politics and the invulnerability of the bureaucracy to Mao's Caesarism. In the roughest comparative sense, we are witnessing in China the equivalent of the destruction of the Trotskyists in Russia and the confirmation of the Communist party as a new bureaucratic class of leaders. A new Caesar may arise, given the aspirations of the people, but this is almost as unlikely an eventuality as the evolution of an effective parliament in China. The failure of Mao's Caesarism to control China's bureaucracy has implications even for those who are not inhabitants of the People's Republic, and not all of these implications will continue to provide good copy for the neo-China Lobby of the West.

ONE OF THESE IMPLICATIONS is the real possibility of an attempt to reach some kind of *modus vivendi* with Russia. This is not because Chinese Army leaders are not nationalists but rather because they see no realistic alternative. To build a truly effective, second-strike deterrent capability against the Russians would drain precious investment funds away from other economic development programmes, and the diplomatic substitute for such a capability—collaboration with the United States—is unreliable due to the vagaries of American policies and national will. Should the Chinese and the Russians end their military hostility, thereby freeing for redeployment in Europe even a fraction of the 45 Soviet divisions the Russians have gradually positioned on the Chinese border over the past ten years, the implications for Western foreign policy could be disastrous. Immediately following Mao's death the Chinese foreign minister and others reaffirmed the anti-Soviet policies of Mao and Chou En-lai. But these pronouncements were more like warnings to the Russians not to do anything precipitate—one recalls the two atomic bomb tests of 1976, each of which occurred about two weeks after the deaths of Chou and Mao.

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Mao's successors may not wish to break with his legacy of attacks against the Soviet government; but it is unlikely that they will pursue his anti-Soviet policies and the implications that they have for China's own bureaucratic élite with the late Chairman's fervour.

In Hua Kuo-feng's eulogy of Mao Tse-tung, uttered before Hua and his military colleagues had moved to consolidate their rule, he quoted one of Mao's "scientific conclusions":

> "You are making the socialist revolution, and yet don't know where the bourgeoisie is. It is right in the Communist Party—those in power taking the capitalist road. The capitalist-roaders are still on the capitalist road."

Here in essence is Mao's political legacy: the Communist party itself is the political problem of domestic Chinese government. But the quaint Marxist jargon about the "bourgeoisie" and the "capitalist road" is as misplaced as was Mao's own earlier Caesarist solution to the problem of Party rule. A more realistic assessment—one that Mao moved toward but never reached—might read:

> "You are making the democratic revolution, and yet don't know where the power élite is. It is right in the Communist Party—those in power taking the authoritarian road."

It is ironic that Hua Kuo-feng should have quoted Mao's remark, but it is utterly consistent with bureaucratic practice in Communist countries and with another of Mao's observations: the tendency of "those in power to wave the red flag in order to defeat the red flag. . . ."

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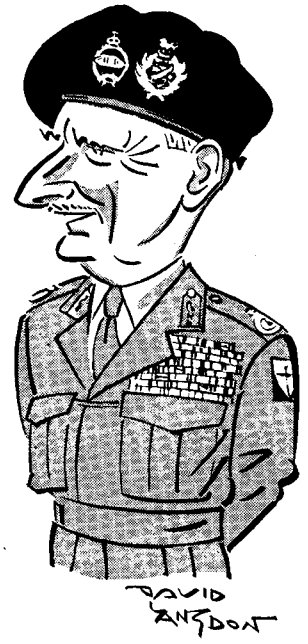
AUTHORS & CRITICS

"Monty" in Cross-fire

By Alun Chalfont



THERE ARE FEW spectacles more tediously unedifying than that of an author "hitting back" at his critics. Anyone who writes a book or a play should recognise from the beginning that criticism is inevitable; the sensible course, therefore, is to lie back and enjoy it, but this is not always easy. It is one thing to preserve an air of proper modesty on reading an admiring review by some person of obvious taste, intelligence and discernment; or to nod understandingly at the urbane strictures of some distinguished and erudite critic. It is something else altogether to see the careful labour of years savaged by some illiterate hack who has clearly read nothing but the foreword and the index.

When I first embarked on my recently published study of Field Marshal Lord Montgomery of Alamein, I was in no doubt that I was taking the first steps into an unusually treacherous critical jungle, inhabited not only by large and majestic carnivores, but also by poisonous reptiles of unpleasant aspect, not to mention a proliferation of horrible little insects. As I had chosen as my subject a man who was then still living and who was, furthermore, a national hero and already the subject of a rich mythology, I was ready for some outraged and trenchant reactions. I was not, I must confess, prepared for some of the more bizarre transports of hysteria.

It is, I insist, not my concern here to "reply" to any of the criticisms of my book; everyone is entitled to his own views, or his own prejudices,

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or even to his own psychological hang-ups; and if he can persuade an editor to provide him with the necessary space to expose them, I shall be the last to complain. It is, however, interesting, even if only as a case history, to trace the origins and development of the public and critical reaction to what I believe to be an objective, although disenchanted autobiography of a contemporary public figure. I would also like, in passing, to offer a few reflections on the nature and techniques of criticism.

THE FIRST FAINT RUMBLINGS took place shortly after my publisher had distributed advance copies of the book to a long list of newspapers, periodicals, broadcasting companies, and other potential reviewers. Predictably the literary editors and the professional critics observed the convention which requires that reviews shall, generally speaking, not appear before the date of publication. Gossip-writers (or "diary-columnists" as the more pretentious among them like to be called) have no such inhibitions, and are, indeed, impatient of such fastidious observances. With publication date still several weeks away, I was telephoned by one of the London evening newspapers, clearly resolved on circumventing the publication date embargo.

How, I was asked, would I describe in a few words, my final judgment of Lord Montgomery? The correct answer would have been, of course, that if I could do the subject justice in a few words, I would not have expended 150,000 of them over a period of six years. However, as one who once spent three happy years on the staff of *The Times*, I am a sucker for that bit about "we all have our job to do" and with touching trust in my interrogator I replied somewhat as follows: "I suppose I would say that on the credit side he was an outstanding battlefield general, a very brave man and a superb trainer with the capacity to communicate lucidly with his troops; on the other hand I regard him as vain, unimaginative and often brutally inconsiderate. . . ." Now clearly the newspaper concerned had severe space problems that evening (I am reluctant to impute any more devious motive) because the item appeared as "NEW BIOGRAPHY CALLS MONTY VAIN, UNIMAGINATIVE AND BRUTAL." This at once, of course, became the child's guide to the book. It was repeated in numerous provincial and foreign newspapers including *The Star* in South Africa, which, on the strength of the London gossip-column item, described the still unpublished book as one which "seeks to debunk the personality and military achievement of Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery of Alamein." This whiff of near-blasphemy provoked another gossip writer in the *Sunday Express*, writing under the impenetrable disguise of "J.J.", to comment that I was "not fit to lead a Salvation Army band down Dorking High Street"—a judgment which, however accurate, was based on fairly scanty intelligence. J.J., of course, had not read the book, but at this stage of the game that would have been a tiresome and irrelevant chore. (However, more of the refulgent J.J. later.) At this stage various reviewers began to get in touch with me—some to elucidate points of detail in the book, some to tell me that they intended to be rude about it, and some to say how much they were enjoying it.

THERE NOW TOOK PLACE an event which had been for some time one of my recurrent preoccupations. Lord Montgomery died, only a few weeks before the announced date of publication. Now, it is important to recall that the Field Marshal had been in decline for some time; and I had expressed on more than one occasion, both to my publisher and to the *Sunday Telegraph*, who had acquired the serial rights, my concern lest the book which was openly and sometimes sharply critical of this distinguished soldier should be published either when he was in a position to be hurt by it himself, or so soon after his death that it would offend his family and his thousands of admirers on the grounds of bad taste. My worries about the serialisation were even greater. In an attempt to avoid laying myself open to accusations of spitting on Monty's grave (it was predictable that someone would make use of that inelegant phrase) I caused considerable distress to both my publisher and *The Sunday Telegraph* by deliberately delaying completion of the manuscript—with the incidental result that at least one foreign publisher withdrew from his commitment to publish the book.[1] Eventually these delaying tactics had to stop if I was not to be disgracefully in breach of my contract; and in the summer of 1975 I delivered the manuscript. Editing, mapmaking, indexing, proofreading and other arcane publishing procedures took up the rest of the year, and publication date was fixed for 22 April. I had, as it turned out, struck what was from my point of view the worst possible conjunction of events.

When Monty died, the biography was already in the bookshops and the date for serialisation fixed. The publishers' decision was that it was too late to postpone publication and indeed, somewhat to my dismay, it was brought foward a week! It was, therefore, in a somewhat heightened emotional atmosphere that the extracts began in the *Sunday Telegraph*, and, when the book came

[1] *Montgomery of Alamein*. Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £6.50.

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out on 12 April, that the reviews began to appear. In the event, the serialisation was done with sympathy and care, and with no sensational attempt to cash in on the circumstances.

The reviews of the book may fairly be divided into three categories—the measured, weighty judgments of the serious academic historians and military writers, usually balanced, often sharply critical, but constructive and studiously impersonal; the almost apoplectic hysteria of the Montgomery fan club, relying for their effect on manifestations of eye-popping outrage and lavish helpings of personal abuse; and, finally, the routine, professional book notices, some sympathetic, some dismissive and one or two providing incontrovertible evidence that the reviewer had been reading some other book. In the first category the most interesting were, not surprisingly, those of two of the outstanding contemporary historians—Professor A. J. P. Taylor and Professor Michael Howard. Neither, it is fair to say, could be described as overenthusiastic.

A. J. P. Taylor, clearly no uncritical Monty-worshipper himself, dissented only marginally from my own conclusions, judging Montgomery to be the greatest British field commander since Wellington, adding, mordantly, "perhaps this is not much of a compliment—there are few competitors for the title." Michael Howard, remarking perceptively that "it is hard to write a good biography when one so patently dislikes one's subject," thought my treatment of Montgomery unnecessarily astringent. The common quality of these two critical reviews, however, was their urbanity and civilised combination of sympathy for the subject and understanding of the aims and difficulties of the biographer.[2]

Meanwhile, two outstanding military historians of the younger school took a somewhat different view. Correlli Barnett, one of Montgomery's severest critics, broadcast a talk on BBC Radio 3, in the course of which he expressed a most gratifyingly total agreement with what I had written. Perhaps it might be fairer to say that my book had expressed almost total agreement with *his* own views; at any rate he only referred to the book twice in a twenty-minute broadcast. Whichever way you look at it, however, Mr Barnett and I were at one. Alan Clark, on the basis of an exclusive interview with Montgomery (the text of which was lost by the newspaper which commissioned it!), arrived at similar conclusions to my own about some of Montgomery's military weaknesses, but unhappily seemed to miss much of the point of my book by saying that the answer to my proposition that "Montgomery was really rather a nasty man" is "So what? Nice men have never saved England." Precisely; and one of the puzzles which I was attempting to solve was why this should be so. Charles Douglas-Home of *The Times* was elegantly disobliging in places (he also telephoned me in advance to warn me of his strictures—a courteous gesture from one former *Times* Defence Correspondent to another). His conclusion was that my biography was "more a piece of contemporary journalism"—and given the standards of much contemporary journalism, it would be difficult to be ruder than that. The anonymous reviewer of *The Economist* got closer to the spirit of the book than anyone else and there were sympathetic reviews from such diversely distinguished writers as Brian Inglis, Sir John Peck, and Charles Chenevix Trench. There was also a very friendly anonymous notice in *The Field* and a positively lyrical one by James Drawbell in the *Edinburgh Evening News*.

AT THIS STAGE IT IS interesting to remark that not one of the reviews I have mentioned so far, however critical and in some cases positively abrasive, was worried by the one thing which sent the hysteria boys up the wall. It was a single sentence, in a book of 150,000 words, which reported, quite factually, that there had been "suggestions of a homosexual element" in Montgomery's relationship with one of his liaison officers. Although read in its context this was no more than a rather specific statement of the obvious fact that Montgomery found it easier to identify emotionally with young men than with women, the reaction was enough to make the brain bubble. "I would [wrote one apoplectic gentleman] like to see Lord Chalfont repeat his innuendo at an 8th Army reunion. . . ." The horsewhip was not actually mentioned, but its crack was unmistakable in the air. The most mind-bending reaction came, not surprisingly, from our old friend J.J. of the *Sunday Express*. Sniffing the air alertly at the merest suggestion of homosexuality (he had still, apparently, not read the book), he now amended his original comment, writing with characteristic charm that I was "not even fit to lead a pack of pimps down Piccadilly." Ah, well, I suppose we should be thankful that the *Sunday Express* gossip column is written by someone who is.

TURNING FROM THE EXCHANGE OF incivilities, there were, inevitably, a number of criticisms which were uncompromisingly adverse. I leave aside Brian Montgomery's apologia in the *Times Literary Supplement*, which was an understandably resentful counter-

[2] See also, in the August ENCOUNTER, Michael Howard on "Montgomery the Mascot."

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blast by a member of the family, but which had no possible connection with literary criticism; and Ronald Lewin's curiously spiteful and nit-picking effort in *The Listener*—a surprising contribution from a man who wrote one of the best studies so far of Montgomery as a military commander and whose conclusions in it did not differ profoundly from my own. The two most hostile of the would-be serious reviews were those of John Terraine in *The Spectator* and Goronwy Rees in the *New Statesman*. Terraine, claiming to detect in my book "the influence of Liddell Hart at its most maleficent", devoted much of his review to a thinly veiled assault on that most distinguished and perceptive of modern military historians, possibly in belated revenge for Captain Liddell Hart's own opinion of Terraine, which might best be summed up in a phrase adapted from a celebrated American aphorism—"no one thinks more highly of him than I do—and I think he's third-rate. . . . "

Meanwhile, Goronwy Rees, a former member of the Field Marshal's staff, accused me of—wait for it—spitting on the Field Marshal's grave, and flagellated himself into almost ecstatic worship (of Montgomery, not of me, I need hardly add). His review contained a collector's item of the curious double standards which seem to afflict those whose heroes have been assailed. Referring to the fact that much of the material in my biography derived from conversations with people who had served with Montgomery he remarked somewhat obscurely that "what the soldier said isn't evidence." This was a reference to the military interpretation of the rules of evidence in courts-martial, specifically, that hearsay evidence is not admissible. Mr Rees, in his excitement, seems to have ignored the fact that I had carefully avoided hearsay evidence, preferring to rely on eye-witness accounts. The logical inference from Goronwy Rees's curious interpretation is that no information about Montgomery would have been acceptable unless the source of it were Montgomery himself—a proposition which would have ruled out all the previously published biographies as well as the evidence of his friends, colleagues, superiors, subordinates, and members of his family. Mr Rees then went on to suggest that his own impressions of the Field Marshal were more valid and reliable—leading presumably to the conclusion that the old military cliché should really read "what the soldier said isn't evidence, unless the soldier was Lt. Col. Rees."

FINALLY, to the book reviews and gutter-press comments must be added another dimension of criticism—that of the letter-writing general public. As one who has in his time attracted a fair amount of this kind of attention, I have developed a fairly discerning eye for the nature of unsolicited correspondence. There are the letters addressed with ball-point pens on cheap buff envelopes which all too frequently turn out to be irrelevant, illiterate, and abusive; the neatly type-written envelopes, usually pale blue with deckle edges, which tend to contain offensive communications of insufferable archness from lecturers at provincial universities; and the magisterially inscribed rebukes from colonels in the Home Counties. Each of these categories was represented in the letters which I received about *Montgomery*; but the most interesting phenomenon was the handful of letters, usually signed "Eighth Army Veteran" or "Desert Rat" and couched in a language consisting almost entirely of copulative verbs and excremental nouns. Whatever else the Desert Army was good at, it seems to have been second to none at obscenity. At the other end of the scale was a letter from a War-time officer whose message had an Olympian simplicity. "Dear Sir," he wrote, "You were altogether too kind to that little tick Montgomery."

THE GENERAL CONCLUSION from all this is that it takes all sorts to make a world—a proposition which makes up in tolerance and humility what it lacks in depth or originality. It would be foolish to pretend that one is not depressed by unfavourable reviews, outraged by insults from offensive strangers or gratified by praise and sympathy; and it is not, as I have said, my intention to complain about some of the more hostile reactions to my book. The experience has, however, led me to formulate a few rules of behaviour for the future.

The first is never again to undertake the biography of a living man—the pressures upon honesty and objectivity are too great and the scope for misunderstanding almost unlimited. If, in future, I am encouraged to write a biography of some distinguished and long dead figure of history, and I should come to the conclusion that he was a lying, time-serving adulterous paederast, I shall expect learned critics to dissent from my view. I shall, however, escape the insults of total strangers and the illiterate rantings of those dingy tassels which decorate the lunatic fringe of the press. The second rule, when I am asked to do any criticism myself, is, to review *the book*, however strong my personal feelings about the author. The third and last rule is, when writing a biography of any kind, always to use the word "homosexual" at least once. It guarantees hysteria among the mentally-enclosed and consequent doubling of the sales.

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DISCUSSION

The Left in Crisis

Can British Socialism Survive?

By Stephen Haseler

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT, it was the revisionists of Social Democracy, succeeding as they did the "Cold-War" (1945–1951) Labour government of Attlee, Bevin, and Morrison who have dominated the life of British Centre-Left politics for two decades. Roy Jenkins, Anthony Crosland, and the late John Strachey—all drawing heavily upon the theories of Keynes, James Burnham and E. A. Durbin—so set the tone and what are now called the "parameters" of political debate that their conception of "Socialism" became the political consensus of the post-War epoch.

This new consensus was forming itself during the earthy and confident years of Harry Truman and Ernie Bevin. It broke upon us in the mid-1950s in the form of two seminal works, Crosland's *Future of Socialism* and Strachey's *Contemporary Capitalism.* Crosland's views were first presented in a series of ENCOUNTER articles: "Equality." At the time we were all tempted to believe that it represented the outgrowth of the grand tradition of anti-totalitarian Leftism which defined the ideology of organised labour in the Anglo-American world.

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Dr Haseler's recent book, "The Death of British Democracy" (Elek, 1976), aroused much polemical comment in the press, and we have invited him to use our "Discussion" department to restate his case and reply to the reviewers.

Yet in many respects this new socialist consensus was not really of the genre of traditional right-wing Labour, even though it appeared (in its early stages) as the Anglo-American intellectual wing of the AFL-CIO and the then moderate controlled TUC. For a start it was more systematic and less instinctive in its approach to politics than the "labourism" of the Trade Union Right. It was more Fabian and less populistic; it was more prone to "middle-class" guilt, and not really at home with a visceral anti-communism; it was more amenable to the growth of collectivism and more critical, and less a part, of the capitalist system.

While ultra-sensitive to the excesses of capitalism (in a way in which no ordinary working man of the 1950s and early '60s would have been) this new Fabian Social Democracy was seen by many on the Left (and Right) as the "preserver of Capitalism" even as it extended "social justice." It was an ingenious political construct which fused "bourgeois freedoms" with a predilection for collectivist economics. In so doing it effectively excluded from polite intellectual discussion (except, perhaps, in the pages of ENCOUNTER) the extremisms of Marxism, on the one hand, and classical economic liberalism on the other. No wonder it became a consensus. It was tailor-made to express the post-War age of new affluence and stability in which workers and intellectuals were united within a "middle ground" of politics.

WHY IS IT THAT Revisionist Social Democracy is now, evidently, coming apart at the seams? Because, obviously, it is apparently unable to make much sense of a world in which economic dislocation and social tension (together with racial, religious, and separatist conflict) are shattering the stability which it requires for its continued existence. In this harsher atmosphere of breakdown, of which Britain is an extreme European example, the latent tension within Social Democracy between its declared first principle of *political freedom* and its acquiescence in the process of *economic collectivism* becomes obvious. Can it any longer be reconciled?

Social Democrats will, more and more, have to make the hard choice, one they have managed to put off for too long, between a philosophy of Individualism—the ideal of free men with rights and liberties—which has characterised the "bourgeois" epoch and that of a Corporate Collectivism which pervades most of the differing types of socialism on offer throughout the world. Is social democracy, we must now ask ourselves, essentially subversive of what remains of capitalism—and the mixed, pluralistic economy which is its present form—or is it broadly on its

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side? Is social democracy a faction within what Daniel Patrick Moynihan called the "Party of Liberty", or is it slowly but perceptibly crossing the floor?

There will, of course, be Social Democrats, particularly those high in the political machines of Western Europe, who will deny the reality of this choice. They will continue to believe (or, at least, say they believe) that constitutional government and Western-type freedoms are in no way threatened by the arrival of Schumpeter's prediction of the West's "long march into socialism." They argue that an increasingly imbalanced mixed economy (at the last count public expenditure in Britain, as a percentage of GDP, was over 60% and probably rising) has no particular political consequences. They contend that just as at an earlier period of capitalist crisis the total system was "saved by Keynes," so now at a new potential capitalist cataclysm yet a further injection of collectivism will not ultimately threaten the values of the libertarian order of our civilisation.

THOSE SOCIAL DEMOCRATS WHO are outside the tentacular embrace of the Left's political machines, and who can think critically about politics, will have to surmount two formidable intellectual problems before they can make the choice between staying within the Western tradition or sinking slowly into a socialist corporatism which will increasingly be indistinguishable from modern Marxism-Leninism. (Do we know exactly, after all, what the "cut-off point" is between the politics of Mr Anthony Crosland and those of the new democratic, constitutional, NATO-tolerating, Enrico Berlinguer?)

The first problem is the notion of "Equality." This has been a particular bugbear, as many Social Democrats have made common cause with varying types of Marxists by insisting that they believe in it. What this *equality* is that some Social Democrats believe in remains obscure, and intuitive; and there may be little wrong with that. Many men of the democratic Left simply dislike the petty snobberies which disfigure social and class relations in Britain. They feel more at home with intelligent working people than public-school, Oxbridge types; and they have a straightforward belief in a society of mobility and opportunity. (They rather like the sort of egalitarian atmosphere to be found in the United States; and curiously enough, they would like Britain, in this respect, to be more like the United States.)

Anthony Crosland, however, although partly sharing this view, went much further in the influential *Future of Socialism* (1956):

> "under certain circumstances the creation of equal opportunities may merely serve to replace one remote élite (based upon lineage) by a new one (based upon ability and intelligence)."

He concluded that "equality of opportunity and social mobility . . . are not enough." It was this belief in some further dimension of equality, a sort of Total Equality to be enforced "all through the race, not just at the starting point", which led Social Democrats into an increasing intellectual fog. It also led those Social Democrats who agreed with this Croslandite view of equality into embracing state action through the educational system, taxation, public ownership (of various kinds), and centralised planning so as to achieve that "total equality." An increasingly all-pervasive State was to be the mechanism by which working-class people were to be allowed to better themselves.

The Revisionist Social Democrats, in this sense, were not really satisfied with attempting to create—a noble, formidable task!—a mobile, energetic, restless, neo-individualistic society of classless opportunity, in which working people could more easily escape from the drab and constricted working-class life. In fact, Crosland specifically rejected such a society as one in which

> "the inevitable consequences are increased discontent in the lower ranks of society, psychosomatic diseases on a wide scale, and a maladjusted neurosis-prone community. The United States is already in the grip of these ailments, and Britain is showing distinct symptoms of infection."

How does this look, from hindsight and after twenty years of a Britain fairly crowded with nothing but well-adjusted people? We could have done worse than catch that particular American disease.

In fact, the rejection by Social Democrats of "equality of opportunity" as "not enough" was fateful. Their reliance upon the "big state" to enforce the elusive principle of total equality illustrated a propensity—in many cases it was doubtless unconscious—for a controlled, authoritarian classlessness and uniformity. Here was post-War Fabianism at its very worst. Here was the link between some of the Social Democratic theorists of the 1950s and those ineffable Webbs: an apparent concern for the injustices and deprivations of working-class life but under no circumstances were the captive working-class colonies of industrial Britain to be free from the supervision of the Fabian proctors. They might, otherwise, develop ulcers!

Just as the principle of Total Equality weakened the commitment to freedom, and particularly so for the Fabian-led masses, so too did the main-line Social Democratic response to the question of *common ownership*. The "Gaitskellites" around Hugh Gaitskell all professed

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a belief in the Mixed Economy, and in the maintenance within that economy of a flourishing private sector. Yet when this belief was put to the political test by Hugh Gaitskell in 1959, in one of those rare moments when the contemporary British political class were faced by a Leader with having to make an unambiguous political choice, many of the so-called Social Democrats ran out on him; and they have been running ever since.

GAITSKELL'S STRATEGY involved the launching of a central attack upon the hostage to fortune that Labour's establishment had foolishly agreed to in 1918—the ultimate commitment of the Labour Party to "the common ownership of the means of production, distribution and exchange." It was enshrined as Clause Four of the Party's Constitution. Gaitskell, no doubt, saw then what is now so obvious: that Labour could never seriously become the long-term advocate of the Mixed Economy while all of its members had to agree to this ultimate Marxian objective as a condition of joining the party. Of course, Gaitskell was attempting to do a "Bad-Godesberg" (the Brandt-Wehner-Schmidt anti-Marxian turn)[1] on a Labour movement which was considerably more conservative and tribalistic than its West German (SPD) counterpart. Even so, he should have deserved the backing of Labour's right wing. It was not, however, forthcoming. His "friends" had all manner of rationalisations ready to justify their intellectual and political cowardice.

The essence of the case against removing Clause Four put forward by the worried Gaitskellites was that the upheaval in the party which such a brutal challenge to the constitution would entail was not worth the candle. They argued that Labour could carry on regardless of this constitutional obligation but effectively ignore it in practice. Many of them considered Gaitskell's whole approach to this sensitive problem as "bull-headed" and "counter-productive." It might split the party. Here, of course, was an early capitulation to the politics of Wilsonism; and it is little wonder that for the ensuing thirteen years after Hugh Gaitskell's death (1963) the remnants of the "Gaitskellite" wing of the party gave Harold Wilson (as he then was) such little trouble.

Allied to their weakness over Clause Four and Total Public Ownership, Labour's remaining Social Democratic revisionists have refused to grasp the nettle of public expenditure. They have sat back and watched as the percentage of British GNP spent by the public sector has risen to over 60%. Lame-duck industry after lame-duck service has been subsidised by printed, or borrowed, money. A last-ditch Mixed-Economy strategy (proclaimed with fanfares at Chequers in late 1975) was overturned within weeks by the Chrysler fiasco; and Britain has developed the most lop-sided public/private, service/manufacturing economy in the Western world.

Even now (and much borrowing and printing later) Anthony Crosland can still argue that the principle—evidently an ideological end in itself—of high public expenditure "remains valid." Yet at what point do we draw the line and say "enough is enough"—60%? 70%? 80%? Where is the Social Democratic sticking point? As in other areas of Social Democratic concern there may be for our "thoroughly modern moderates" (they no longer call themselves "right-wing") no such point.

ONE THING IS CERTAIN. Any suggestion that Labour should now declare that it wishes to reduce substantially the public sector (say, to the level operating in West Germany under Helmut Schmidt) would not find favour among the intellectually debilitated Social Democrats at Westminster. Shouldn't the "roll back" of the public sector now be a central part of the Social Democratic strategy for national survival? The fact that this obvious need for a forward strategy for economic recovery cannot at the moment even be contemplated by Labour's right wing as an act of political will (although it may be forced upon them by our creditors at a later date) is but part of a process of philosophical attrition which is leading Britain's Social Democrats into an ideological popular front with the Marxist Left. No longer, except in some details of rhetoric or style, does there seem to be a cut-off point between democratic socialism in Britain and some of the key corporatist policies pushed assiduously by the totalitarians of the Left. Indeed it is a measure of the arrival of a popular front of ideas that the Italian Communist Party (with its position of *cuts* in public expenditure and even *de*-nationalisation) seems to be a shade to the right in its economic perceptions to that of the British Labour Party's National Executive Committee. It is all very confusing, and made even more so by those who cannot identify any sharp distinction between the democratic Left and the totalitarian Left. For instance, Bernard Crick, reviewing my recent book, believes that I see "all Marxists as totalitarians" and implies that this view is over-drawn. Christopher Hitchens, a young public-school Trotskyite journalist, implies that it is objectionable that I should have made "a whole book out of the idea" that there is a distinction to be drawn between the

[1]See F. R. Allemann, "Farewell to Marx", ENCOUNTER, March 1960.

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"legitimate" and the "illegitimate" Left. Ken Coates is rather more specific. He suggests that Berlinguer, rather like any other democratic politician, "can't lead his [sic] masses where they don't want to go".[2] How comforting!—but a disturbing fact remains: in no society on the face of the planet where Marxists are in authority as opposed to where they are still competing for power, is totalitarian control absent.

PARALLEL WITH the merging "popular front in ideas" has gone a more insidiously formal and institutional popular frontism. Proper Social Democrats have historically been vigilant in separating themselves from the parties of Marxism-Leninism by carefully (and sometimes ruthlessly) drawing a distinction in organisational terms between themselves and other parties which purport to be "socialist." It was for this reason that Labour originally drew up a "proscribed list" of organisations. It precluded members of the Labour Party from retaining their membership if they joined what were, in effect, Communist-front organisations. Having rejected during the inter-War years affiliation overtures from the British Communist Party, this provision of a proscribed list made good sense if an organisational distinction was to be drawn between democratic and totalitarian socialism. Yet, and as a sort of fitting culmination of Harold Wilson's stewardship of the Labour Party, the Left-leaning National Executive Committee of the Labour Party abolished the list in 1973. The "moderates" decided not to make much of a fuss about it. Any such fuss was considered "counter-productive": it would indeed have endangered the new détente with the militant Left.

A number of disturbing developments have quite naturally flowed from the decision to abolish the proscribed list. For instance, it is now quite acceptable for members of the National Executive Committee of the Labour Party to speak at the *Morning Star*'s official rallies, and for the Labour Party to open up "party-to-party" contacts with East European Communist parties, none of which are members of the Socialist International. This development of Communist-Socialist party contact has been spearheaded by the French Socialist Party under François Mitterrand. It has even been welcomed by Chairman Brezhnev who (at the 25th Congress of the CPSU on 24 February 1976) singled out, amongst others, the British and French Socialist Parties as ones with which the CPSU's "contacts" had "noticeably expanded." These developments, with which the British Labour Party has been associated, are causing considerable anguish within the Socialist International. They have been condemned by Chancellor Bruno Kreisky of Austria as "very dangerous and wrong." He, like the old Labour Party, believes in contacts between *states*—and not *parties*—as far as East-West European affairs are concerned. Harold Wilson, while he was Leader of the Labour Party, did not condemn his National Executive Committee for establishing these contacts. Neither did anyone else in a senior position. Could these be the first signs of a possible "Finlandisation"?

EVEN SO, LABOUR STILL KEEPS its distance from the small and numerically insignificant British Communist Party. The basis in logic, ethics, or even ideology, whereby Labour's NEC can have fraternal dealings with the totalitarian parties of Eastern Europe yet not—as yet—with our own home-grown varieties, remains obscure. Perhaps, though, it is of little account as most of the intelligent and tactically astute British Marxists (and even Marxist-Leninists) are already in the Labour Party. Labour's Social Democrats now share their party not only with the dwindling band of old-fashioned Bevanite Utopian dreamers (and doesn't Nye Bevan now look like a proper Jeffersonian libertarian by comparison with his heirs?) but also with a harder and more sophisticated political class—some in the *Tribune* Group of MPs and others high in the trade-union movement, who, although in no way organised centrally, are all linked together by the grip which Left Totalitarian ideology impresses upon their minds.

CONTRARY TO MUCH OF THE OFFICIAL complacency and shallowness of contemporary commentary, the balance of forces within Labour's popular front is moving decisively against the beleaguered Social Democrats. In constituency Labour Parties the "Prentice Affair" in Newham (in which a leading Cabinet Minister, Reg Prentice, has in effect been "purged" by a small local central committee of militants) is simply the tip of an

[2] Bernard Crick, "Doomsday Book", *The Observer*, 9 May 1976. Christopher Hitchens, "Laid Out", *New Statesman*, 7 May 1976. Ken Coates, "Death or Decay all around", *The Guardian*, 19 August 1976. Coates suggests, accurately, that "Stephen Haseler doesn't see things this way." Indeed I do not. I cannot, for the life of me, swallow Coates's proposition that Communists who "dispose of large popular support" are somehow more democratic than those who do not. As far as I understand it, mass support notwithstanding, the PCI continues to adhere to the central doctrines of Marxism-Leninism. If they, or their leaders, *no longer do so* there is an *honest* way out—they can renounce their "faith", wind themselves up, and join the Socialists, the Social Democrats, or indeed the progressive Christian Democrats.

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iceberg. It is virtually impossible nowadays for anyone who holds openly to the policies and philosophy which sustained the Labourism of Clement Attlee, the revisionism of Hugh Gaitskell, or the liberalism of Roy Jenkins to get selected as a Labour candidate. Consequently, each new intake of Labour MPs swells the ranks of the *Tribune* Group to the point where Michael Foot can come within an ace of the Premiership of Britain. Similarly, the National Executive Committee now has an outright left-wing majority who, although for tactical reasons willing to take any amount of chiding from Labour Prime Ministers, still advance slowly, via every new party document, programme and manifesto, towards the goal of a Command or "Siege" economy. Indeed the latest offering, *Labour's Programme for Britain, 1976* is hardly recognisable as a Social-Democratic manifesto. It proposes pushing public expenditure ever higher, cutting defence expenditure further, extending dramatically the role of the controversial National Enterprise Board and introducing, if read carefully, what will amount to general import controls. My poor old social democratic friends are not fashioning Labour's future strategy any more—they have been reduced to a defensive action of watering down the more outlandish commitments, where they can, and then pitifully going along with the shabby result.

WHAT OF the trade unions? There is nothing quite so innocent (and tragic) as that body of "middle opinion" which now perceives, and proclaims, the trade-union heavy-weights as "responsible" and "moderate." Jack Jones has even been portrayed as "another Ernie Bevin." Would Bevin, or his successor Arthur Deakin, or indeed Frank Cousins, one is tempted to ask, have extended the fraternal brotherly hand to Russia's secret-police-chief Shelepin? Would they have opened up official trade-union contacts with Party Commissars masquerading as "free trade union leaders" in Eastern Europe? Would they have ever threatened to refuse to cooperate with a future duly-elected Conservative government unless it adopted "socialist" policies?[3] Would they have seen their *primary* duty as leaders of free trade unions in terms of advancing "socialism" by keeping a particular government in office or, rather, in terms of advancing as best they could the prosperity and conditions of their members within the society and polity in which they happened to exist? How many of the trade-union leaders of the 1950s and early 1960s (Will Lawther, Len Williams, Bill Carron, Jim Mathews) would have gone on television (*Newsday*, BBC TV, 17 May 1976), as did Hugh Scanlon recently, and proclaim that in their ideal society the *direction* of labour would be a key instrument of economic and industrial policy?

One must simply put on the record, even at the risk of upsetting and frightening the confused liberalism which still pervades the life of Westminster's Social Democracy, that all of this is the unadorned Marxist—and indeed Leninist—face of leading modern British trade-union bossism. The fact that some of these bosses can agree to limit the wages of their members in order to keep in power a government which they believe they control should not mask the ultimate *political* objectives of, arguably, some of the most philosophically totalitarian trade-union figures in the Western world.

Why are so many opinion-formers in the media unable to understand the political nature of such ideologies of the New Class? It arises essentially from their failure to separate the long-term objectives ("*after the Revolution, comrades*", then it could be possible to command labour, and to interdict strikes, etc.) from immediately economic tactics of so-called industrial action ("*stop the Bosses, comrades*", from pushing workers around and outlawing strikes, etc.). It also arises from a desperate need to think the best of those they now know to be in part control of the governmental processes of the nation.

How else can we explain Anthony King's assertion—made in the course of an attack upon my "shrillness" of style, and in the face of all the evidence—that "the leaders of Britain's trade unions are still overwhelmingly committed to constitutionalism"?[4] For all we know Britain's trade union leaders may indeed spend their time in Eastern Europe praising the merits of our constitutional democracy—but somehow it seems unlikely.

In fact, over the last decade the governing ideology of the Labour movement and Party has passed from traditional social democracy

[3] *Panorama* (BBC TV) Interview by Michael Charlton with Jack Jones (Monday, 3 May 1976).

[4] Anthony King, "Doom Merchant", *New Society*, 29 April 1976. Eric Heffer also takes me to task, from a less innocent stand-point, by suggesting that: "Today Hugh Scanlon, Jack Jones and Michael Foot are very much establishment figures, yet Mr Haseler continues to write about them as if they had not in any way changed their political positions" (*Labour Weekly*, 4 June 1976). In my defence I can find no evidence which could lend itself even to the tentative conclusion that any one of these three "establishment figures" have even reviewed, let alone changed, their ideological position these last 20 years. The fact that Mr Heffer considers them to be "establishment figures" is more a commentary upon the changed nature of Labour's own establishment than it is upon the putative revisionism of Messrs Foot, Jones and Scanlon.

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(only a handful of Labour Parliamentarians still believe in that!) to an uneven admixture of social bureaucracy and Marxism, with the Marxist component by far the larger of the two. The underlying assumptions of most of those who are now in control of the Labour party apparatus and of the unions are derived in greater proportion from the Marxist tradition than from any of the philosophies of the Western democratic tradition—Mr Tony Benn's recent flirtation with the 17th-century Levellers notwithstanding.

WHEN DR KISSINGER recently made the sophisticated distinction between two troublesome contemporary phenomena within European politics, General de Gaulle and the Italian Communist Party, he was touching a similar nerve. He suggested that, notwithstanding the difficulties De Gaulle posed for the West, when the chips were down De Gaulle was essentially a "man of the West." The same, according to Dr Kissinger, could *not* be said of the men of the PCI. You simply cannot be sure of their ultimate political loyalty to the basic traditions of Western liberal democracy. And for a simple reason: anyone who holds to a significant portion of Marxist analysis, and this goes for the varieties of the New Left as well, must as a fundamental principle of doctrine perceive the "Working Class" as set against, and exploited by, the Capitalist system of which Parliamentary and Representative Government is but a part. For Marxists the debate about whether to work *within* the Parliamentary system in order to break it, or to take the system on frontally by industrial action, is simply a "tactical question." It is resolved differently in different countries, and can be ingeniously re-formulated according to economic, social and political developments within each country. As far as Britain is concerned our internal Marxists have seen industrial action as the best method when Conservative governments are in power, but have reverted to "class collaboration" with the Parliamentary system when Labour governments have been returned—but at a certain price.

The price, of course, can be seen within the various "Social Contracts" that have governed British politics, in one form or another, since February 1974. In return for various forms of compliance with voluntary Incomes Policies the trade-union leaders have managed to usher in—the phrase is, I think, not too strong—a new British constitution under which the peoples of the United Kingdom now live.

This new constitution, which is still very fragile and may well be only temporary, has shifted power in the society away from what remained of Parliamentary control towards a Trade Union/State Bureaucracy condominium. If one wants to know why the £ sterling continues to slide on the foreign exchanges when our commentators tell us that the economy is improving it is because—and how could it be otherwise, given a free Press—of the growing awareness abroad of this singular sea-change in the politics of Britain. The mere fact that Her Majesty's Government seems helpless before events, that we have to rely upon trade-union leaders to rescue sterling, is now a cause of its continuing decline. Observers abroad have worked out that real political power in Britain now almost exclusively resides with people whose ultimate political objectives are the forging of a Siege/Command economy and the slow withdrawal of a national-socialist, insular, and embittered Britain from the trading system of the West.

What chances are there of a return to long-term confidence in Britain as a viable member of the Western system? Can the soggy centre of British politics harden up to the point where it will possess the political will to roll back the bureaucratic public sector in order to create a sensible mix in the economy and to restore the authority and credibility of the elected government through Parliament? Unfortunately it would seem that this much-needed political will will not assert itself until events force it to. Only when the Westminster political class has to choose between the pressures of our disillusioned creditors in the West and the objectives of Britain's new class of ideologues will it do so.

BY A STRANGE STROKE of supreme luck we now have as a new Prime Minister a Labourist of the old tradition. It is unlikely therefore that if the crisis comes this side of the next election (as it may easily do) Jim Callaghan will choose the Siege-Economy option. Of course, the implication of rejecting the Siege/Command economy as a way out of our problems will be some sort of confrontation between Parliamentary monarchs and the trade-union Barons. But if Britain is not to become a "Peoples' Democracy" by the early 1980s some sort of conflict between democrats and Marxists is probably inevitable anyway. One positive outcome in this event will be the long sought-after re-alignment of British politics. Social Democracy may then, after years of timid defensiveness, be back on its historic course. We can create a Free Left, unencumbered by the adherents of the specious metaphysics of Marxism and free of the inertia-ridden, insular class tribalism which has disfigured Social Democracy.

Indeed it has made the face of current British socialism quite unacceptable.

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LETTERS

Kennan's Despair

IT IS ODD that such an intelligent and sensitive person as George Kennan should, on balance, be so wrong-headed, to say nothing of what the French call "versatile"! And in saying this, I would certainly not criticise his gloomy estimate of the state of Western society and its ability—or even willingness—to defend itself. In particular he is quite right to emphasise the need for a more effective and coordinated conventional defence on the part of the European members of the North Atlantic Alliance, even though, at another point, he suggests that this might simply take the form of "resistance" in the manner of the Partisans! [ENCOUNTER, September.]

However, the suggestion that the Soviet Union presents no threat to the West because (*a*) it has internal difficulties of its own to cope with; (*b*) that it could not hold down the Western European democracies, or at least transform them into obedient satellites even if its armies were on the Rhine and the U.S. forces back in America; and (*c*) that it would never, in any circumstances, indulge in, or even threaten nuclear action is—to speak frankly—both foolish and perverse. What does he think the gigantic Soviet panoply is for? Does he really believe that Moscow's apprehension is that the U.S.A. is one day going to mount an offensive to "liberate" the Communist satellites in Eastern Europe? Can he have no fear that some Russian political domination of the European Continent would, in all probability, be the signal for war with China and a bid for the eventual leadership of the world?

In any case, Kennan's thesis rests largely on the probably valid assumption that, when it comes to the point, nobody will use, or even threaten the use of the nuclear weapon on a first strike. If that is so, then there would presumably be no military reason why, after the departure of the U.S. forces from Western Europe (which he advocates), the Russians should not (to start off with) make use of their overwhelming strength to force a change of government in Western Germany under the threat of the occupation of all or part of it following on some trumped-up revolt—secure in the knowledge that, even if the Western European democracies had nuclear weapons, they obviously could not, in such circumstances, threaten their use.

Should the Western Europeans, nevertheless, choose to fight "conventionally" they would, as things are, be easily overpowered. Even if by that time they had reinforced their "conventional" defences, they would—on the assumption that the U.S.A. was out of the war—quickly be reduced by naval and air blockade. Indeed, the whole logic of Kennan's attitude is that Western Europe must eventually come at least under some sort of Soviet political domination, and that it will not matter very much if it does. Indeed, it might be desirable: for only in that event will the Sodom and Gomorrah of a decadent Western Europe be purged by discipline and suffering (*cf.* his evident attraction to the idea that a company of Russian troops might suitably clean up a crowd of Danish hippies).

IT IS QUITE TRUE that he seeks to guard himself against accusations of this sort by saying that the Russians will never be able—or even wish—to hold down Western Europe or even to impose their own kind of economic régime. But this simple-minded approach ignores the fact that the imposition of totalitarian régimes in Western Germany, France, and the U.K. will, no doubt, be accomplished under the shadow of a great conflict with America—or "Imperialism"—in which all Western Europe, under new "Left Wing" leadership, would inevitably participate. Based on Western Europe, the Soviet navy would soon command the Atlantic and since a nuclear "first strike" would no doubt be excluded owing to the come-back, a "conventional" war with the U.S.A. that would probably be initiated after the imposition of new governments on China and Japan, would very likely be won by "Eurasia" even in advance of 1984.

I don't know if Kennan would welcome such a defeat, which might enable his country also to repent of its decadent ways and be purged by suffering. (From his answer to George Urban's second question, it would seem that he would.) But I must say the almost certain and final destruction of all "free societies", however permissive, which would follow on the general adoption of his policies does not give me, personally, any pleasure. It may be inevitable; but I should prefer to put it off for as long as I could; and I am sorry that the great Mr. "X" has now, apparently, given up trying.

GLADWYN

House of Lords,
Westminster

Writers & Royalties

IT WOULD BE CHURLISH to carp over the details of David Lodge's "The Novel & the Market" (ENCOUNTER, September) since he so firmly supports PLR, but may we comment on one point before it passes into holy writ? He says

> "the successful writer is probably more highly rewarded today than ever before, while the minority-appeal writer is arguably no worse off (in 1929, at the age of 47, Virginia Woolf was earning only £520 per year from her books)."

1929 is perhaps a bad year to cite for Virginia Woolf's earnings as a "minority-appeal writer." It is the year Leonard Woolf called the turning point in her career as a successful writer. In it her earnings reflected the fact that *Orlando* sold 8,000 copies in the first six months. The sale of *To the Lighthouse*, just under 4,000 in a year, was more typical of her "minority-appeal" days.

However, even if her earnings in earlier years were only, say, half of £520, she was still comparatively well paid. George Orwell records that in 1933 miners

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were earning £142 a year. The dole for a single man was 85 pence per week.

By contrast with Virginia Woolf (and we give these figures because we believe they are typical, not extraordinary) the two writers of this letter, both in their forties with over a dozen books apiece behind them, and both included in at least one of the reference books David Lodge was reviewing, earned £1,700 and £1,600 gross in their last no-tax year, below half the national average wage.

We should like to add a word in defence of the example Ronald Hayman gives of the economics of writing, an example David Lodge calls "perhaps a little artificial." Ronald Hayman's supposition that each library copy might be borrowed 40 times is not, as David Lodge implies, extravagant. The average number of borrowings per volume on the open shelves is 39.2; and fiction, even of the "minority-appeal" kind, is likely to fall above rather than under the average, since 72% of all adult borrowing is of fiction. Ronald Hayman gives (at 1975 prices) the cost of producing 1,600 copies as £1,420, which, if all 1,600 copies are sold at £3.50 each, makes the writer's royalties £560. David Lodge comments that on this sale the publisher would not break even. In fact, the publisher would gross at least £2,800 and probably more. After deducting the production cost, he would be left with at least £1,380 to meet his overheads and to keep himself and his business alive. The publisher of course gets a return on each of the titles he publishes in a year, whereas the writer's £560 is all he recovers of his investment in keeping himself for a year while he writes the book.

MAUREEN DUFFY
BRIGID BROPHY

London

DAVID LODGE MAKES some valid and interesting points (ENCOUNTER, September) in his discussion of my British Council booklet *The Novel Today*, but I'd like to defend my "bold" assertion that "Realism and experiment are not antithetical." Professor Lodge argues that "Critical discussion can hardly proceed usefully unless we reserve the term 'realistic' for the mode of pseudo-historical fictional narrative as practised by Richardson, Balzac, Tolstoy, George Eliot, Arnold Bennett, Christopher Isherwood and Graham Greene, to choose a few names at random from the tradition." Disruptions of narrative continuity, he says, are inimical to realism, and he supports Ortega y Gasset's contention that "To enjoy a novel we must feel surrounded by it on all sides."

To disrupt is to destroy, but interruption can have the effect of strengthening. If there were no alienation effects in *Mutter Courage*, would Brecht have wanted to introduce such extremes of realism as having a real chicken really plucked on stage? Like John Fowles in *The French Lieutenant's Woman*, a novelist can involve the reader in realistically described action, shatter the illusion by emphasising the artificiality of the convention and then go back to telling the story, no less realistically. Like Fowles, Iris Murdoch and Doris Lessing are both enormously indebted to the 19th-century novelists, and until 1968 they would both have qualified for a place on David Lodge's list. Working on *The Nice and the Good*, Murdoch had no wish to experiment: "There's plenty of room for people to go on trying to write like Tolstoy or Dickens or Jane Austen", she said. But the analogy of *Mutter Courage* is valid for her 1973 novel *The Black Prince* and for Doris Lessing's 1974 *Memoirs of a Survivor*.

To demand a yes-or-no answer to the question "Does this novel belong to the realistic tradition?" is to imply a linear continuity. It is time we pictured a tangle of fraying threads rather than the old image of a mainstream with experimental tributaries. The critic is less helpful when he categorises than when he analyses moment-to-moment changes in texture.

RONALD HAYMAN

London

I AM AFRAID I CAUSED unnecessary confusion by contrasting the "successful" writer with the "minority-appeal" writer. A more logical distinction would be between "mass-market" and "minority-market" writers, various degrees of success being obtainable in both categories.

It is not in dispute, I think, that writers who appeal successfully to the mass market are more highly rewarded today than ever before. Perhaps less successful writers in this category (*e.g.* writers of the middle-to-low-brow fiction that was once the staple of the commercial libraries) are appreciably worse off, or being diverted to other media; but the loss to literature is negligible.

In our century, writing that takes itself seriously as art is almost bound to have a minority appeal; but one may achieve fame or fashionable prestige within this category, or one may not. Most writers in this category, in the nature of things, do not. Virginia Woolf, in 1929, was a successful writer in the sense that anyone who professed to a serious interest in modern literature *had* to read her work; but her audience was still a minority one. I venture to think that a writer today enjoying equivalent status would not be earning less, in real terms, from writing than Virginia Woolf's £520 per year.

I admit that this example does not tell us whether the less successful minority-appeal writer—the "good" rather than great or fashionably prestigious writer—

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Westminster

FIT TO BE TIED: Ties must continue to be worn by male visitors to the House of Lords. A recommendation that the present practice should not be changed has been made to the House by a subcommittee, the Earl of Listowel reported yesterday.

Lord Brockway (Lab.), said one of his guests from abroad had been refused entry because of an open-necked shirt. The rule was obsolete.

Lord Shepherd, Leader of the House, agreed with Lord Segal (Lab.) that the committee should be asked to consider whether or not a supply of spare ties should be kept "for emergencies."

DAILY TELEGRAPH

East Berlin

CENSORSHIP: *We were wrong when we said that the Russians were publishing the full texts of the speeches given at the Berlin conference of communist parties. They were not. There was reported to have been an agreement that they should do so, and* Neues Deutschland, *the East German party paper, got off to a good start by publishing the more controversial speeches in full, but the Russians and other east Europeans decided in the end that their people must be shielded from some of the dissident views and criticisms of western communist parties.*

What they cut out sheds interesting light on what they regard as tolerable. For instance, all except Romania removed Signor Berlinguer's criticism of the invasion of Czechoslovakia. Pravda *and others also removed his reference to private industry, to "seeking new roads to socialism in the countries of western Europe", and some other approving remarks about diversity. Most did not want their readers to know about a Spanish reference to outgrown views of the October Revolution as "our Christmas" or to achieving socialism "by the recognition of political and ideological pluralism, without a one-party system and with full respect being paid to the results of general elections."*

M Marchais, the French leader, also suffered some substantial editing. Pravda, *for instance, did not allow him to be heard saying that the term "dictatorship of the proletariat" did not match the reality of political power in the "socialist France for which we are fighting." Polish readers of* Trybuna Ludu, *on the other hand, were thought sturdy enough to survive exposure to this heresy.* Pravda *also permitted some fairly disturbing views of Signor Berlinguer to survive, such as his insistence on the right of criticism, and his reference to "the plurality of political parties, the possibility of alternation of government majorities, the autonomy of the trade unions."*

THE TIMES

Bonn

UGLY PHRASING: Germans have an "exaggerated need to be liked collectively" and as a result they overreact to criticism, former Chancellor Willy Brandt said in a talk here.

Mr. Brandt said at the Foreign Press Association that West Germans presently are upset by foreign criticism of a law that denies lifetime civil service appointments to Communists.

The news media are filled with stories that foreigners view citizens of this republic as "ugly Germans." But Mr. Brandt said, foreigners are not using the term. "The expression 'ugly Germans' was invented by the Germans themselves."

INTERNATIONAL HERALD TRIBUNE

London

CREATIVE: *Telly Savalas, TV's super-cop Kojak, sat in court while his reputation as an actor was defended in front of a libel case jury in Court 11, Mr. Justice Melford Stevenson presiding.*

The publishers gasped as the jury awarded Savalas the sum of £34,000 damages.

The article that Kojak—full name Telly Aristotle Savalas—complained about was written by Ian Mather in the Daily Mail *and referred to a film being made in Berlin called* Inside Out. *It also starred James Mason who was in court.*

When James Mason gave evidence he said Mr. Savalas was an actor "famous for his spontaneity and very, very creative use of the language."

"He said 'Who loves ya baby' for instance . . . no doubt a catch phrase created on the spur of the moment."

EVENING STANDARD

Paris

UNESCO's "Index Translationum" reports on the most often translated works in recent years—the Bible and V. I. Lenin. In 1973, for example, there were 303 new Bible translations and 336 new renderings of Lenin's works. Runners-up were Agatha Christie (157), Karl Marx (156), and Jules Verne (154).

In the children's book class, the score was: Enid Blyton (106), Hans Christian Andersen (81) and Walt Disney (80).

AGENCE FRANCE PRESS

Princeton

KEEP SMILING: *Former Harvard instructor Timothy Leary, who told his students in the '60s to "turn on, tune in and drop out", dropped back into academia last week to lecture an audience of 3,000 Princeton students. In his first public speech since his April release from prison, where he finished serving a total of three years and nine months on drug charges, Leary told the students that he is no longer interested in drugs. "I'm a philosopher, and the function of philosophers is to bring new ideas out and then turn them over to engineers," Leary explained. "Drugs are really like big business now."*

The new ideas the 55-year-old ex-guru is bringing out these days are the possibility of going to other planets, of a drastic increase in human intelligence and of longer life, summed up in an effort called SMILE *(Space Migration, Increased Intelligence, Life Extension). Says Leary, "We must eroticize scientists and scientize eroticists."*

NEWSWEEK

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is worse off now than previously. But I do not find Ms Duffy's and Ms Brophy's comparisons of Virginia Woolf's earnings with those of miners, or of their own incomes with the national average wage, very illuminating either. I am sure our society has never been able to guarantee writers (or artists of any kind) a decent living merely because they were serious and respected practitioners of their art; and I do not see how it could ever do so without the imposition of a state-controlled "closed shop." The aims of *PLR* are, of course, much more modest, and less contentious. About their essential justice we are not, as your correspondents observe, in disagreement.

I said in my review that "realism and experiment *are* antithetical (though not mutually exclusive)." Mr Hayman defends his original assertion that they are not antithetical, but succeeds in showing only that they are not mutually exclusive. Of course a writer may combine in a single work realistic treatment of his subject with passages that expose and subvert realistic illusion. This may "strengthen" the work as whole, make it more satisfying and authentic for a particular audience; but it can hardly be said to strengthen the realism. It must have the effect of indicating the limitations of realism as a way of rendering reality, or the inadequacy of the concept of reality that realism imitates. That, it seems to me, is precisely the import of Doris Lessing's later work; and I do not see how one could begin to describe her formal development as a writer, from the early Martha Quest novels to *Memoirs of a Survivor*, except as a progressive disengagement, through various kinds of "experiment", from the realistic tradition in the novel.

I trust it is clear that I cited Ortega's remark as a description of how we respond to realistic novels, not as a prescription for how all novels ought to be written.

DAVID LODGE

University of Birmingham

AUTHORS

Martin Elliott has had stories published in various literary magazines and broadcast on the BBC. He is aged 33, and works in the City.

Robert Nisbet is Schweitzer Professor in the Humanities at Columbia University, and a frequent contributor to ENCOUNTER. His article in this issue is a revised version of a paper delivered in Washington D.C. earlier this year to a conference on income redistribution sponsored by the American Enterprise Institute and the Hoover Institution on War, Revolution and Peace. His most recent books are *Twilight of Authority* and *Sociology as an Art Form* (both Heinemann Educational, 1976).

George Watson is Lecturer in English, University of Cambridge, and a Fellow of St John's College. He is editor of *The New Cambridge Bibliography of English Literature* and author of a study of Victorian politics, *The English Ideology* (Allen Lane, 1973). His article in this issue, as well as three of his previous ENCOUNTER articles—"Were the Intellectuals Duped?" (December 1973), "The New Left" (October 1975), and "Race & the Socialists" (November 1976, which was delivered as the 1975 Elliott Dodds lecture at the University of Leeds)—will form part of a collection of his essays, *Politics and Literature in Modern Britain*, to be published by Macmillan in 1977.

François Bondy is an editor of the monthly *Schweizer Monatshefte* and of *Die Weltwoche* (Zurich) to which he contributes a regular column on people and politics in Europe.

A. D. Harvey is aged 29, and was educated at St John's College, Oxford, and University College, Cambridge; he now teaches English history and politics at the University of Cambridge. His book *Britain at the Beginning of the 19th Century* will be published by Batsford early in 1978.

Bernard Bergonzi is Professor of English at the University of Warwick. His books include *The Turn of a Century* (Macmillan, 1973) and *The Situation of the Novel* (1970).

Malcolm Bradbury is Professor of American Literature, University of East Anglia. His most recent novel is *The History Man*, published in 1975 by Secker & Warburg who have this year brought out *Who Do You Think You Are?*, a collection of his stories (including several originally published in ENCOUNTER), and have reissued his first novel, *Eating People is Wrong*.

Ronald Hayman is the author of numerous books on contemporary playwrights and modern theatre. His full-length study of F. R. Leavis has recently been published by Heinemann Educational, and he has edited a book of recollections, *My Cambridge*, which will appear early next year (Robson Books).

Alun Chalfont's biography of Montgomery was published by Weidenfeld & Nicolson earlier this year. He is a regular columnist for *The Times* (London) and was its former military commentator. He was Minister of State in Harold Wilson's first Labour Government, and he now sits (as Lord Chalfont) in the House of Lords.

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THE DAILY TELEGRAPH

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1976

135, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.4.

CULTURE AND ANARCHY

WILL *Encounter* survive? According to its editor, MELVIN LASKY, in an anguished note to his readers, its difficulties are great but probably not insuperable—though only if readers and friends rally round with new subscriptions, old ones renewed (the price, alas, has gone up), grants, stipends, donations, patronage of any sort. Mr LASKY consoles himself with the thought, put to him by a banker-reader, that it is still better to face a squad of bankers than, as happens to highbrow editors behind the Iron Curtain, a firing squad or a "psychiatric clinic."

For 23 years *Encounter* has been indispensable reading for everyone interested in politics, society, literature, literary criticism, poetry, the arts in general, theatre, cinema, economics, philosophy, what's going on. It really would be astonishing and disgraceful if there are not enough such people in this country (and in other countries —it circulates in 94!) to keep a magazine like this going. It would be a criticism not of *Encounter*, but of us—or perhaps, more precisely, of the society we live in, which is cruel not only to what it calls privilege but also to all culture, taste, learning, refinement and distinction. The magazine is neither Left nor Right wing, though sturdily in favour of freedom and civilisation. It is cosmopolitan; it keeps the windows open; it is in no way insular, arguably not insular enough. The current issue typically includes an article by MILTON FRIEDMAN, Nobel Prize winner—the latest of many scoops, including SOLZHENITSYN....

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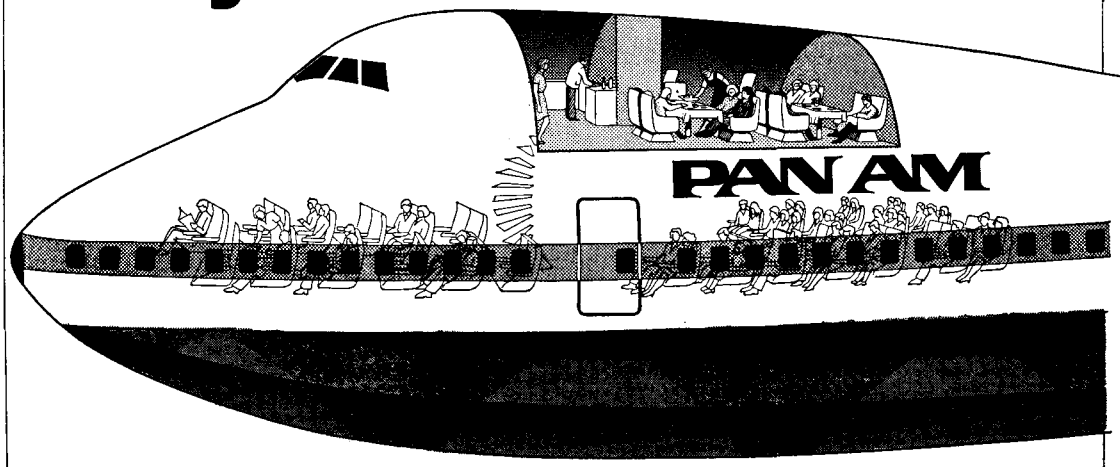

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